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1 Carmina Sacra $1
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L. M. Bennet.
Albion,
Mich

From Mrs. Ella Bennett, Ann Arbor
Three Oaks, October, 1912.

DEPARTMENT OF RELIGIOUS STUDIES
117 SEARS HALL
UNIVERSITY OF THE PACIFIC
STOCKTON, CALIFORNIA 95204

SACRED SONGS

FOR FAMILY AND SOCIAL WORSHIP;

COMPRISING THE

MOST APPROVED SPIRITUAL HYMNS

WITH

CHASTE AND POPULAR TUNES.

"O give thanks unto the Lord; call upon his name. Sing unto him, sing psalms unto him." Psalm 105 : 1, 2.

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PREFACE.

It is the design of this work to promote devotional singing in the closet, in the family, and in meetings for social worship The aim has been to furnish a selection of Spiritual Hymns, classified in the order of subjects, with a nice adaptation of chaste and popular tunes, of sufficient number and variety to meet existing wants. In preparing the volume, unwearied pains have been taken to combine the best talent and taste in sacred poetry and music; with the hope that this manual might occupy the same rank in its important department, as do the spiritual classics, already issued by the Society, in that of practical divinity. As early as the Reformation these were identified: "Next to theology," said Luther, "it is to music that I give the highest place and the greatest honor."

The *Hymns* are of that standard, evangelical character, which has stamped with immortality the productions of Watts, Doddridge, Newton, Cowper, Steele, and kindred poets. They have been selected, from the whole range of sacred poetry, for their superior lyric and practical excellence; and where various readings exist, those have been chosen with which it was supposed the churches were most familiar. The music has been adapted to the hymns, instead of subordinating the poetry to the music.

In the selection of *Tunes* the two extremes of those which are ungrammatical in their composition, or offensive to musical taste; and those which are too delicate and refined for general use, have been avoided. Many others, possessing great value as church tunes, but too psalmodic for the purposes of this volume; and others still, which are so universally known that their republication could not give them greater currency, have been omitted—often with regret. On the other hand, a very large class of an ephemeral character have been excluded, by the general rule to preserve only those which promise extensive and enduring usefulness. The interests of devotional song require permanence and stability, the basis of which is furnished in those melodies that delight the ear and affect the heart of the devout christian more and more, as they become familiarly associated with his most hallowed spiritual exercises and his most joyful anticipations.

The Committee gratefully express their obligations to THOMAS HASTINGS, Esq. of New-York city, who has patiently exercised his acknowledged talent, in the selection and arrangement of the tunes, and their adaptation to the hymns; and has unhesitatingly selected from his own copy-right publications, all those tunes that seemed suited to add to the attractiveness and permanent value of this work. LOWELL MASON, Esq. of Boston, has also rendered valuable counsel and aid, besides the generous contribution of thirty-five tunes of which he holds the copy-right. To Messrs. KINGSLEY, of Philadelphia, and POND, of New-York, and others, kindred acknowledgments are also due. The skill and experience acquired by the exclusive devotion of years to the interests of sacred music, have thus been placed in requisition to give variety and completeness to the volume, while the readiness of composers to furnish their esteemed productions, is honorable to their christian character, and to the religion of Christ.

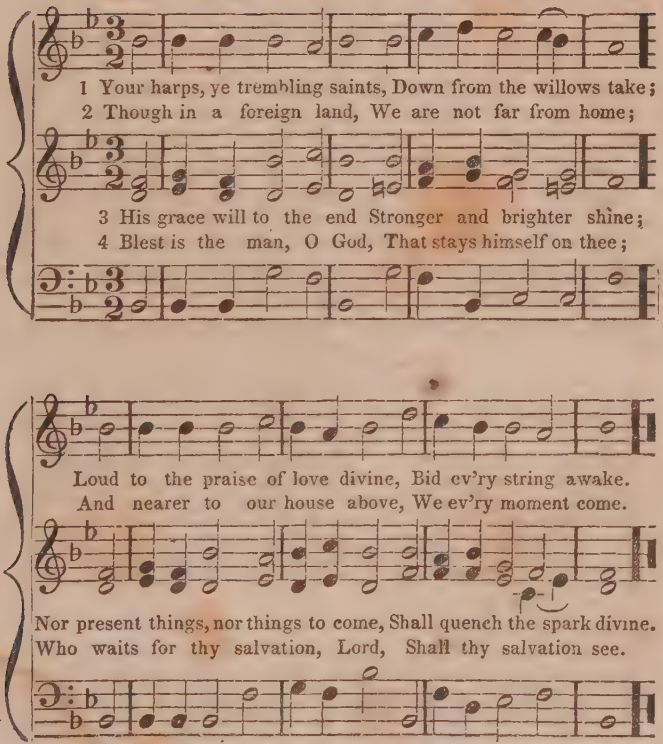
It is hoped that these "Sacred Songs" will be blessed of the Holy Spirit, in promoting individual, family and social piety; in refining and ennobling the taste of the young, so as to supersede the relish for vulgar amusements and pursuits; in endearing the parental roof to children, and in quickening the attention and enlivening the affections of domestic circles, as they read the word of God and bow around the family altar. Should God thus graciously accept this offering; and the praises of his people be rendered more sweet and spiritual in their seasons of social prayer and communion, and the hearts of men, thus subdued, be the better prepared to embrace the truth in the love of it; and should the Triune God, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, receive more hallowed and acceptable ascriptions of praise for Redeeming love, the object of the contributors, compilers and committee will have been accomplished.

SACRED SONGS

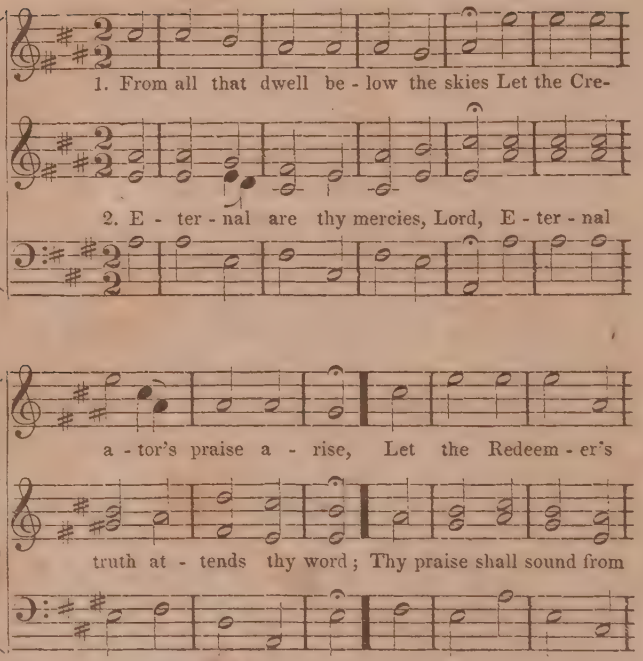
PRAISE TO GOD.

OLMUTZ. S. M.

Arranged from a Gregorian Chant, by L. MASON.


1 Your harps, ye trembling saints, Down from the willows take;
2 Though in a foreign land, We are not far from home;
3 His grace will to the end Stronger and brighter shine;
4 Blest is the man, O God, That stays himself on thee;
Loud to the praise of love divine, Bid ev'ry string awake.
And nearer to our house above, We ev'ry moment come.
Nor present things, nor things to come, Shall quench the spark divine.
Who waits for thy salvation, Lord, Shall thy salvation see.

OLD HUNDRED. L. M.


1. From all that dwell be - low the skies Let the Cre-
2. E - ter - nal are thy mercies, Lord, E - ter - nal
a - tor's praise a - rise, Let the Redeem - er's
truth at - tends thy word; Thy praise shall sound from
VARIED.
name be sung Thro' ev' - ry land, by ev' - ry tongue.
shore to shore, Till suns shall rise and set no more.

3. *Praise to God.* L. M.

1 Ye nations round the earth rejoice
Before the Lord, your sovereign King;
Serve him with cheerful heart and voice,
With all your tongues his glory sing.

2 The Lord is God; 'tis he alone
Doth life, and breath, and being give;
We are his work, and not our own;
The sheep that on his pastures live.

3 Enter his gates with songs of joy,
With praises to his courts repair;
And make it your divine employ
To pay your thanks and honors there.

4 The Lord is good, the Lord is kind;
Great is his grace, his mercy sure;
And the whole race of man shall find
His truth from age to age endure. Watts

---

4. *The same.* L. M.

1 With one consent let all the earth
To God their cheerful voices raise;
Glad homage pay with awful mirth,
And sing before him songs of praise:

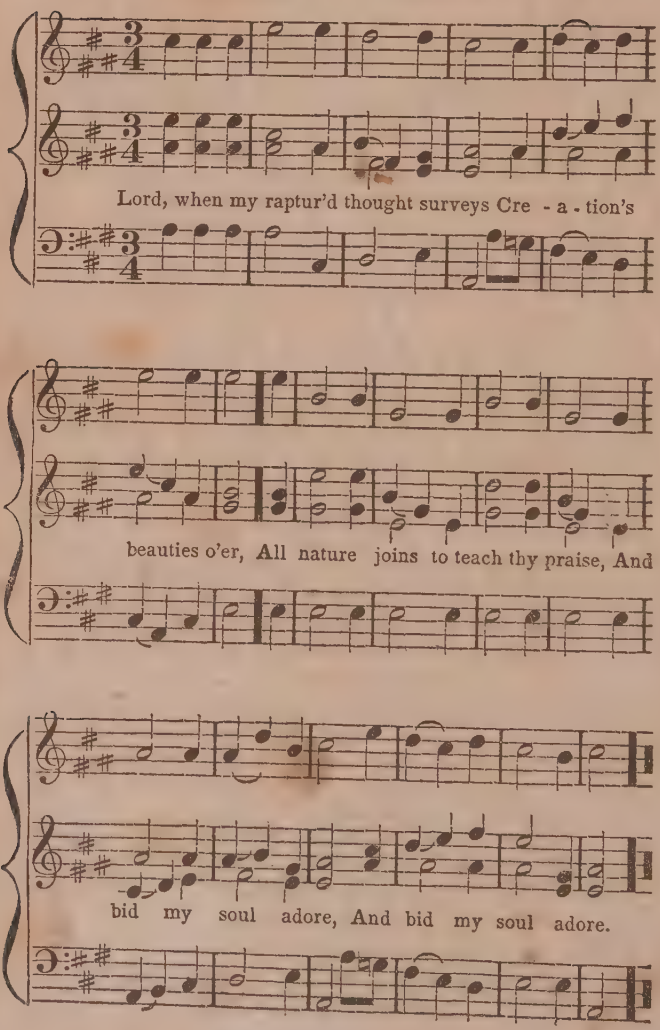
2 Convinced that he is God alone,
From whom both we and all proceed;
We whom he chooses for his own,
The flock that he vouchsafes to feed.

3 O enter then his temple gate,
Thence to his courts devoutly press;
And still your grateful hymns repeat,
And still his name with praises bless.

4 For he's the Lord, supremely good,
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth, which always firmly stood,
To endless ages shall endure.

Book of Common Prayer.

LAIGHT-STREET. C. M. H.


Lord, when my raptur'd thought surveys Cre - a - tion's
beauties o'er, All nature joins to teach thy praise, And
bid my soul adore, And bid my soul adore.

5. *Praise for Creation and Providence.* C. M.

1 Lord, when my raptur'd thought surveys
Creation's beauties o'er,
All nature joins to teach thy praise,
And bid my soul adore.

2 Where'er I turn my gazing eyes,
Thy radiant footsteps shine:
Ten thousand pleasing wonders rise
And speak their source divine.

3 On me thy providence has shone
With gentle, smiling rays:
O let my lips and life make known
Thy goodness and thy praise. Steele.

6. *Providence of God.* C. M.

1 God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform:
He plants his footsteps in the sea
And rides upon the storm.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs
And works his sovereign will.

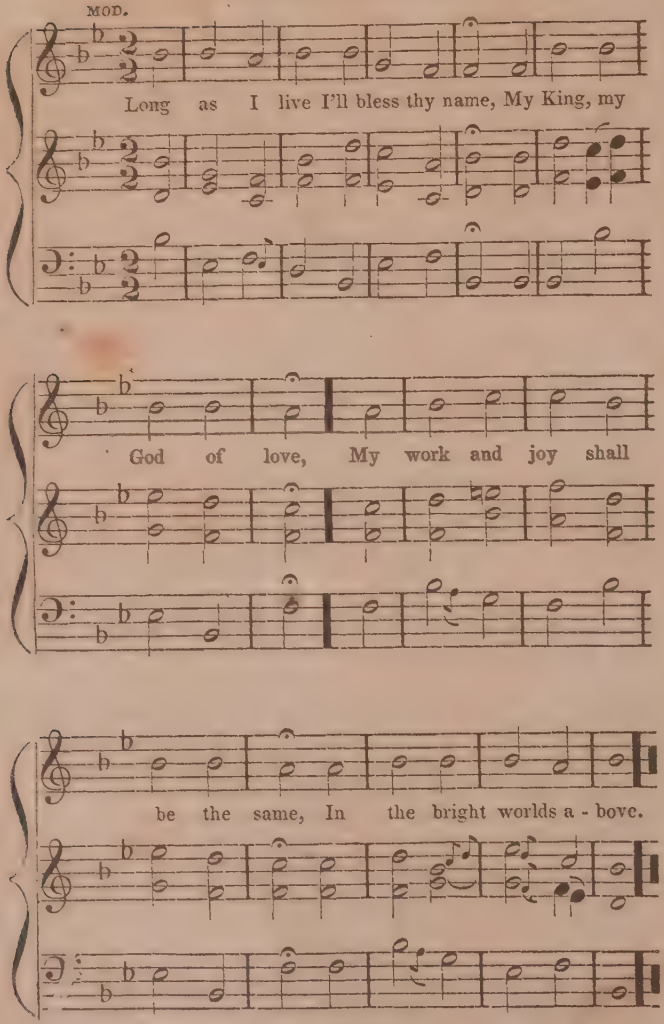
3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning Providence
He hides a smiling face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err
And scan his work in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain. Cowper.

DUNCHURCH.* C. M. SCOTTISH.



* Or DUNKIRK.

7. *Glory and Grace of God.* C. M.

1 Long as I live I'll bless thy name,
My King, my God of love;
My work and joy shall be the same,
In the bright world above.

2 Great is the Lord; his power unknown;
And let his praise be great;
I'll sing the honors of thy throne,
Thy works of grace repeat.

3 Thy grace shall dwell upon my tongue
And while my lips rejoice,
The men who hear my sacred song
Shall join their cheerful voice.

4 Fathers to sons shall teach thy name,
And children learn thy ways;
Ages to come thy truth proclaim,
And nations sound thy praise.

5 The world is managed by thy hands;
Thy saints are ruled by love;
And thine eternal kingdom stands,
Though rocks and hills remove. Watts.

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8. *Perpetual Praise.* C. M.

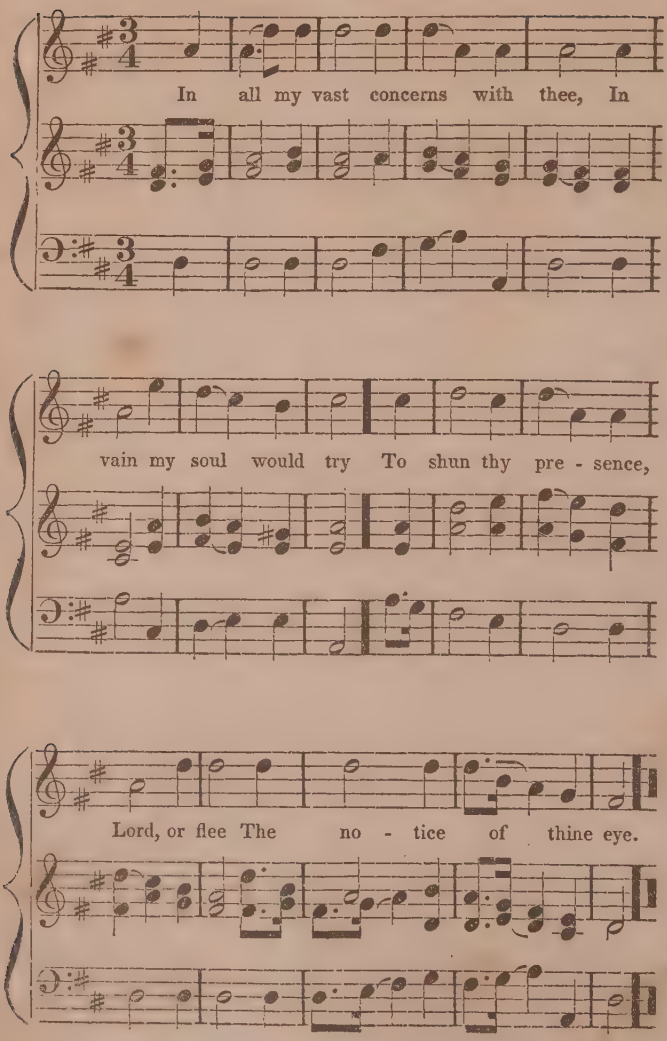
1 Yes, I will bless thee, O my God,
Through all my mortal days;
And to eternity prolong
Thy vast, thy boundless praise.

2 Nor shall my tongue alone proclaim
The honors of my God;
My life with all its active pow'rs
Shall spread thy praise abroad.

3 Not death itself shall stop my song,
Though death will close my eyes;
My thoughts shall then to nobler heights,
And sweeter raptures rise.

4 There shall my lips in endless praise
Their grateful tribute pay;
The theme demands an angel's tongue,
And an eternal day. Heginbotham.

HOWARD. C. M.


In all my vast concerns with thee, In
vain my soul would try To shun thy pre - sence,
Lord, or flee The no - tice of thine eye.

9. *God Everywhere.* C. M.

1 In all my vast concerns with thee,
In vain my soul would try
To shun thy presence, Lord, or flee
The notice of thine eye.

2 Thy all-surrounding sight surveys
My rising and my rest,
My public walks, my private ways,
And secrets of my breast.

3 My thoughts lie open to the Lord
Before they're formed within;
And ere my lips pronounce the word,
He knows the sense I mean.

4 O wondrous knowledge, deep and high!
Where can a creature hide?
Within thy circling arms I lie,
Beset on every side. Watts.

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10. *God's Eternal Dominion.* C. M.

1 Great God! how infinite art thou;
What worthless worms are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to thee.

2 Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Ere seas or stars were made:
Thou art the ever-living God,
Were all the nations dead.

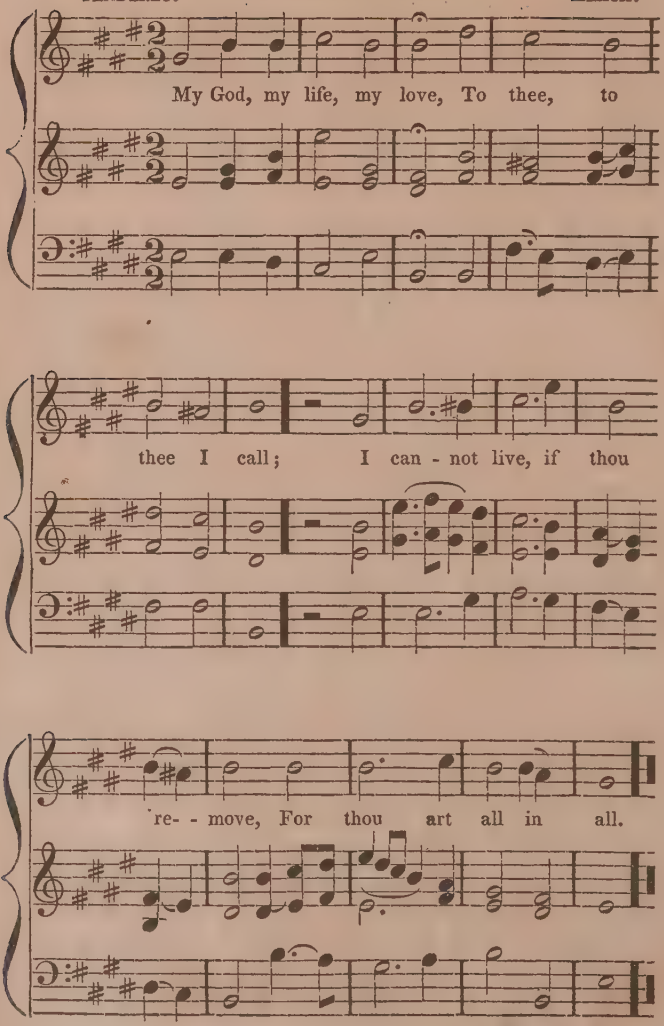
3 Nature and time quite naked lie,
To thine immense survey,
From the formation of the sky,
To the great burning day.

4 Eternity, with all its years,
Stands present in thy view;
To thee there's nothing old appears,
Great God! there's nothing new.

5 Our lives thro' various scenes are drawn,
And vexed with trifling cares;
While thine eternal thoughts move on
Thine undisturbed affairs. Watts.

WATCHMAN. S. M.

TENDERLY. LEACH.



11. *God all and in all.* S. M.

1 My God, my life, my love,
To thee, to thee I call;
I cannot live, if thou remove,
For thou art all in all.

2 Thy shining grace can cheer
This dungeon where I dwell;
'Tis paradise when thou art here;
If thou depart, 'tis hell.

3 Not all the harps above
Can make a heav'nly place,
If God his residence remove,
Or but conceal his face.

4 Nor earth nor all the sky,
Can one delight afford;
No, not a drop of real joy,
Without thy presence, Lord.

5 Thou art the sea of love,
Where all my pleasures roll;
The circle where my passions move,
And centre of my soul. Watts.

12. *Ingratitude Deplored.* S. M.

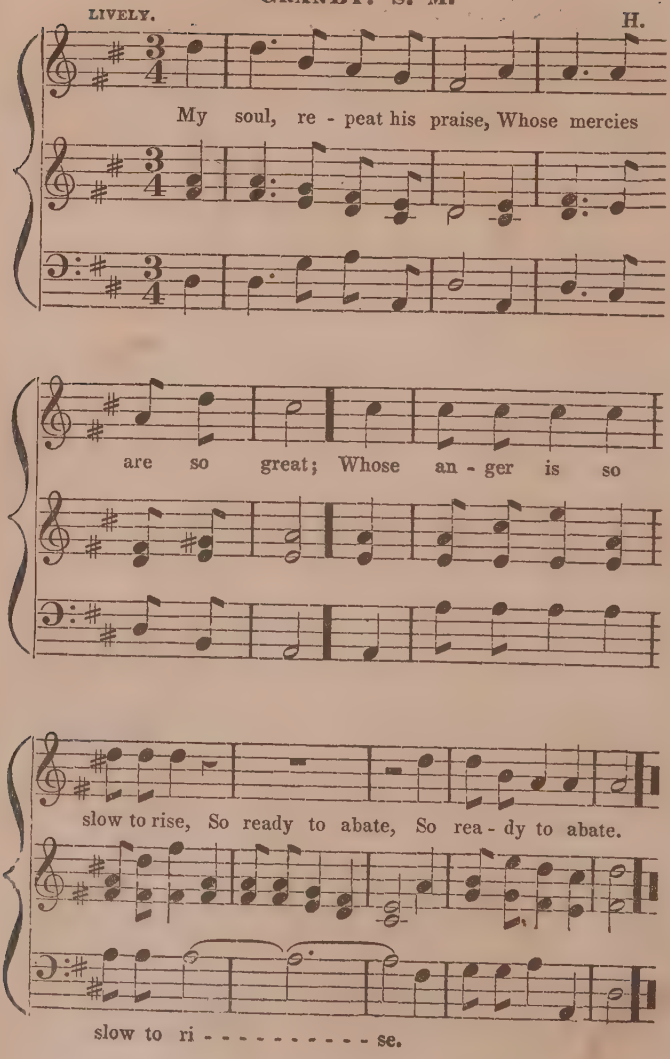
1 Is this the kind return,
Are these the thanks we owe,
Thus to abuse eternal love,
Whence all our blessings flow?

2 To what a stubborn frame
Has sin reduc'd our mind;
What strange, rebellious wretches we,
And God as strangely kind.

3 Turn, turn us, mighty God,
And mould our souls afresh;
Break, sov'reign grace, these hearts of stone,
And give us hearts of flesh.

4 Let past ingratitude
Provoke our weeping eyes,
And hourly as new mercies fall,
Let hourly thanks arise. Watts.

GRANBY. S. M.


LIVELY.
H.
My soul, re - peat his praise, Whose mercies
are so great; Whose an - ger is so
slow to rise, So ready to abate, So rea - dy to abate.
slow to ri - - - - - - - - - - se.

13. *Mercy and Compassion of God.* S. M.

1 My soul, repeat his praise,
Whose mercies are so great;
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.

2 High as the heav'ns are rais'd
Above the ground we tread;
So far the riches of his grace
Our highest thoughts exceed

3 His power subdues our sins;
And his forgiving love,
Far as the east is from the west,
Doth all our guilt remove.

4 The pity of the Lord,
To those that fear his name,
Is such as tender parents feel;
He knows our feeble frame.

5 He knows we are but dust,
Scattered by every breath;
His anger, like a rising wind,
Can send us swift to death. Watts.

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14. *Praise for Preserving Grace.* S. M.

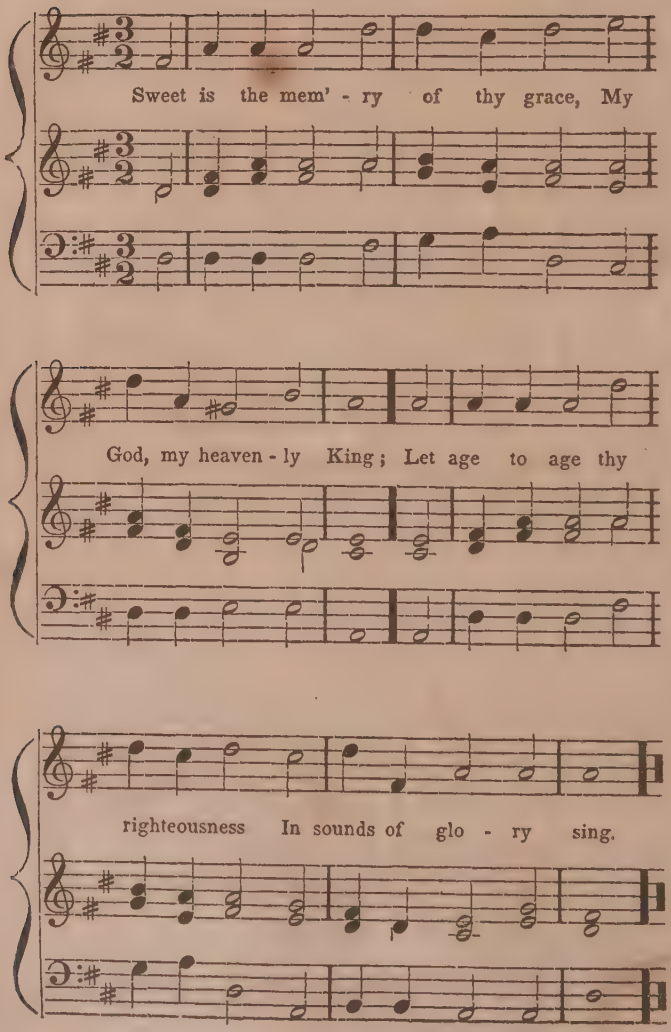
1 To God, the only wise,
Our Saviour, and our King,
Let all the saints below the skies
Their humble praises bring.

2 'Tis his almighty love,
His counsel and his care,
Preserves us safe from sin and death,
And every hurtful snare.

3 He will present our souls,
Unblemished and complete,
Before the glory of his face,
With joys divinely great.

4 To our Redeemer God
Wisdom with power belongs;
Immortal crowns of majesty,
And everlasting songs. Watts.

CORINTH, C. M. L. Mason.



15. *The Goodness of God.* C. M.

1 Sweet is the mem'ry of thy grace,
My God, my heavenly King;
Let age to age thy righteousness
In sounds of glory sing.

2 God reigns on high; but ne'er confines
His goodness to the skies:
Through the whole earth his bounty shines,
And every want supplies.

3 With longing eyes thy creatures wait
On thee for daily food;
Thy liberal hand provides their meat,
And fills their mouth with good.

4 How kind are thy compassions, Lord!
How slow thine anger moves!
But soon he sends his pardoning word
To cheer the souls he loves.

5 Creatures, with all their endless race,
Thy power and praise proclaim;
But saints, who taste thy richer grace,
Delight to bless thy name. Watts.

16. *God the Christian's Happiness.* C. M.

1 My God, my portion, and my love,
My everlasting all,
I've none but thee in heaven above,
Or on this earthly ball.

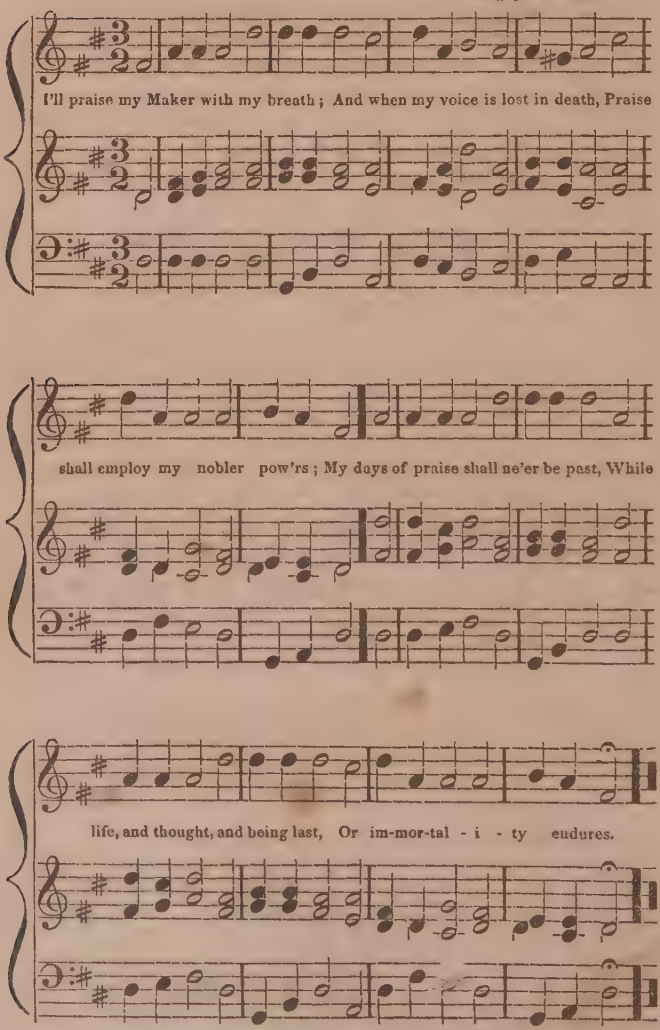
2 What empty things are all the skies,
And this inferior clod!
There's nothing here deserves my joys,
There's nothing like my God.

3 Were I possessor of the earth,
And called the stars my own,
Without thy graces, and thyself,
I were a wretch undone.

4 Let others stretch their arms like seas
And grasp in all the shore;
Grant me the visits of thy face,
And I desire no more. Watts.

NASHVILLE, L. P. M.

Arranged from a Gregorian Chant, by L. Mason.


I'll praise my Maker with my breath; And when my voice is lost in death, Praise
shall employ my nobler pow'rs; My days of praise shall ne'er be past, While
life, and thought, and being last, Or im-mor-tal - i - ty endures.

17. *Praise for Divine Goodness.* L. P. M.

1 I'll praise my Maker with my breath;
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler pow'rs;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

2 Why should I make a man my trust?
Princes must die and turn to dust;
Vain is the help of flesh and blood;
Their breath departs, their pomp and pow'r,
And thoughts all vanish in an hour;
Nor can they make their promise good.

3 Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God: He made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train:
His truth for ever stands secure;
He saves th' oppress'd, he feeds the poor,
And none shall find his promise vain.

4 The Lord hath eyes to give the blind;
The Lord supports the sinking mind;
He sends the laboring conscience peace;
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless,
And grants the prisoner sweet release.

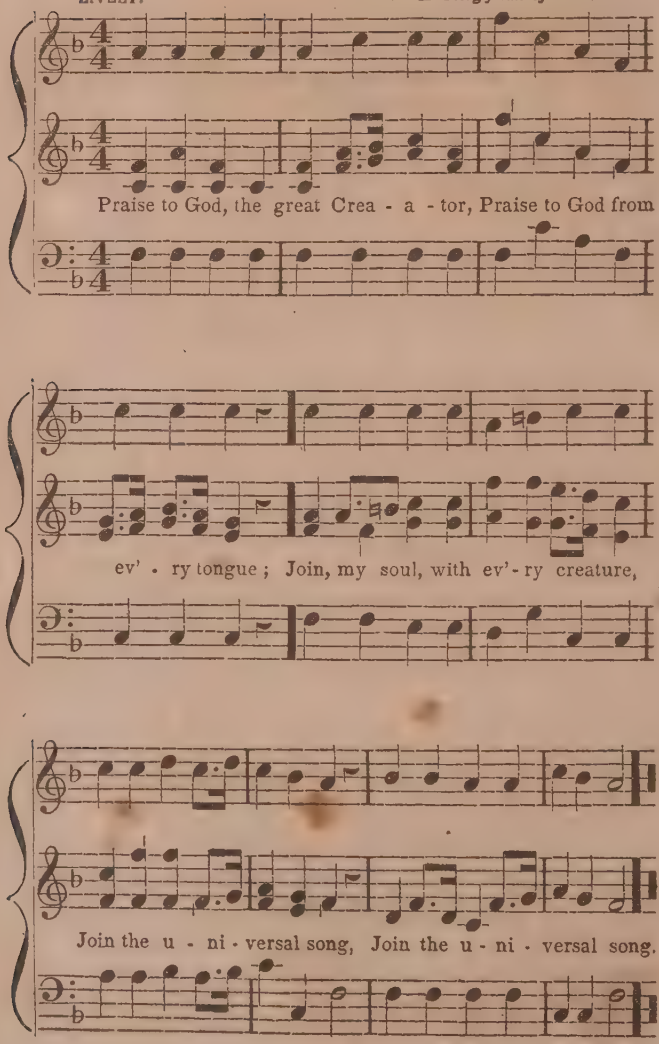
5 He loves his saints; he knows them well;
But turns the wicked down to hell.
Thy God, O Zion, ever reigns:
Let every tongue, let every age,
In this exalted work engage:
Praise him in everlasting strains.

6 I'll praise him while he lends me breath;
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures. Watts.

ZELL, 8 & 7. BOST.

A Clergyman of Switzerland.

LIVELY.


Praise to God, the great Crea - a - tor, Praise to God from
ev' - ry tongue; Join, my soul, with ev'-ry creature,
Join the u - ni - versal song, Join the u - ni - versal song.

18. *Universal Praise.* 8. 7.

1 Praise to God, the great Creator,
Praise to God from every tongue;
Join, my soul, with every creature,
Join the universal song.

2 Father! source of all compassion!
Pure, unbounded grace is thine:
Hail the God of our salvation,
Praise him for his love divine.

3 Joyfully on earth adore him,
Till in heaven our song we raise;
Then enraptured fall before him,
Lost in wonder, love and praise.

4 Praise to God, the great Creator,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;
Praise him, every living creature,
Earth and heaven's united host.

19. *Same subject.* 8. 7.

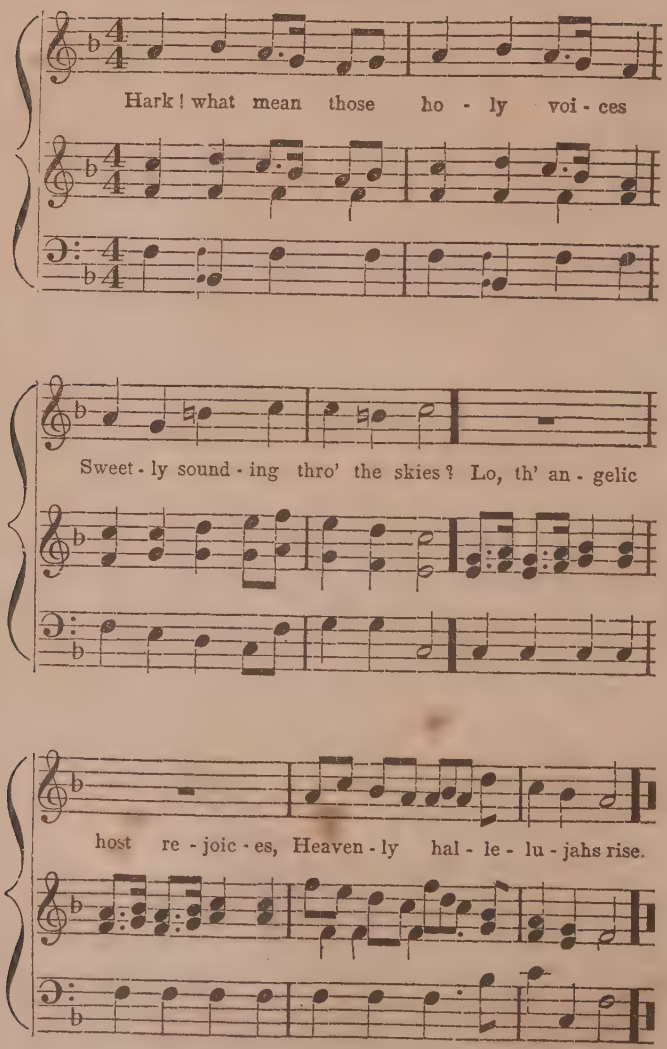
1 Praise the Lord, ye heav'ns adore him,
Praise him, angels in the height;
Sun and moon, rejoice before him,
Praise him, all ye stars of light.

2 Praise the Lord, for he hath spoken,
Worlds his mighty voice obey'd;
Laws which never can be broken,
For their guidance he hath made.

3 Praise the Lord, for he is glorious;
Never shall his promise fail;
God hath made his saints victorious,
Sin and death shall not prevail.

4 Praise the God of our salvation,
Hosts on high his pow'r proclaim;
Heav'n, and earth, and all creation,
Praise and magnify his name. Dublin Coll.

SICILIAN HYMN. 8 & 7, Single.


Hark! what mean those ho - ly voi - ces
Sweet - ly sound - ing thro' the skies? Lo, th' an - gelic
host re - joic - es, Heaven - ly hal - le - lu - jahs rise.

REDEMPTION.

20. *Song of the Angels at Bethlehem.* 8. 7.

1 Hark! what mean those holy voices,
Sweetly sounding through the skies?
Lo! the angelic host rejoices;
Heavenly hallelujahs rise.

2 Listen to the wondrous story
Which they chant in hymns of joy;
"Glory in the highest, glory!
Glory be to God most high.

3 "Peace on earth, good will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found,
Souls redeem'd, and sins forgiven—
Loud our golden harps shall sound.

4 "Christ is born, the Great Anointed;
Heaven and earth his praises sing!
O receive whom God appointed,
For your Prophet, Priest, and King.

5 Hasten, mortals, to adore Him;
Learn his name and taste his joy;
Till in heaven ye sing before Him,
Glory be to God most high!" Cawood.

21. *The Incarnation.* 8. 7.

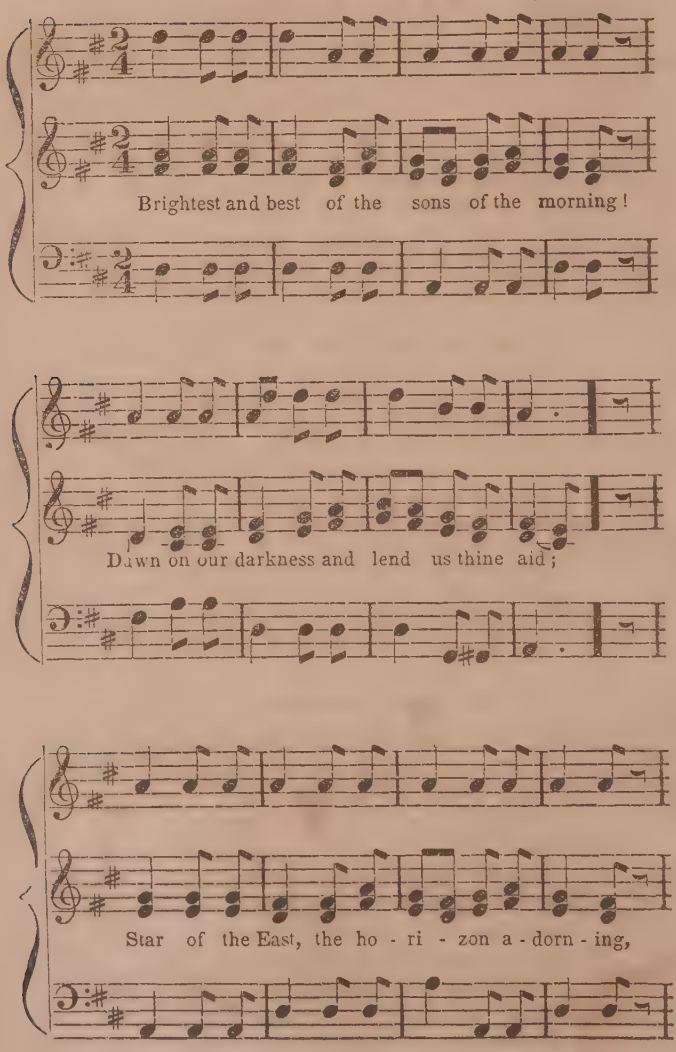
1 Shepherds, hail the wondrous stranger!
Now to Bethl'em speed your way;
Lo! in yonder humble manger,
Christ the Lord is born to-day.

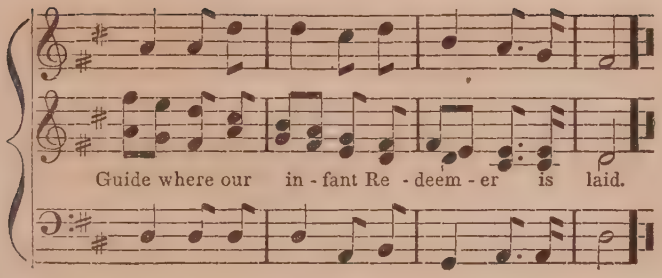
2 Christ, by prophets long predicted,
Joy of Israel's chosen race;
Light to Gentiles long afflicted,
Lost in error's darkest maze.

3 Glad we trace th' amazing story
Angels leave their bliss to tell;
Theme sublime, replete with glory,
Sinners sav'd from death and hell.

FOLSOM. 11 & 10.

Arranged from Mozart by L. Mason.


Brightest and best of the sons of the morning!
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid;
Star of the East, the ho - ri - zon a - dorn - ing,

FOLSOM.—CONTINUED.

22. *Star of the East.* 11, 10.

1 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning!
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid;
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid!

2 Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining,
Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall:
Angels adore him in slumber reclining,
Maker, and Monarch, and Savior of all.

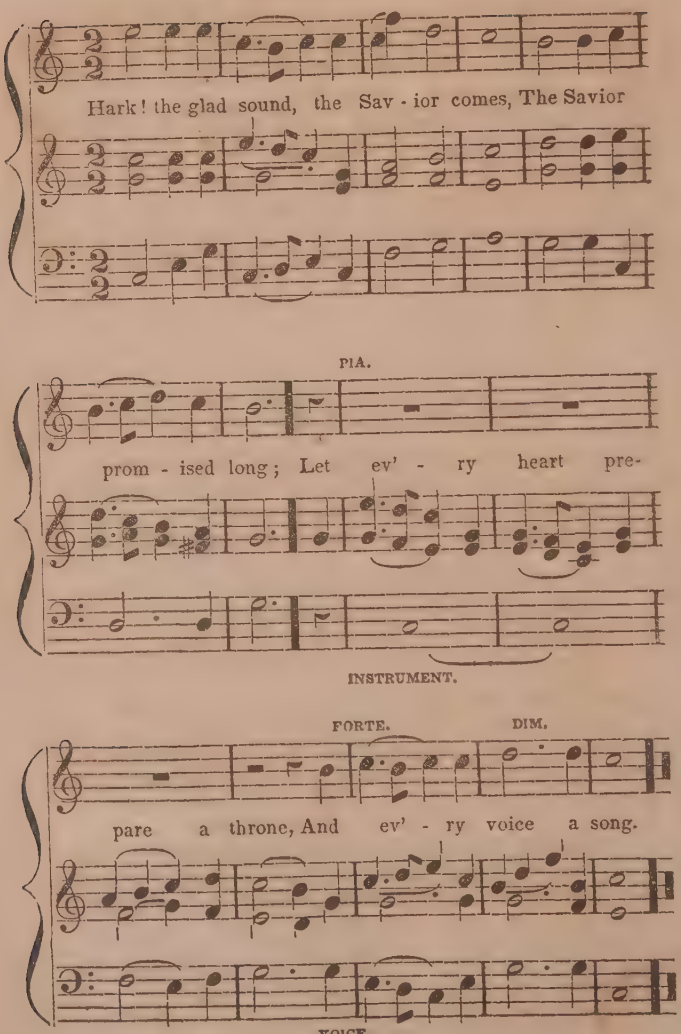
3 Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
Odors of Edom and off'rings divine?
Gems of the mountain and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine?

4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation;
Vainly with gifts would his favor secure;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration;
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

5 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning!
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid;
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid!

Bishop Heber.

FRANKLIN. C. M. S. B. POND.


Hark! the glad sound, the Sav - ior comes, The Savior
PIA.
prom - ised long; Let ev' - ry heart pre-
INSTRUMENT.
FORTE.
DIM.
pare a throne, And ev' - ry voice a song.
VOICE.

23. *Christ's Coming.* C. M.

1 Hark! the glad sound, the Savior comes!
The Savior promised long;
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

2 On him the Spirit, largely pour'd,
Exerts its sacred fire;
Wisdom and might, and zeal and love,
His holy breast inspire.

3 He comes--the pris'ners to release,
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield!

4 He comes—from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray,
And on the eye-balls of the blind
To pour celestial day.

5 He comes—the broken heart to bind;
The bleeding soul to cure;
And with the treasures of his grace
T' enrich the humble poor.

6 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim;
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name. Doddridge.

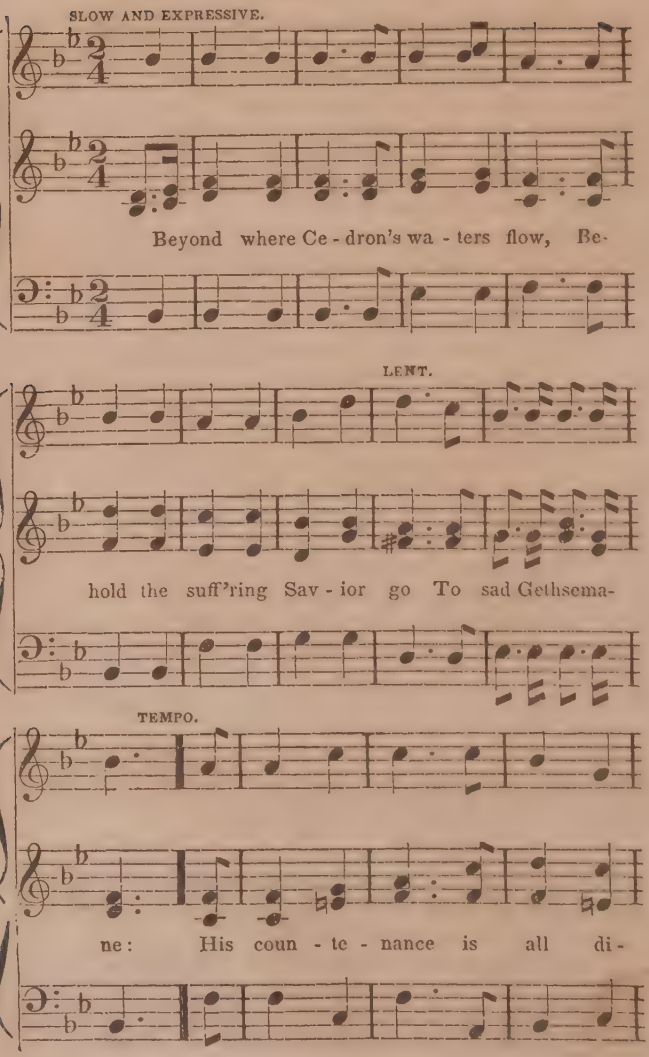
24. *Praise to the Redeemer.* C. M.

1 Oh for a thousand tongues to sing
My dear Redeemer's praise!
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace!

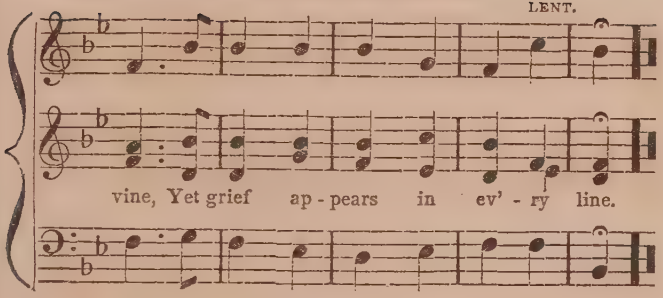
2 Jesus, the name that calms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music to our ravished ears;
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

3 He breaks the pow'r of reigning sin,
He sets the pris'ner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean—
His blood avail'd for me. Wesley.

GETHSEMANE. 8, 6 & 8.


SLOW AND EXPRESSIVE.
Beyond where Ce - dron's wa - ters flow, Be-
LENT.
hold the suff'ring Sav - ior go To sad Gethsema-
TEMPO.
ne: His coun - te - nance is all di-

GETHSEMANE.—CONTINUED.



25. *Gethsemane.* 8. 6. 8.

1 Beyond where Cedron's waters flow,
Behold the suffering Savior go
To sad Gethsemane:
His countenance is all divine,
Yet grief appears in every line.

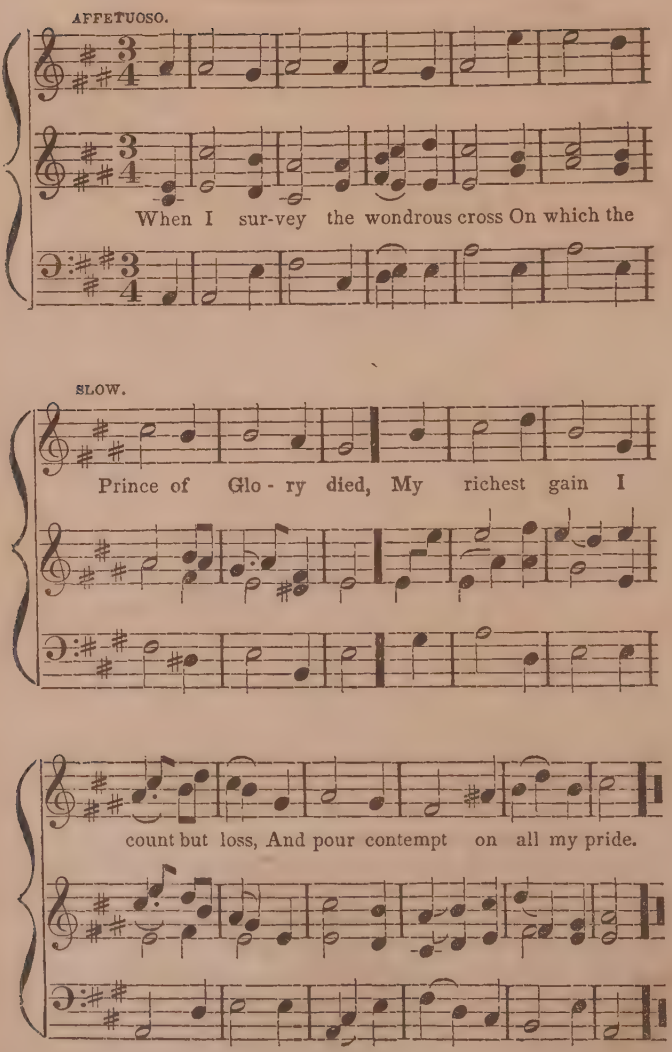
2 He bows beneath the sins of men—
He cries to God, and cries again,
In sad Gethsemane:
He lifts his mournful eyes above—
"My Father can this cup remove!"

3 With gentle resignation still,
He yielded to his Father's will,
In sad Gethsemane,—
"Behold me here, thy only Son,
"And, Father, let thy will be done."

4 The Father heard, and angels there
Sustained the Son of God in prayer,
In sad Gethsemane;
He drank the dreadful cup of pain,
Then rose to life and joy again.

5 When storms of sorrow round us sweep,
And scenes of anguish make us weep,
To sad Gethsemane
We'll look, and see the Savior there,
And humbly bow, like him, in prayer.

SEASONS. L. M. PLEYEL.


AFFETUOSO.
When I sur-vey the wondrous cross On which the
SLOW.
Prince of Glo - ry died, My richest gain I
count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride.

26. *Christ Crucified.* L. M.

1 When I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love, so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all. Watts.

27. *Wonders of the Cross.* L. M.

1 Nature with open volume stands
To spread her Maker's praise abroad,
And every labor of his hands
Shows something worthy of a God:

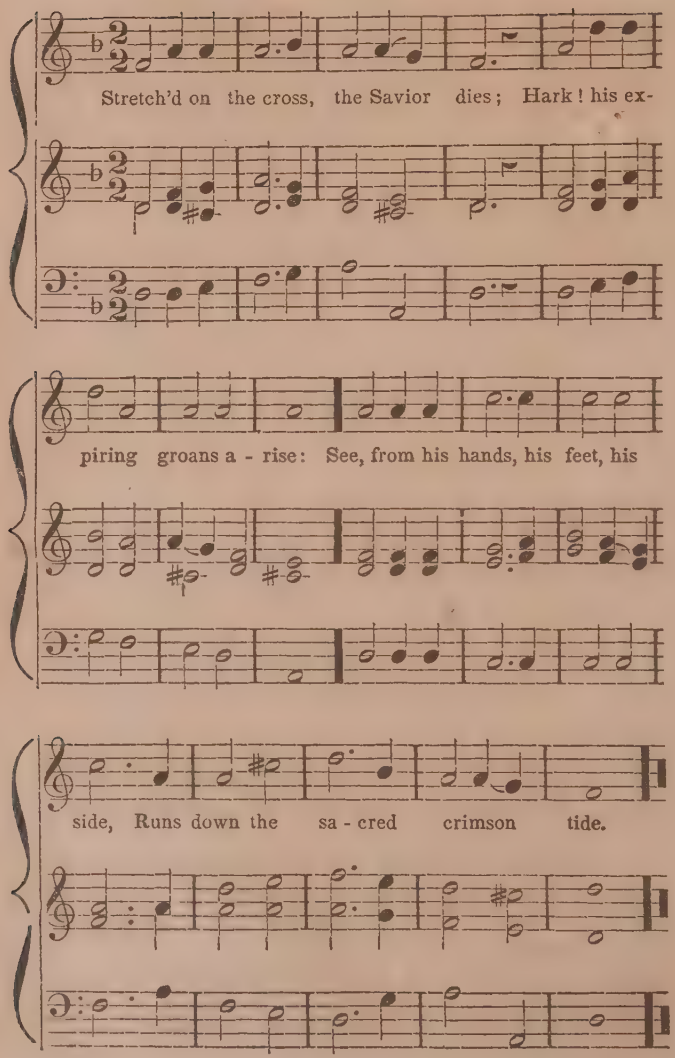
2 But in the grace that rescu'd man
His brightest form of glory shines;
Here, on the cross, 'tis fairest drawn,
In precious blood and crimson lines.

3 Here I behold his inmost heart,
Where grace and vengeance strangely join;
Piercing his Son with sharpest smart,
To make the purchas'd pleasures mine.

4 Oh! the sweet wonders of that cross,
Where God, the Savior, lov'd and died!
Her noblest life my spirit draws
From his dear wounds and bleeding side.

5 I would for ever speak his name,
In sounds to mortal ears unknown;
With angels join to praise the Lamb,
And worship at his Father's throne. Watts.

THE SACRIFICE. L. M. H.


Stretch'd on the cross, the Savior dies; Hark! his ex-
piring groans a - rise: See, from his hands, his feet, his
side, Runs down the sa - cred crimson tide.

28. *Sufferings and Death.* L. M.

1 Stretch'd on the cross, the Savior dies;
Hark! his expiring groans arise:
See, from his hands, his feet, his side,
Runs down the sacred crimson tide

2 But life attends the deathful sound,
And flows from every bleeding wound;
The vital stream how free it flows,
To save and cleanse his rebel foes!

3 Can I survey this scene of wo,
Where mingling grief and wonder flow,
And yet my heart unmov'd remain,
Insensible to love or pain?

4 Come, dearest Lord, thy grace impart,
To warm this cold, this stupid heart;
Till all its pow'rs and passions move
In melting grief and ardent love. Steele

29. "*It is finished.*" L. M.

1 'Tis finish'd—so the Savior cried,
And meekly bow'd his head, and died!
'Tis finish'd—yes, the race is run,
The battle fought, the victory won.

2 'Tis finish'd—all that heaven decreed,
And all that ancient prophets said,
Is now fulfill'd, as was design'd,
In me, the Savior of mankind.

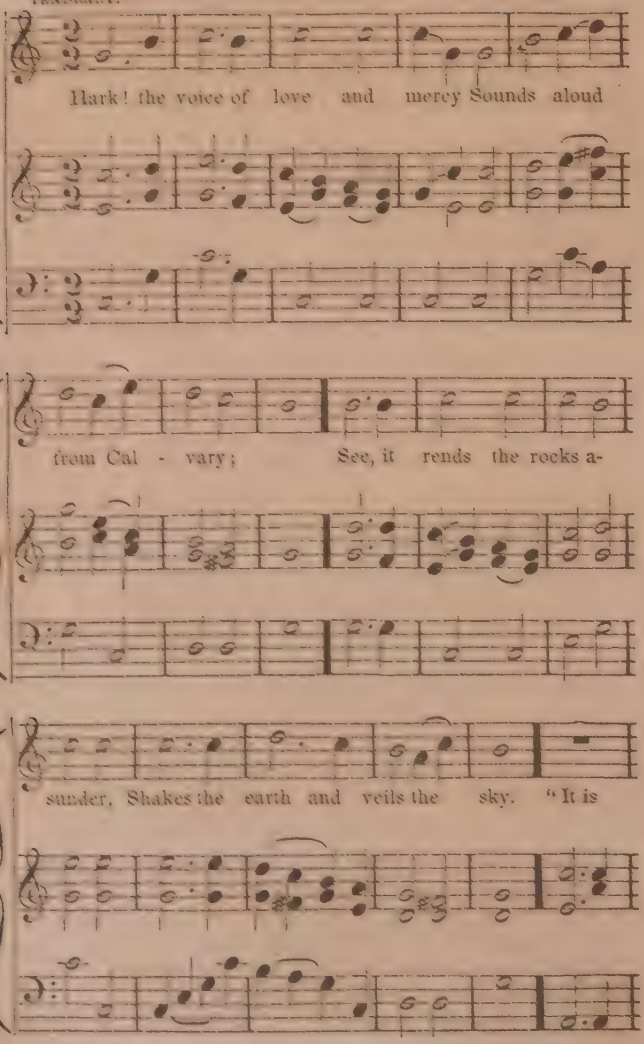
3 'Tis finish'd—this my dying groan
Shall sins of every kind atone;
Millions shall be redeem'd from death
By this my last expiring breath.

4 'Tis finish'd—heaven is reconcil'd,
And all the powers of darkness spoil'd:
Peace, love and happiness again
Return and dwell with sinful men.

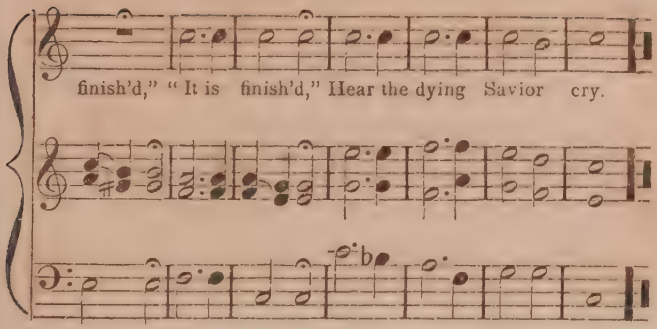
5 'Tis finish'd—let the joyful sound
Be heard through all the nations round;
'Tis finish'd—let the echo fly
Thro' heaven and hell, thro' earth and sky. Stennet.

CALVARY. 8, 7 & 4. STANLEY.

TENDERLY.


Hark! the voice of love and mercy Sounds aloud
from Cal - vary; See, it rends the rocks a-
sunder, Shakes the earth and veils the sky. "It is

CALVARY.—CONCLUDED.



30. *It is Finished.*

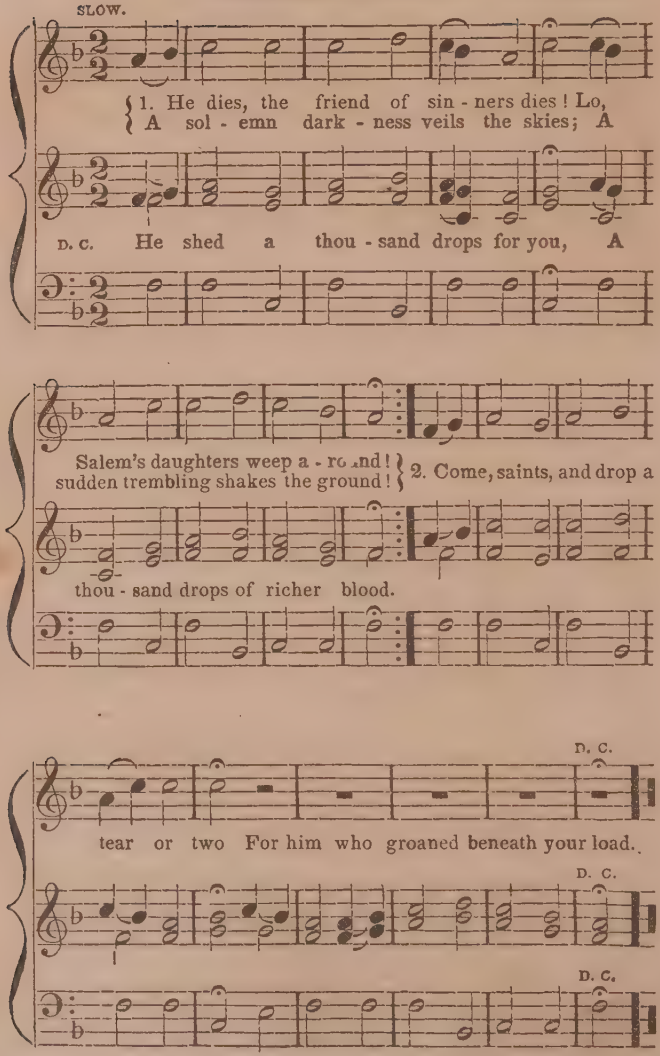
1 Hark! the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary;
See, it rends the rocks asunder—
"Shakes the earth and veils the sky!
"It is finished!"
Hear the dying Savior cry.

2 It is finished!—O what pleasure
Do these precious words afford!
Heavenly blessings, without measure,
Flow to us from Christ the Lord.
It is finished!
Saints, the dying words record.

3 Finished—all the types and shadows
Of the ceremonial law;
Finished—all that God had promised;
Death and hell no more shall awe:
It is finished!
Saints, from hence your comforts draw.

4 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs,
Join to sing the pleasing theme;
All on earth, and all in heaven,
Join to praise Emmanuel's name
Hallelujah!
Glory to the bleeding Lamb! Burder's Col.

DRESDEN. L. M. D. OLD GERMAN.


SLOW.
1. He dies, the friend of sin - ners dies! Lo,
A sol - emn dark - ness veils the skies; A
D. C. He shed a thou - sand drops for you, A
Salem's daughters weep a - ro nd!
sudden trembling shakes the ground!
2. Come, saints, and drop a
thou - sand drops of richer blood.
D. C.
tear or two For him who groaned beneath your load.
D. C.
D. C.

31. *Christ Dying, Rising, and Reigning.* L. M.

(See verses 1, 2, in the music.)

3 Here's love and grief beyond degree,
The Lord of glory dies for men!
But lo! what sudden joys we see!
Jesus, the dead, revives again!

4 The rising God forsakes the tomb!
Up to his Father's court he flies!
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him, Welcome to the skies!

5 Dry up your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high our great Deliverer reigns;—
Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,
And led the tyrant death in chains.

6 Say, "Live for ever, glorious King,
"Born to redeem, and strong to save!"
Then ask, "O death, where is thy sting?
"And where thy victory, boasting grave?"

Watts' Lyr.

32. *Christ's Intercession.* L. M.

1 He lives! the great Redeemer lives,
What joy the bless'd assurance gives!
And now, before his Father, God,
Pleads the full merit of his blood.

2 Repeated crimes awake our fears,
And justice arm'd, with frowns appears;
But in the Savior's lovely face
Sweet mercy smiles, and all is peace.

3 Hence, then, ye black despairing thoughts;
Above our fears, above our faults,
His powerful intercessions rise,
And guilt recedes and terror dies.

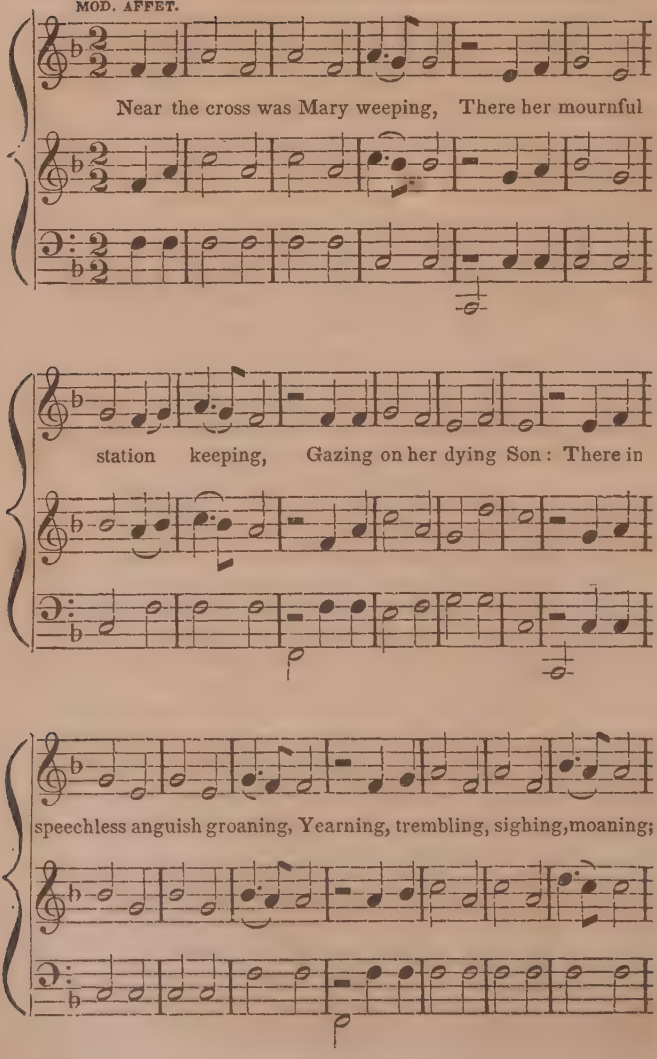
4 In every dark distressful hour,
When sin and Satan join their power,
Let this dear hope repel the dart,
That Jesus bears us on his heart.

5 Great Advocate, Almighty Friend!
On him our humble hopes depend:
Our cause can never, never fail,
For Jesus pleads and must prevail.

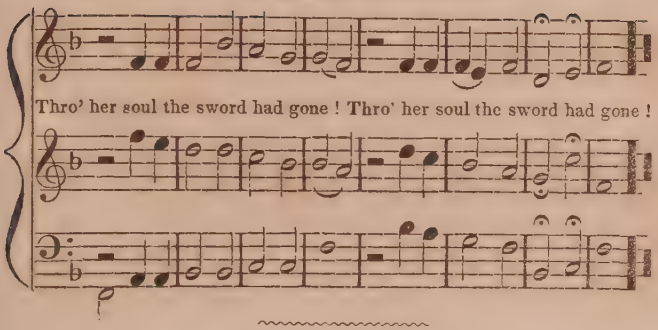
Steele.

MILLS, 8. 7. GERMAN THEME.

MOD. AFFET.


Near the cross was Mary weeping, There her mournful
station keeping, Gazing on her dying Son: There in
speechless anguish groaning, Yearning, trembling, sighing, moaning;

MILLS.—CONTINUED.



33. *Mary at the Cross.* 8. 7.

(See verse 1 in the music.)

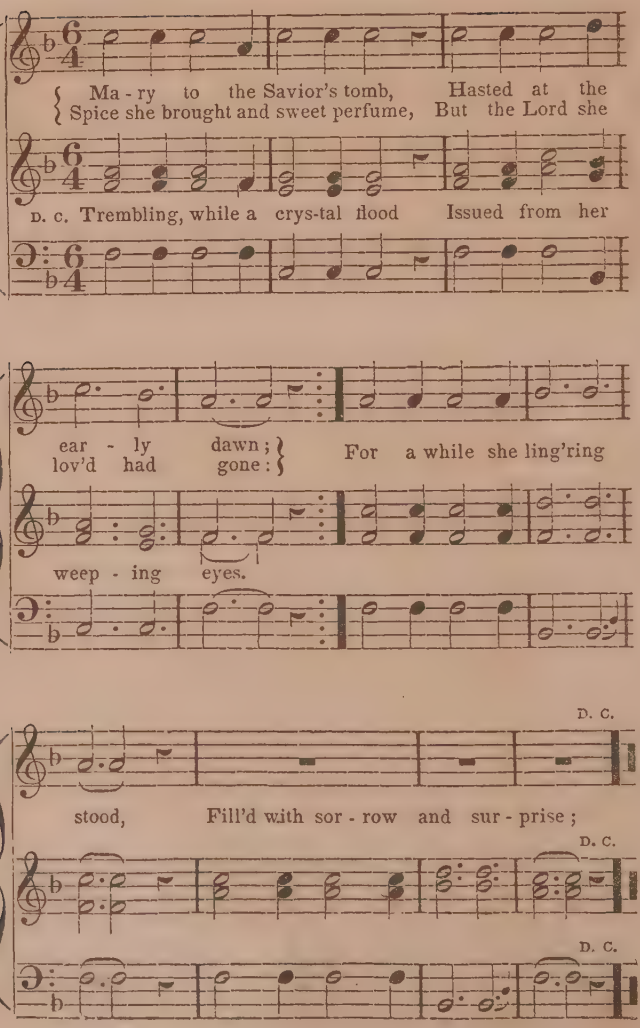
2 What he for his people suffer'd—
Stripes, and scoffs, and insults offer'd—
His fond mother saw the whole:
Never from the scene retiring,
Till he bow'd his head expiring,
And to God breath'd out his soul.

3 But we have no need to borrow
Motives from the mother's sorrow,
At our Savior's cross to mourn.
'Twas our sins brought him from heaven—
These the cruel nails had driven—
All his griefs *for us* were borne.

4 When no eye its pity gave us,
When there was no arm to save us,
He his love and pow'r display'd:
By his stripes he wrought our healing,
By his death, our life revealing,
He for us the ransom paid.

5 Jesus, may thy love constrain us,
That from sin we may refrain us—
In thy griefs may deeply grieve:
Thee our best affections giving,
To thy glory ever living,
May we in thy glory live.

MARTYN. 7's, Double. S. B. Marsh.


Ma - ry to the Savior's tomb, Hasted at the
Spice she brought and sweet perfume, But the Lord she
D. C. Trembling, while a crys-tal flood Issued from her
ear - ly dawn; For a while she ling'ring
lov'd had gone:
weep - ing eyes.
D. C.
stood, Fill'd with sor - row and sur - prise;
D. C.
D. C.

34. *Mary at the Sepulchre.* 7's.

(See first verse in the music.)

2 But her sorrows quickly fled
When she heard his welcome voice:
Christ had risen from the dead;
Now he bids her heart rejoice:
What a change his word can make,
Turning darkness into day!
Ye who weep for Jesus' sake,
He will wipe your tears away.

35. *Christ a Refuge from the Storm.* 7's.

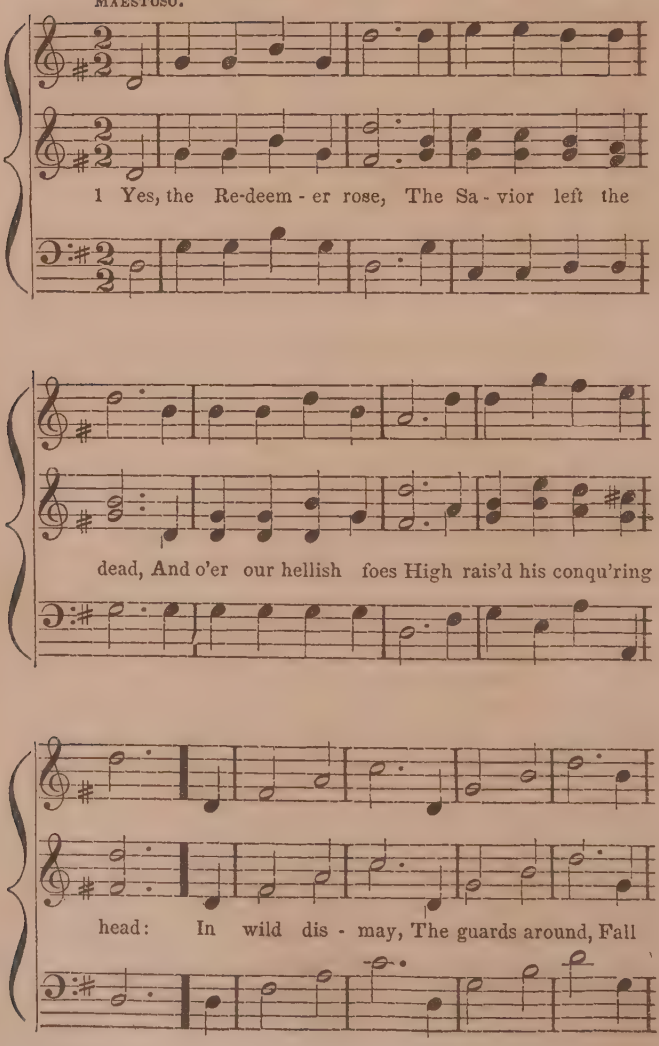
1 Jesus, lover of my soul!
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the billows near me roll,
While the tempest still is high!
Hide me, O my Savior, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide;
O receive my soul at last!

2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on thee is stay'd;
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

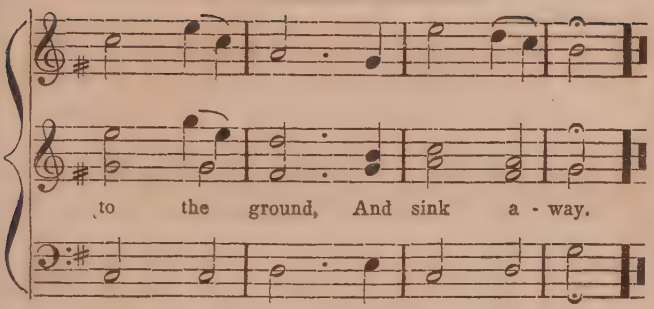
3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want:
More than all in thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick and lead the blind.
Just and holy is thy name,
I am all unrighteousness;
Vile and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace. Wesley.

RHINE. H. M. MANHATTAN COLL.

MAESTOSO.


1 Yes, the Re-deem - er rose, The Sa - vior left the
dead, And o'er our hellish foes High rais'd his conqu'ring
head: In wild dis - may, The guards around, Fall

RHINE.—CONTINUED.



36. *Christ's Resurrection.* H. M.

(See first verse in the music.)

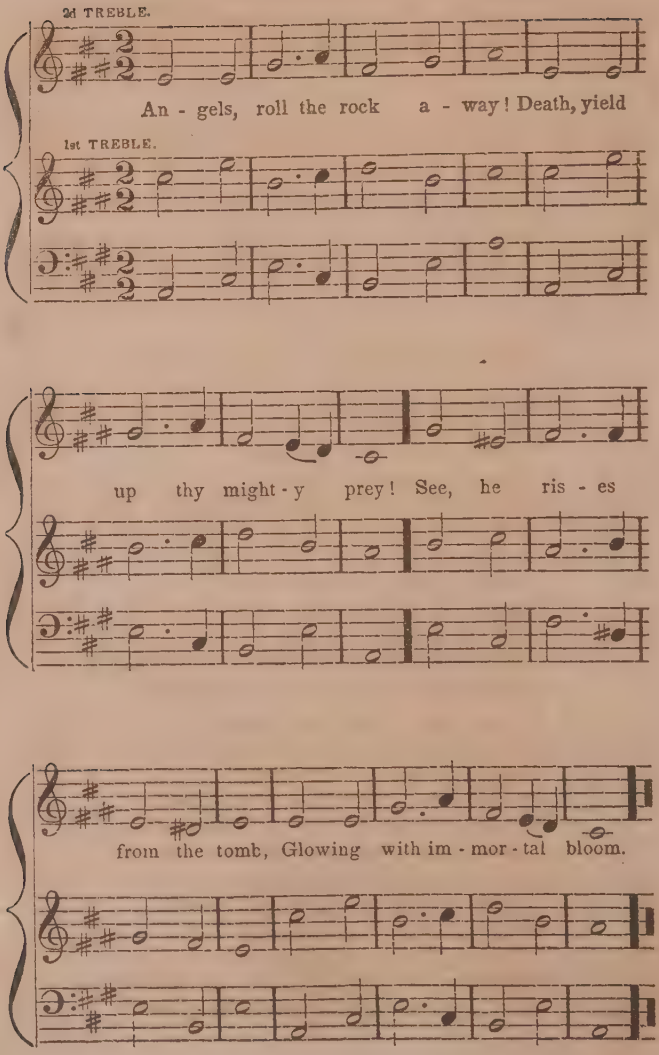
2 Lo! the angelic bands
In full assembly meet,
To wait his high commands,
And worship at his feet:
Joyful they come, And wing their way,
From realms of day, To Jesus' tomb.

3 Then back to heaven they fly,
The joyful news to bear;
Hark! as they soar on high,
What music fills the air!
Their anthems say, "Jesus, who bled,
"Hath left the dead; He rose to-day."

4 Ye mortals, catch the sound,
Redeem'd by him from hell,
And send the echo round
The globe on which you dwell:
Transported cry, "Jesus, who bled,
"Hath left the dead, No more to die."

5 All hail, triumphant Lord,
Who sav'st us with thy blood!
Wide be thy name ador'd,
Thou rising, reigning God!
With thee we rise, With thee we reign,
And empires gain Beyond the skies.

PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7's.


2d TREBLE.
An - gels, roll the rock a - way! Death, yield
1st TREBLE.
up thy might - y prey! See, he ris - es
from the tomb, Glowing with im - mor - tal bloom.

37. *Resurrection and Ascension.* 7's.

1 Angels, roll the rock away!
Death, yield up thy mighty prey!
See, he rises from the tomb,
Glowing with immortal bloom.

2 Now, ye saints, lift up your eyes;
See the Conqu'ror mount the skies;
Troops of angels on the road
Hail and sing the incarnate God.

3 Heav'n unfolds her portals wide:
Glorious Hero, through them ride;
King of glory, mount thy throne,
Boundless empire is thine own.

4 Praise him, ye celestial choirs,
Praise, and sweep your golden lyres;
Praise him in the noblest songs,
From ten thousand thousand tongues.

5 Let Immanuel be ador'd;
Ransom, Mediator, Lord:
To creation's utmost bound
Let th' immortal praise resound. Gibbons.

38. *The Lord is risen.* 7's.

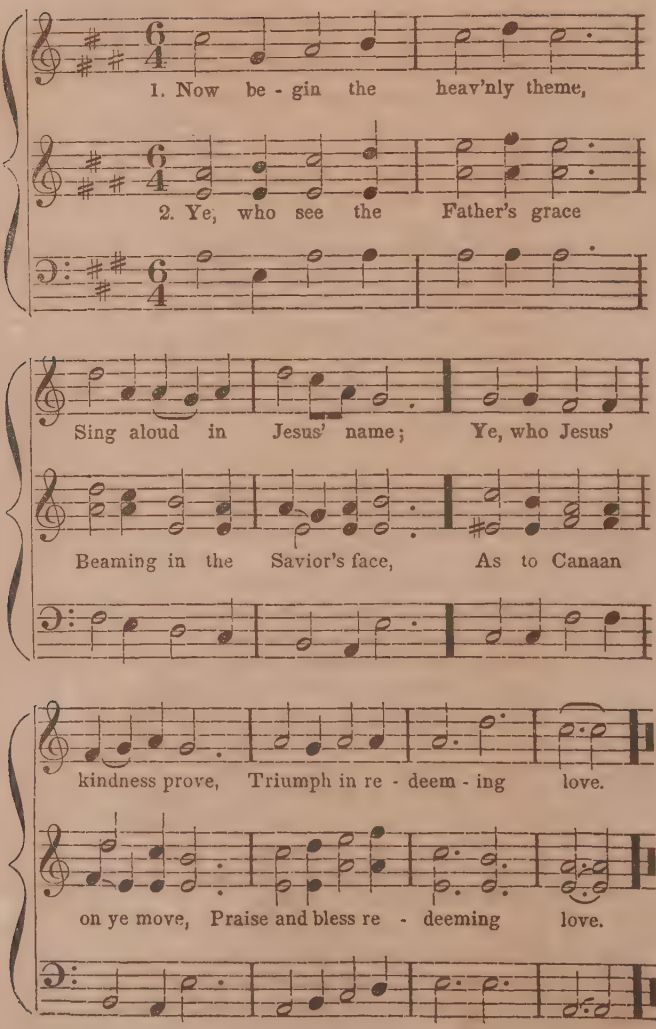
1 Christ the Lord is risen to-day,
Sons of men and angels say:
Raise your joys and triumphs high,
Sing, ye heavens, and earth reply!

2 Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the victory won:
Jesus' agony is o'er,
Darkness veils the earth no more.

3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal;
Christ has burst the gates of hell;
Death in vain forbids him rise,
Christ has open'd paradise.

4 Lives again our glorious King!
"Where, O death, is now thy sting?
Once he died our souls to save;
"Where's thy victory, boasting grave?"
Cudworth.

BARBAULD. 7's. GERMAN.


1. Now be - gin the heav'nly theme,
2. Ye, who see the Father's grace
Sing aloud in Jesus' name; Ye, who Jesus'
Beaming in the Savior's face, As to Canaan
kindness prove, Triumph in re - deem - ing love.
on ye move, Praise and bless re - deeming love.

39. *Redeeming Love.* 7's.

See verses 1, 2, in the music.

3 Mourning souls, dry up your tears,
Banish all your guilty fears;
See your guilt and curse remove,
Cancel'd by redeeming love.

4 Ye, alas! who long have been
Willing slaves of death and sin!
Now from bliss no longer rove,
Stop, and taste redeeming love.

5 Welcome, all by sin oppress'd,
Welcome to his sacred rest:
Nothing brought him from above,
Nothing, but redeeming love.

6 Hither, then, your music bring,
Strike aloud each joyful string:
Mortals, join the host above,
Join to praise redeeming love. Madan's C

40. *Praise for the Incarnation.* 7's

1 Sweeter sounds than music knows
Charm me in Immanuel's name;
All her hopes my spirit owes
To his birth, and cross, and shame.

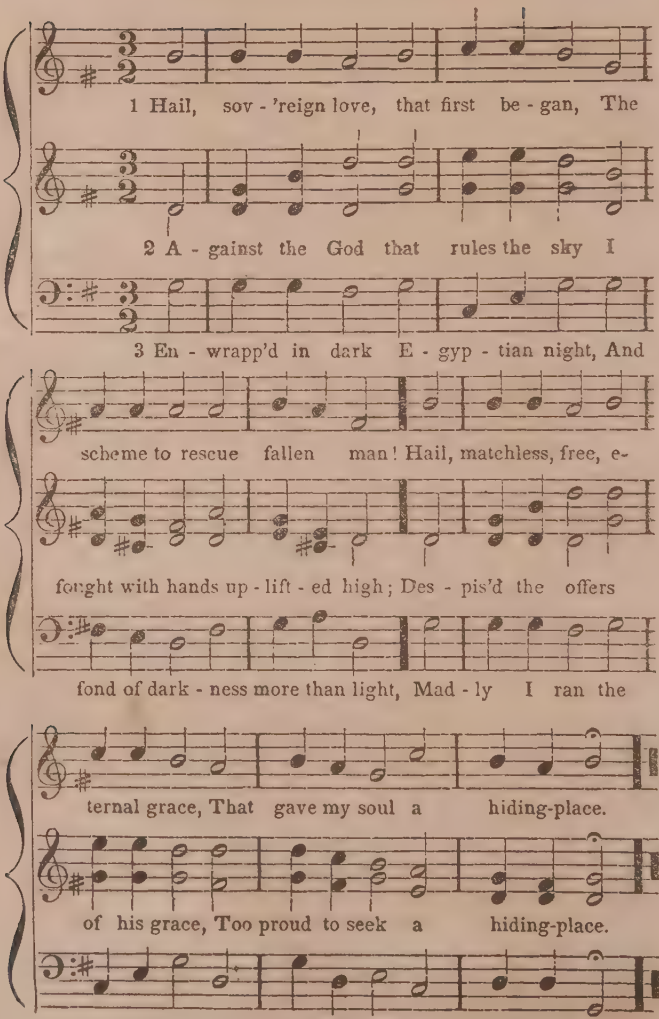
2 When he came, the angels sung,
"Glory be to God on high;"
Lord, unloose my stamm'ring tongue;
Who should louder sing than I?

3 Did the Lord a man become,
That he might the law fulfil;
Bleed and suffer in my room,
And canst thou, my tongue, be still?

4 No, I must my praises bring,
Though they worthless are and weak;
For should I refuse to sing,
Sure the very stones would speak.

5 O my Savior, Shield, and Sun,
Shepherd, Brother, Husband, Friend,
Ev'ry precious name in one,
I will love thee without end. Newton

NEWTON. L. M. SACRED LYRE.


1 Hail, sov - 'reign love, that first be - gan, The
2 A - gainst the God that rules the sky I
3 En - wrapp'd in dark E - gyp - tian night, And
scheme to rescue fallen man! Hail, matchless, free, e-
fought with hands up - lift - ed high; Des - pis'd the offers
fond of dark - ness more than light, Mad - ly I ran the
ternal grace, That gave my soul a hiding-place.
of his grace, Too proud to seek a hiding-place.
sin - ful race, Se - cure without a hiding-place.

41. *Christ our Hiding-place.* L. M.

See verses 1, 2, 3, in the music.

4 But thus the eternal counsel ran:
"Almighty love! arrest the man;"
I felt the arrows of distress,
And found I had no hiding-place.

5 Vindictive Justice stood in view,
To Sinai's fiery mount I flew;
But Justice cried, with frowning face,
"This mountain is no hiding-place."

6 But lo! a heavenly voice I heard!
And mercy's angel soon appear'd;
Who led me on, a pleasing pace,
To Jesus Christ, my hiding-place.

7 On him Almighty vengeance fell,
Which must have sunk a world to hell;
He bore it for his chosen race;
And now he is my hiding-place. Brewer.

42. *Not ashamed of Jesus.* L. M.

1 Jesus! and shall it ever be,
A mortal man asham'd of thee!
Asham'd of thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days?

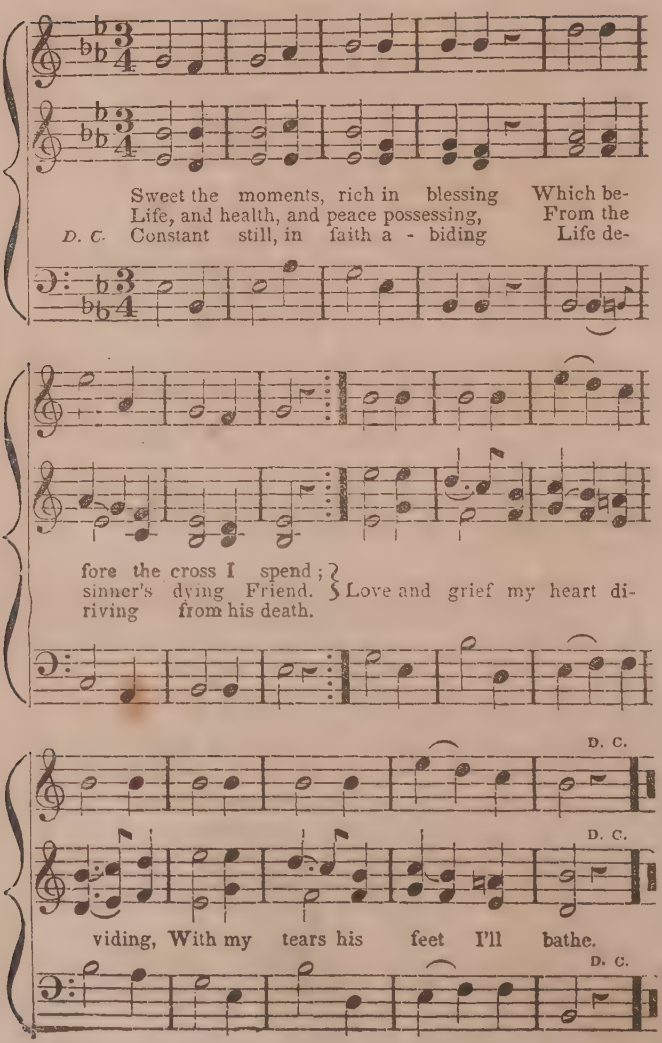
2 Asham'd of Jesus! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star:
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

3 Asham'd of Jesus!—that dear Friend
On whom my hopes of heav'n depend?
No! when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.

4 Asham'd of Jesus!—yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away;
No tear to wipe; no good to crave;
No fear to quell—no soul to save.

5 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then I boast a Savior slain!
And Oh may this my glory be,
That Christ is not asham'd of me. Gregg.

ROBINSON. 8 & 7's. D. H.


Sweet the moments, rich in blessing Which be-
Life, and health, and peace possessing, From the
D. C. Constant still, in faith a - biding Life de-
fore the cross I spend;
sinner's dying Friend.
Love and grief my heart di-
riving from his death.
D. C.
D. C.
viding, With my tears his feet I'll bathe.
D. C.

43. *Sitting at the Cross.* 8, 7.

1 Sweet the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend;
Life, and health, and peace possessing,
From the sinner's dying Friend.

2 Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears his feet I'll bathe:
Constant still, in faith abiding,
Life deriving from his death.

3 Truly blessed is the station,
Low before his cross to lie;
While I see divine compassion
Beaming in his gracious eye.

4 Here I'll sit, for ever viewing
Mercy streaming in his blood,
Precious drops, my soul bedewing,
Plead, and claim my peace with God. Robinson.

44. *Christ the best Friend.* 8, 7.

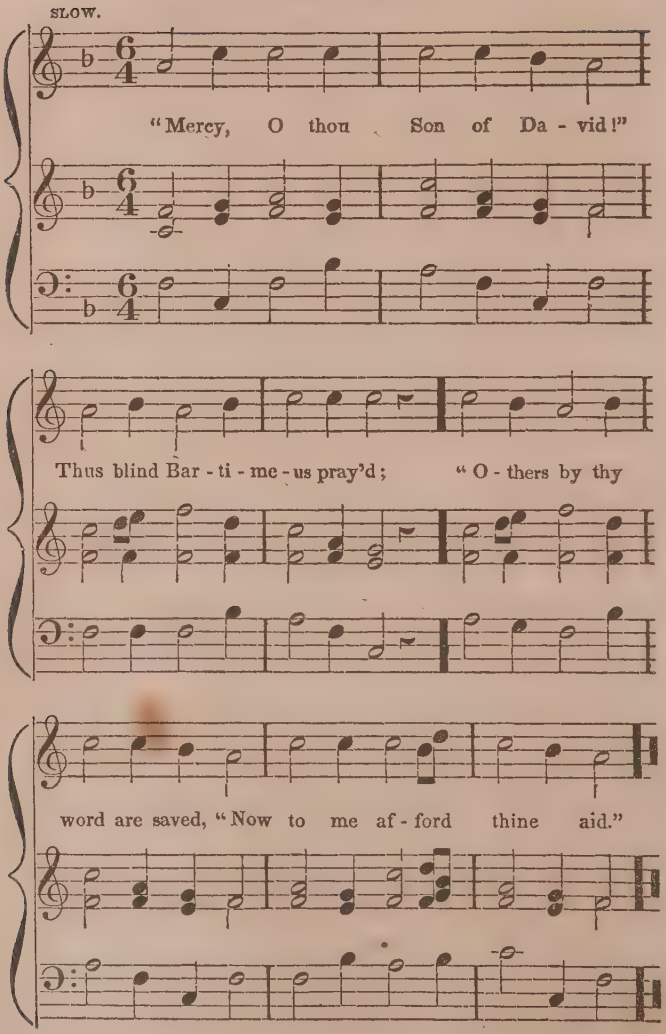
1 One there is, above all others,
Well deserves the name of Friend;
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end!

2 Which of all our friends, to save us,
Could, or would, have shed his blood?
But our Jesus died to have us
Reconcil'd, in him, to God.

3 When he liv'd on earth abased,
Friend of sinners was his name;
Now, above all glory raised,
He rejoices in the same:

4 O for grace our hearts to soften!
Teach us, Lord, at length to love;
We, alas! forget too often
What a Friend we have above. Newton.

BARTIMEUS. 8 & 7's. SINGLE.



45. *Bartimeus.* 8, 7.

1 "Mercy, O thou Son of David!"
Thus blind Bartimeus pray'd;
"Others by thy word are saved,
"Now to me afford thine aid."

2 Many for his crying chid him,
But he call'd the louder still;
Till the gracious Savior bid him,
"Come, and ask me what you will."

3 Money was not what he wanted,
Though by begging used to live;
But he ask'd, and Jesus granted
Alms which none but he could give:

4 "Lord, remove this grievous blindness,
"Let my eyes behold the day;"
Straight he saw, and, won by kindness,
Follow'd Jesus in the way.

5 Oh! methinks I hear him praising,
Publishing to all around,
"Friends, is not my case amazing?
"What a Savior I have found!

6 "Oh! that all the blind but knew him,
"And would be advis'd by me!
"Surely they would hasten to him,
"He would cause them all to see." Newton.

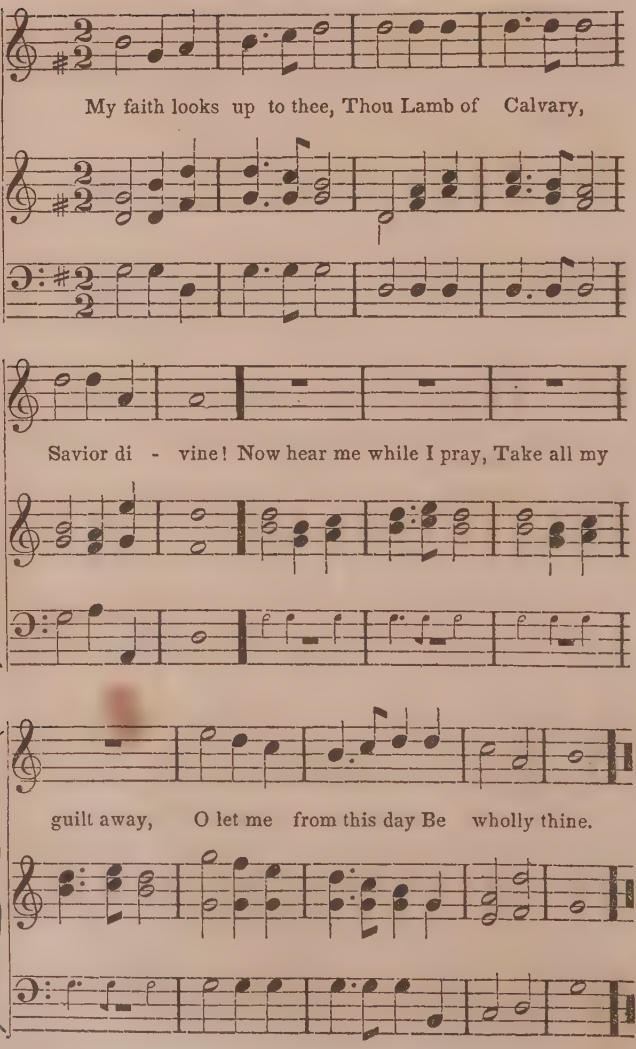
46. *Praise to the Redeemer.* 8, 7.

1 Hail, thou once despised Jesus!
Thou didst free salvation bring;
By thy death thou didst release us
From the tyrant's deadly sting.

2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
All our sins on thee are laid:
Great High Priest, by God anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made.

3 Contrite sinners are forgiven,
Through the virtue of thy blood:
Open'd is the gate of heaven,
Peace is made for man with God. Rippon's Col.

OLIVET. 6 & 4's. L. MASON.


My faith looks up to thee, Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Savior di - vine! Now hear me while I pray, Take all my
guilt away, O let me from this day Be wholly thine.

47. *Christ our Confidence.* 6, 4.

1 My faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Savior divine!
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt away,
O let me from this day
Be wholly thine.

2 May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart;
My zeal inspire:
As thou hast died for me,
O may my love to thee,
Pure, warm and changeless be,
A living fire.

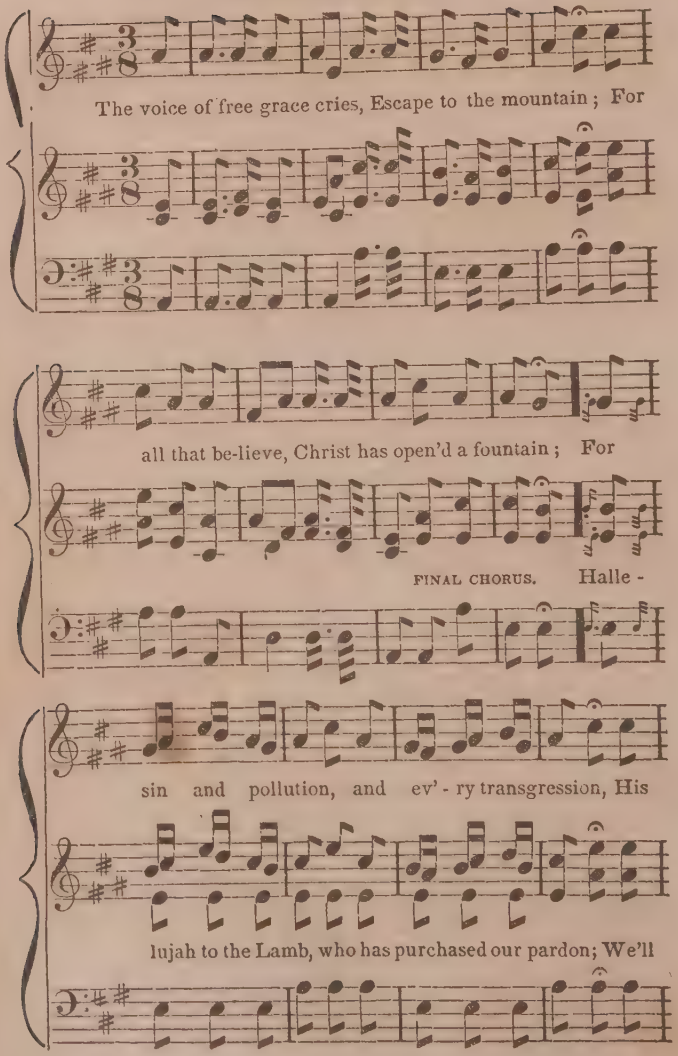
3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my guide:
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Savior, then in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
O bear me safe above,
A ransom'd soul! Ray Palmer.

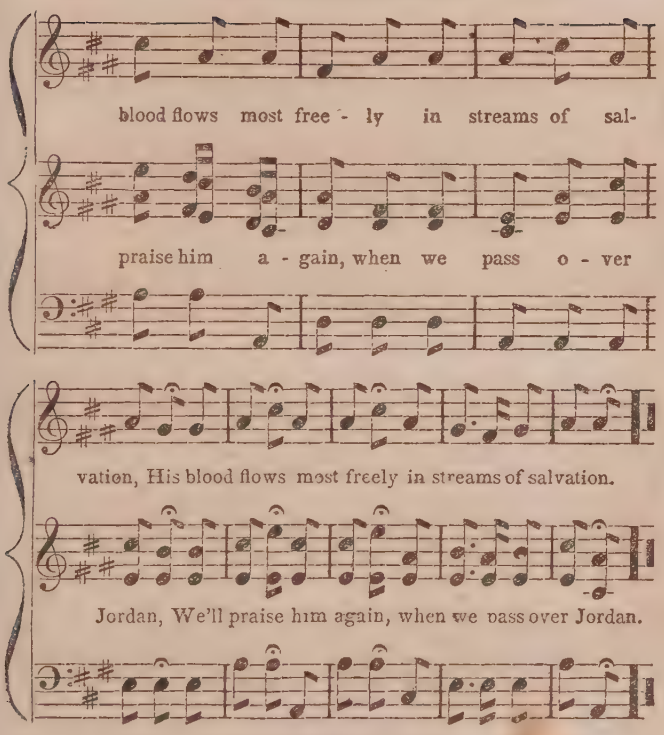
48. *Worthy the Lamb.* 6, 4.

Glory to God on high!
Let earth to heav'n reply,
Praise ye his name!
His love and grace adore,
Who all our sorrows bore,
Sing aloud evermore,
"Worthy the Lamb."

SCOTLAND. 12's. DR. CLARK.


The voice of free grace cries, Escape to the mountain; For
all that be-lieve, Christ has open'd a fountain; For
FINAL CHORUS. Halle -
sin and pollution, and ev'-ry transgression, His
lujah to the Lamb, who has purchased our pardon; We'll

SCOTLAND.—CONTINUED.


blood flows most free - ly in streams of sal-
praise him a - gain, when we pass o - ver
vation, His blood flows most freely in streams of salvation.
Jordan, We'll praise him again, when we pass over Jordan.

49. *Free Grace.* 12's.

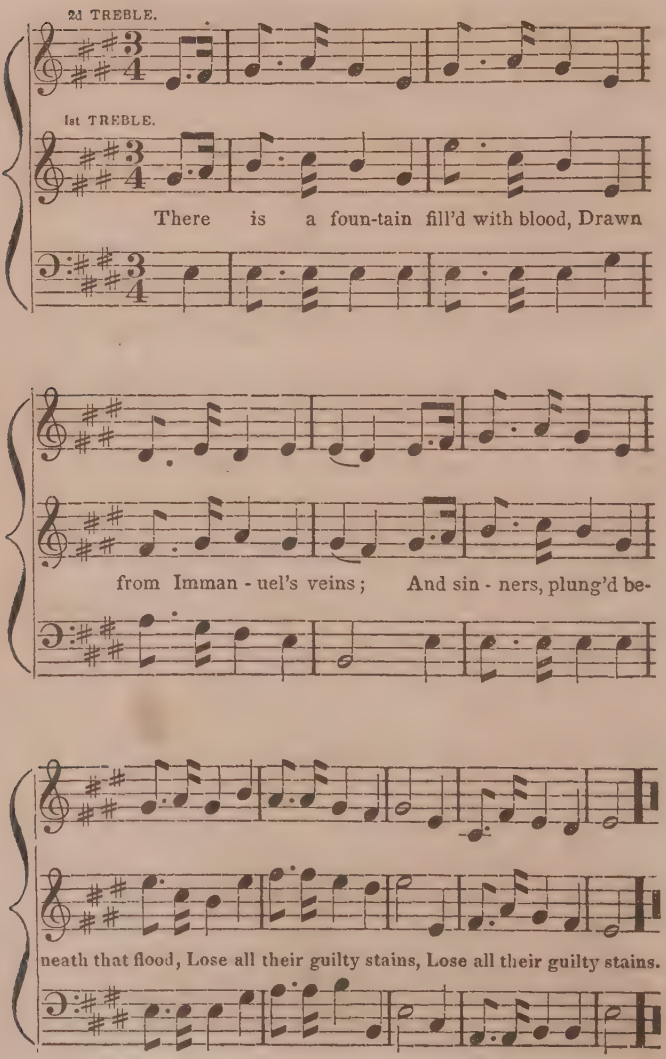
(See verse 1 in the music.)

2 Ye souls that are wounded, to the Savior repair:
Now he calls you in mercy, and can you forbear?
Though your sins are increased as high as a mountain
His blood can remove them—it streams from the fountain

3 Now Jesus, our King, reigns triumphantly glorious;
O'er sin, death, and hell he is more than victorious.
With shouting proclaim it, Oh trust in his passion:
He saves us most freely—Oh, precious salvation!

4 With joy shall we stand, when escaped to the shore;
With harp in our hand we'll praise him the more;
We'll range the sweet plains on the banks of the river,
And sing of salvation for ever and ever. Thornby.

THERE IS A FOUNTAIN. C. M. L. Mason.


2d TREBLE.
1st TREBLE.
There is a foun-tain fill'd with blood, Drawn
from Imman - uel's veins; And sin - ners, plung'd be-
neath that flood, Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their guilty stains.

50. *The Blood of Christ.* C. M.

1 There is a fountain fill'd with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinners, plung'd beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, as vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

3 Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransom'd church of God
Be sav'd, to sin no more.

4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save;
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave. Cowper.

51. *Redemption.* C. M.

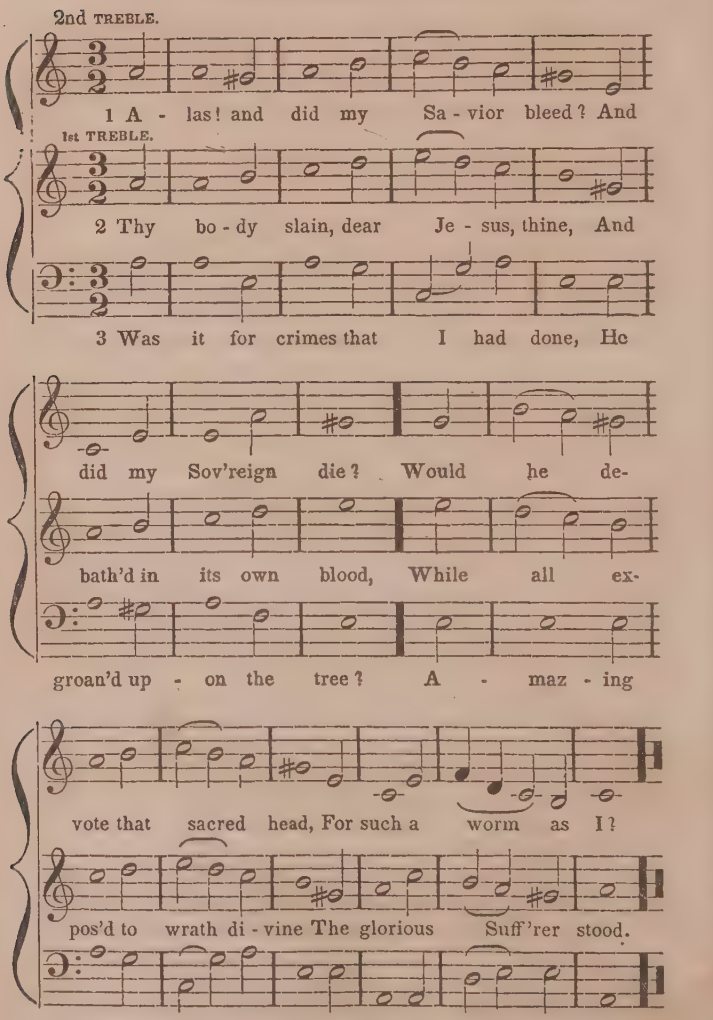
1 Plung'd in a gulf of dark despair,
We wretched sinners lay;
Without one cheerful beam of hope,
Or spark of glimm'ring day!

2 With pitying eyes the Prince of Grace
Beheld our helpless grief;
He saw, and—oh amazing love!
He ran to our relief.

3 Down from the shining seats above
With joyful haste he fled;
Enter'd the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.

4 Oh, for this love, let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break;
And all harmonious human tongues
The Savior's praises speak. Watts.

BURFORD. C. M. PURCELL.


2nd TREBLE.
1 A - las! and did my Sa - vior bleed? And
1st TREBLE.
2 Thy bo - dy slain, dear Je - sus, thine, And
3 Was it for crimes that I had done, He
did my Sov'reign die? Would he de-
bath'd in its own blood, While all ex-
groan'd up - on the tree? A - maz - ing
vote that sacred head, For such a worm as I?
pos'd to wrath di - vine The glorious Suff'rer stood.
pity! grace unknown! And love be - yond de - gree!

52. *Sorrow for Sufferings of Christ.* C. M.

See verses 1, 2, 3, in the music.

4 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Savior, died
For man, the rebel's, sin.

5 Thus might I hide my blushing face
While his dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt my eyes in tears.

6 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away—
'Tis all that I can do. Watts.

53. *Looking to the Cross.* C. M.

1 I saw One hanging on a tree,
In agonies and blood,
Who fix'd his languid eyes on me
As near the cross I stood.

2 Sure, never till my latest breath
Can I forget that look;
It seem'd to charge me with his death,
Though not a word he spoke.

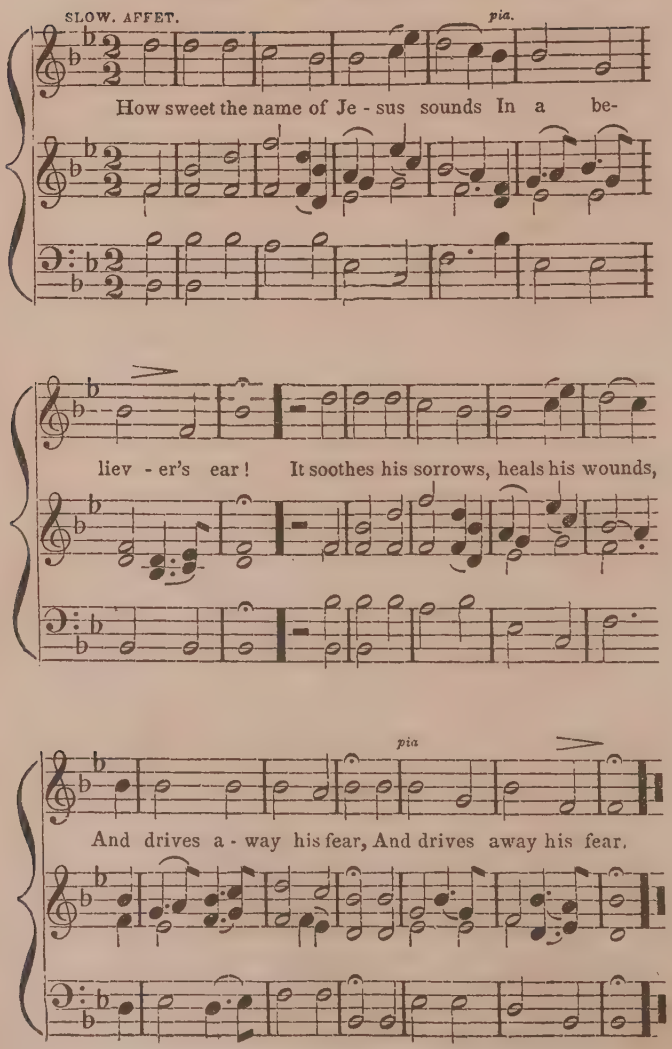
3 My conscience felt and own'd the guilt,
And plung'd me in despair;
I saw my sins his blood had spilt,
And help'd to nail him there.

4 Alas! I knew not what I did;
But now my tears are vain—
Where shall my trembling soul be hid?
For I the Lord have slain.

5 A second look he gave, which said,
"I freely all forgive:
"This blood is for thy ransom paid,
"I die that thou may'st live."

6 Thus, while his death my sin displays
In all its blackest hue,
(Such is the mystery of grace,)
It seals my pardon too. Newton.

CHESTER. C. M. H.


SLOW. AFFET.
pia.
How sweet the name of Je - sus sounds In a be-
liev - er's ear! It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
pia
And drives a - way his fear, And drives away his fear.

54. *Christ precious.* C. M.*

1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.

3 By him my prayers acceptance gain,
Although by sin defil'd;
Satan accuses me in vain,
And I am own'd a child.

4 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.

5 Till then, I would thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death. Newton.

55. *Love to Christ.* C. M.

1 Jesus, I love thy charming name;
'Tis music to mine ear;
Fain would I sound it out so loud
That earth and heaven should hear.

2 Yes, thou art precious to my soul,
My transport and my trust;
Jewels, to thee, are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.

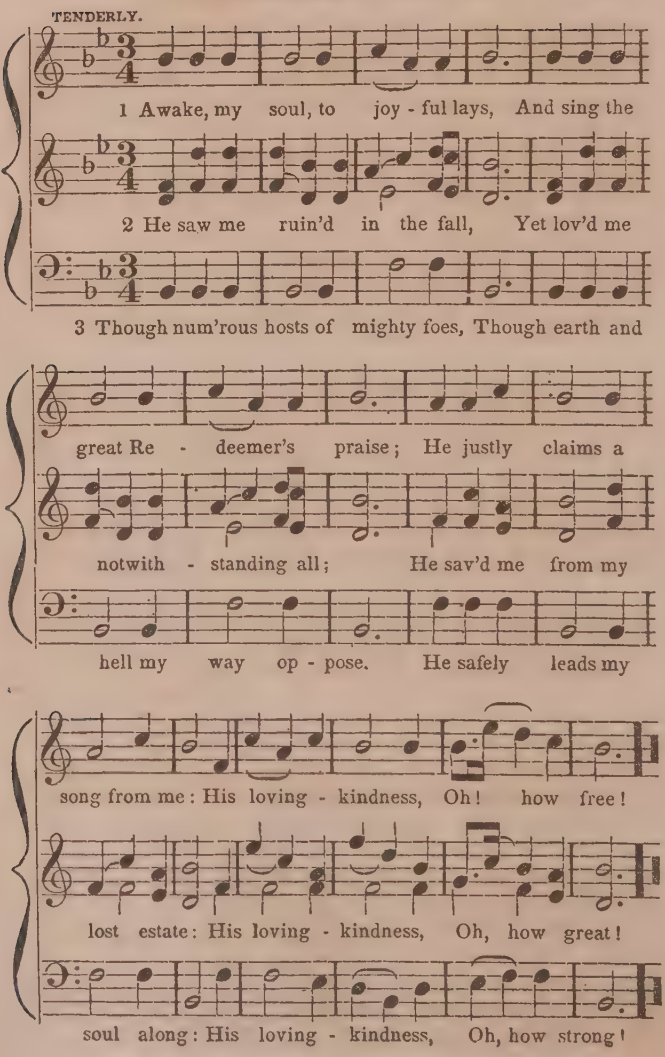
3 Thy grace still dwells upon my heart,
And sheds its fragrance there;
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.

4 I'll speak the honors of thy name
With my last laboring breath;
Then speechless clasp thee in mine arms,
The antidote of death. Doddridge.

* See also the tune Ortonville, page 137.

OBERLIN. L. M. Bost.

TENDERLY.


1 Awake, my soul, to joy - ful lays, And sing the
2 He saw me ruin'd in the fall, Yet lov'd me
3 Though num'rous hosts of mighty foes, Though earth and
great Re - deemer's praise; He justly claims a
notwith - standing all; He sav'd me from my
hell my way op - pose. He safely leads my
song from me: His loving - kindness, Oh! how free!
lost estate: His loving - kindness, Oh, how great!
soul along: His loving - kindness, Oh, how strong!

56. *Loving-Kindness.* L. M.

See verses 1, 2, 3, in the music.

4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gather'd thick and thunder'd loud,
He near my soul has always stood:
His loving-kindness, Oh, how good!

5 Often I feel my sinful heart
Prone from my Jesus to depart;
But though I have him oft forgot,
His loving-kindness changes not.

6 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
Soon all my mortal powers must fail;
Oh! may my last expiring breath
His loving-kindness sing in death. Medley.

57. *All Good in Christ.* L. M.

1 Thou only Sovereign of my heart,
My Refuge, my Almighty Friend!
And can my soul from thee depart,
On whom alone my hopes depend?

2 Whither, ah! whither shall I go,
A wretched wanderer from my Lord?
Can this dark world of sin and wo
One glimpse of happiness afford?

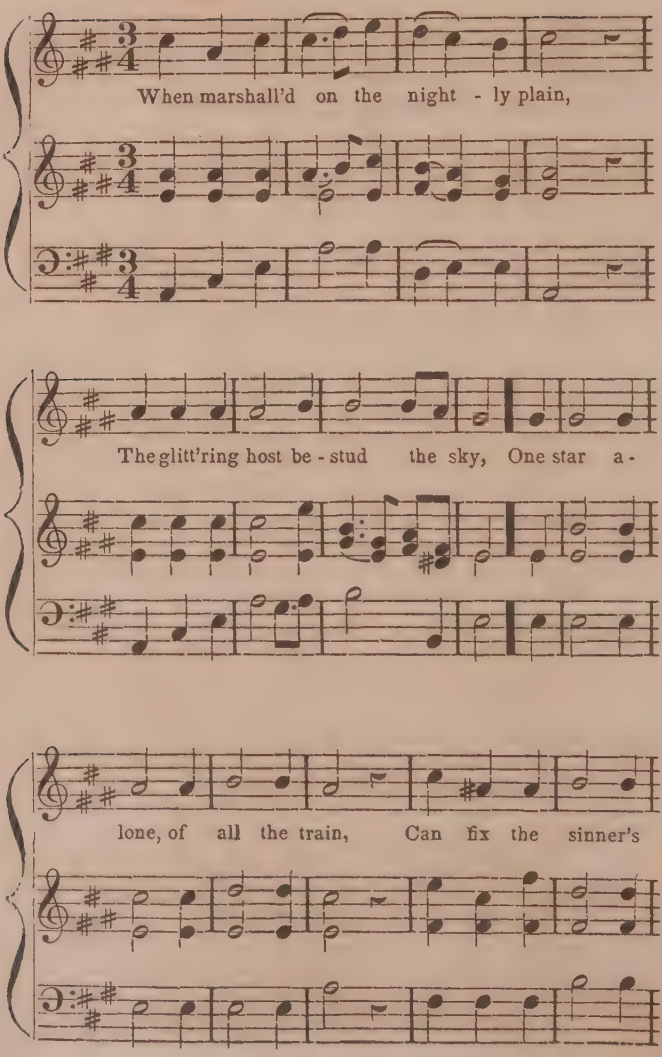
3 Eternal life thy words impart,
On these my fainting spirit lives:
Here sweeter comforts cheer my heart
Than all the round of nature gives.

4 Let earth's alluring joys combine;
While thou art near, in vain they call:
One smile, one blissful smile of thine,
My dearest Lord, outweighs them all.

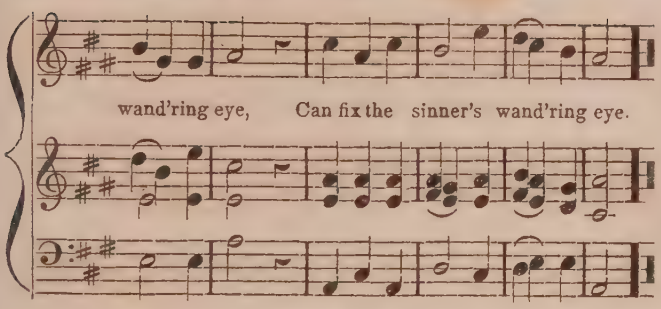
5 Thy name my inmost powers adore;
Thou art my life, my joy, my care;
Depart from thee—'tis death—'tis more!
'Tis endless ruin—deep despair!

6 Low at thy feet my soul would lie;
Here safety dwells and peace divine;
Still let me live beneath thine eye,
For life, eternal life is thine. Steele.

PARK-STREET. L. M. VENUA.



PARK-STREET.—CONTINUED.



58. *The Star of Bethlehem.* L. M.

1 When marshall'd on the nightly plain,
The glittering host bestud the sky;
One star alone, of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.

2 Hark, hark! to God the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem;
But one alone the Savior speaks,
It is the Star of Bethlehem.

3 Once on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud—the night was dark,
The ocean yawn'd—and rudely blow'd
The wind that toss'd my foundering bark.

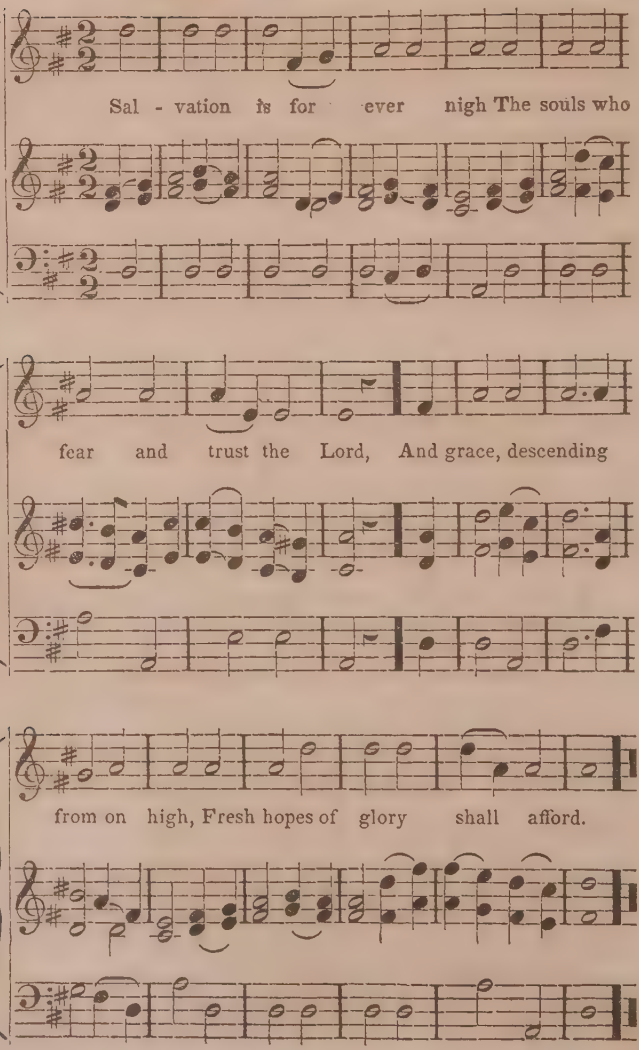
4 Deep horror then my vitals froze,
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem;
When suddenly a star arose—
It was the Star of Bethlehem!

5 It was my guide, my light, my all,
It bade my dark forebodings cease;
And through the storm and danger's thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.

6 Now, safely moor'd—my perils o'er—
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
For ever, and for evermore,
The Star—the Star of Bethlehem!

Henry Kirke White

ORANGE GROVE. L. M. SACRED LYRE.


Sal - vation is for ever nigh The souls who
fear and trust the Lord, And grace, descending
from on high, Fresh hopes of glory shall afford.

59. *Salvation by Christ.* L. M.

1 Salvation is for ever nigh
The souls who fear and trust the Lord,
And grace, descending from on high,
Fresh hopes of glory shall afford.

2 Mercy and truth on earth are met,
Since Christ the Lord came down from heaven;
By his obedience so complete,
Justice is pleased, and peace is given.

3 Now truth and honor shall abound,
Religion dwell on earth again,
And heavenly influence bless the ground,
In our Redeemer's gentle reign.

4 His righteousness is gone before,
To give us free access to God;
Our wandering feet shall stray no more,
But mark his steps and keep the road. Watts.

60. *Christ the Believer's Life.* L. M

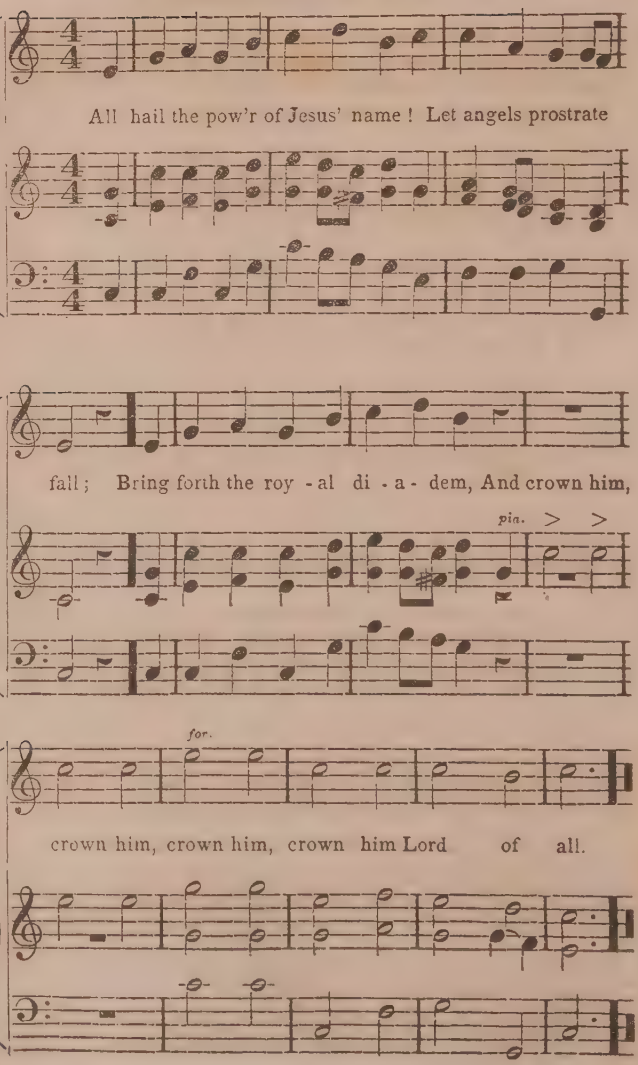
1 When sins and fears prevailing rise,
And fainting hope almost expires;
Jesus, to thee I lift mine eyes,
To thee I breathe my soul's desires.

2 If my immortal Savior lives,
Then my eternal life is sure;
His word a firm foundation gives,
Here I can build and rest secure.

3 Here would my faith unshaken dwell,
For ever firm the promise stands;
Not all the pow'rs of earth and hell
Can ere dissolve the sacred bands.

4 Here, O my soul, thy trust repose;
If Jesus is for ever thine,
Not death itself, that last of foes,
Shall break a union so divine. Steele

HARBOROUGH. C. M. SHRUBSOLE.


All hail the pow'r of Jesus' name! Let angels prostrate
fall; Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown him,
pia.
for.
crown him, crown him, crown him Lord of all.

61. *Coronation of Christ.* C. M.

1 All hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him—Lord of all.

2 Crown him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from his altar call;
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown him—Lord of all.

3 Hail him, ye heirs of David's line,
Whom David Lord did call:
The God incarnate! Man Divine!
And crown him—Lord of all.

4 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransom'd from the fall,
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him—Lord of all.

5 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him—Lord of all.

6 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him—Lord of all. Duncan.

62. *The Prince of Peace.* C. M.

1 Let saints on earth their anthems raise,
Who taste the Savior's grace:
Let heathen, too, proclaim his praise,
And crown him—Prince of Peace.

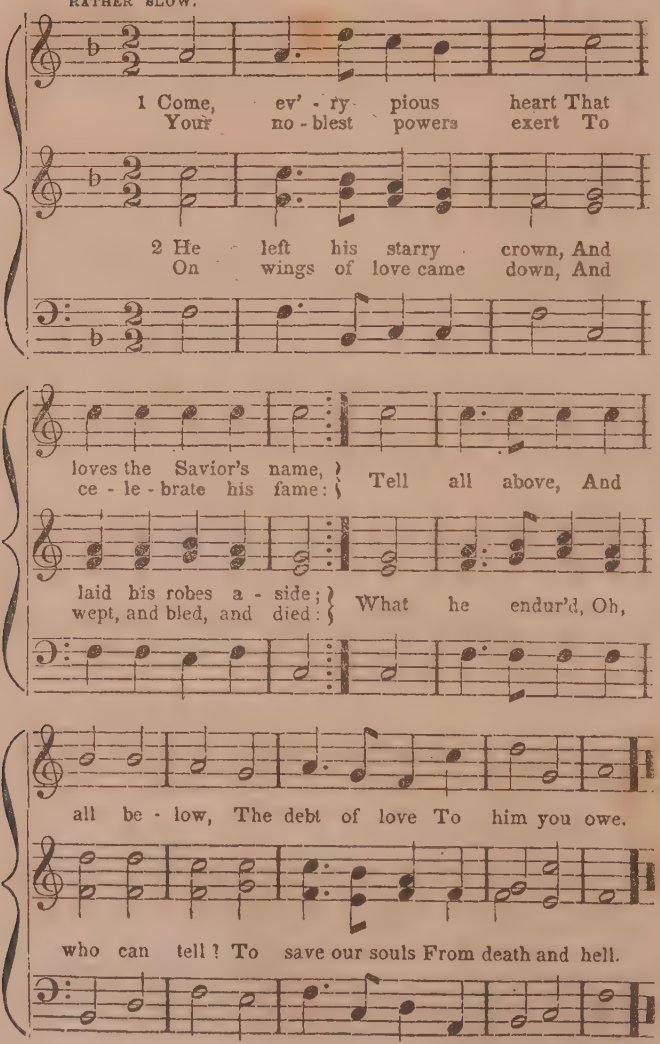
2 Praise him who laid his glory by
For man's apostate race;
Praise him who stoop'd to bleed and die,
And crown him—Prince of Peace.

3 We soon shall reach the heavenly shore
To view his lovely face,
His name for ever to adore,
And crown him—Prince of Peace.
Ref. D. Ch. Ps.

ZEBULON. H. M.

L. MASON.

RATHER SLOW.


1 Come, ev' - ry pious heart That
Your no - blest powers exert To
2 He left his starry crown, And
On wings of love came down, And
loves the Savior's name,
ce - le - brate his fame:
Tell all above, And
laid his robes a - side;
wept, and bled, and died:
What he endur'd, Oh,
all be - low, The debt of love To him you owe.
who can tell ? To save our souls From death and hell.

63. *Praise to the Savior.* H. M.

See verses 1, 2, in the music.

3 From the dark grave he rose,
The mansion of the dead;
And thence his mighty foes
In glorious triumph led:
Up through the sky The conqueror rode,
And reigns on high, The Savior God.

4 Jesus, we ne'er can pay
The debt we owe thy love;
Yet tell us how we may
Our gratitude approve;
Our hearts—our all To thee we give:
The gift, though small, Do thou receive.

Stennett.

64. *Characters of Christ.* H. M.

1 Join all the glorious names
Of wisdom, love, and pow'r,
That ever mortals knew,
That angels ever bore:
All are too mean to speak his worth—
Too mean to set my Savior forth.

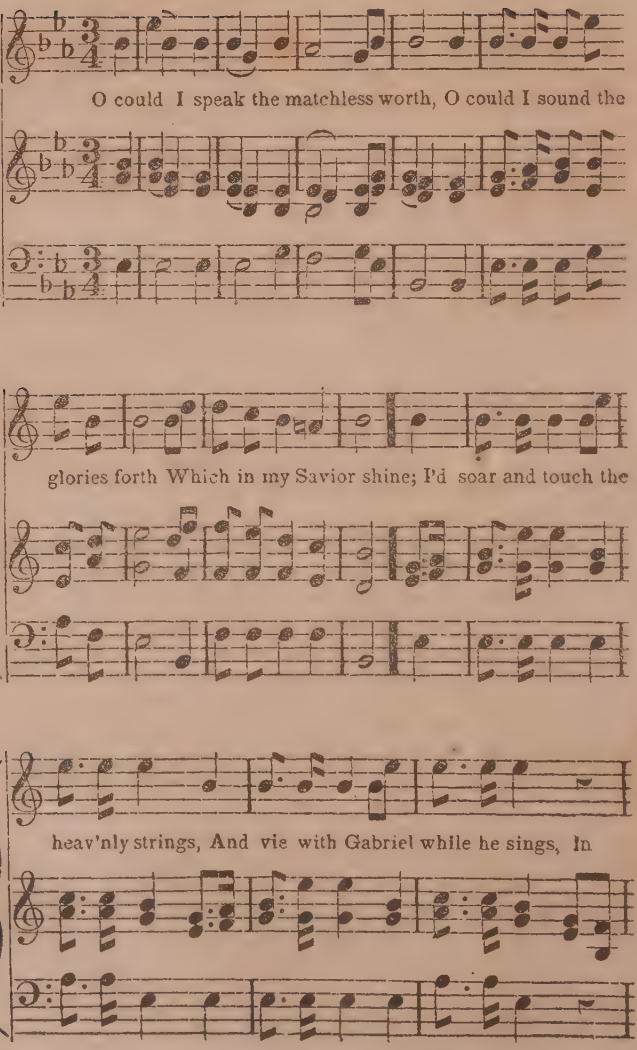
2 *Jesus*, my great *High Priest*,
Offer'd his blood and died;
My guilty conscience seeks
No sacrifice beside:
His pow'rful blood did once atone,
And now it pleads before the throne.

3 My *Advocate* appears
For my defence on high;
The Father bows his ears,
And lays his thunder by.
Not all that hell or sin can say,
Shall turn his heart, his love away

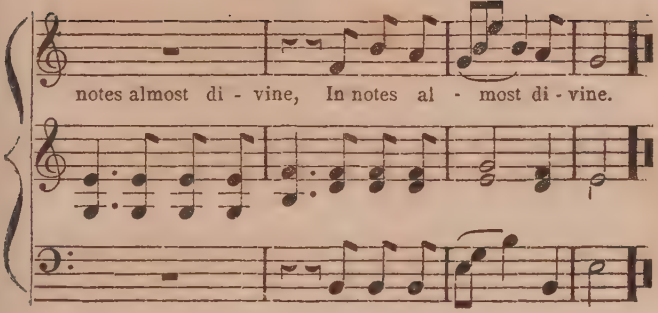
4 My dear Almighty *Lord*,
My *Conqu'ror* and my *King*,
Thy sceptre and thy sword,
Thy reigning grace I sing.
Thine is the pow'r; behold I sit,
In willing bonds, beneath thy feet. Watts

ARIEL. L. C. M.

L. MASON.


O could I speak the matchless worth, O could I sound the
glories forth Which in my Savior shine; I'd soar and touch the
heav'nly strings, And vie with Gabriel while he sings, In

ARIEL.—CONTINUED.



65. *Excellence of Christ.* L. C. M.

1 O could I speak the matchless worth,
O could I sound the glories forth,
Which in my Savior shine;
I'd soar and touch the heav'nly strings,
And vie with Gabriel while he sings,
In notes almost divine.

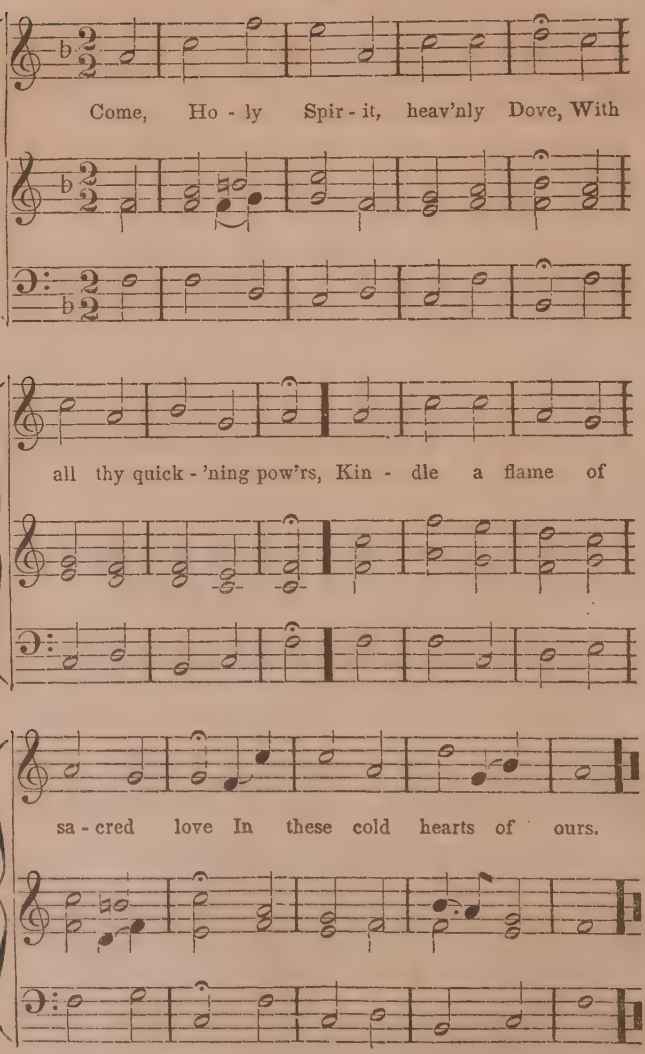
2 I'd sing the precious blood he spilt,
My ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin and wrath divine:
I'd sing his glorious righteousness,
In which all-perfect, heavenly dress
My soul shall ever shine.

3 I'd sing the characters he bears,
And all the forms of love he wears,
Exalted on his throne;
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would, to everlasting days,
Make all his glories known.

4 Soon the delightful morn will come
When my dear Lord will bring me home,
And I shall see his face:
Then with my Savior, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in his grace.

Medley.

DUNDEE. C. M. OLD PAROCHIAL.



INFLUENCES OF THE SPIRIT.

66. *Breathing after the Spirit.* C. M

1 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning powers,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 Look, how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys:
Our souls can neither fly nor go
To reach eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

4 Dear Lord! and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate?
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great?

5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning powers:
Come, shed abroad a Savior's love,
And that shall kindle ours. Watts.

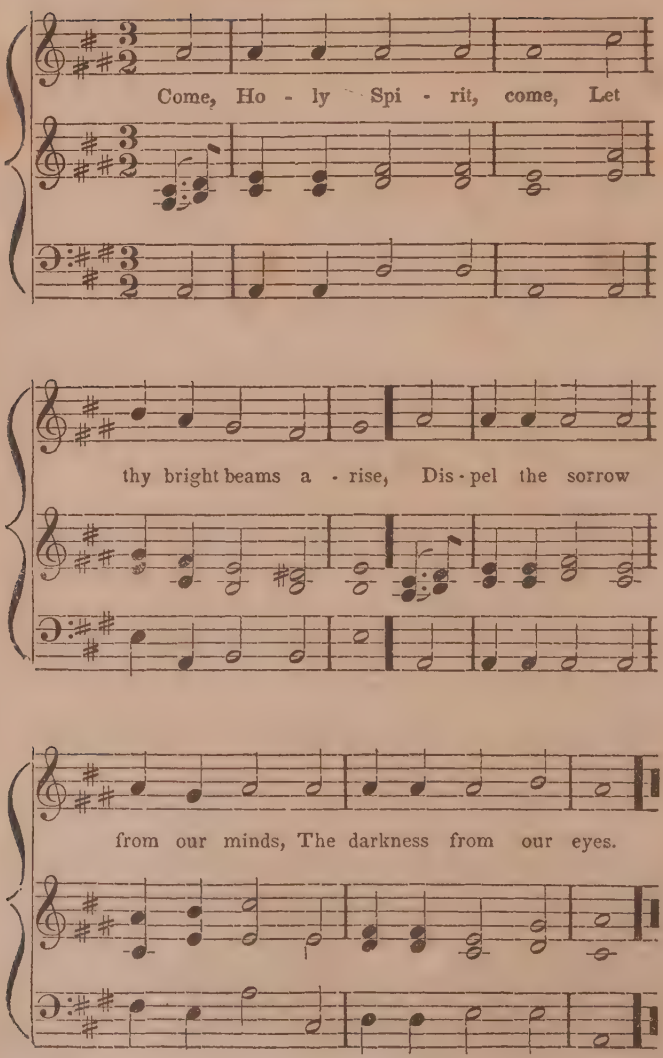
67. *Witnessing and sealing Spirit.* C. M.

1 Why should the children of a King
Go mourning all their days?
Great Comforter, descend, and bring
Some tokens of thy grace.

2 Assure my conscience of her part
In the Redeemer's blood;
And bear thy witness with my heart,
That I am born of God.

4 Thou art the earnest of his love,—
The pledge of joys to come;
And thy soft wings, celestial Dove,
Will safe convey me home. Watts.

HAVERHILL. S. M. L. MASON.



68. *Prayer for the Spirit.* S. M.

1 Come, Holy Spirit, come,
Let thy bright beams arise;
Dispel the sorrow from our minds,
The darkness from our eyes.

2 Convince us of our sin;
Then lead to Jesus' blood;
And to our wondering view reveal
The secret love of God.

3 Revive our drooping faith;
Our doubts and fears remove;
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.

4 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life in every part,
And new-create the whole.

5 Dwell, Spirit, in our hearts;
Our minds from bondage free;
Then shall we know, and praise, and love
The Father, Son, and Thee. Hart.

69. *Pleading for the Spirit.* S. M.

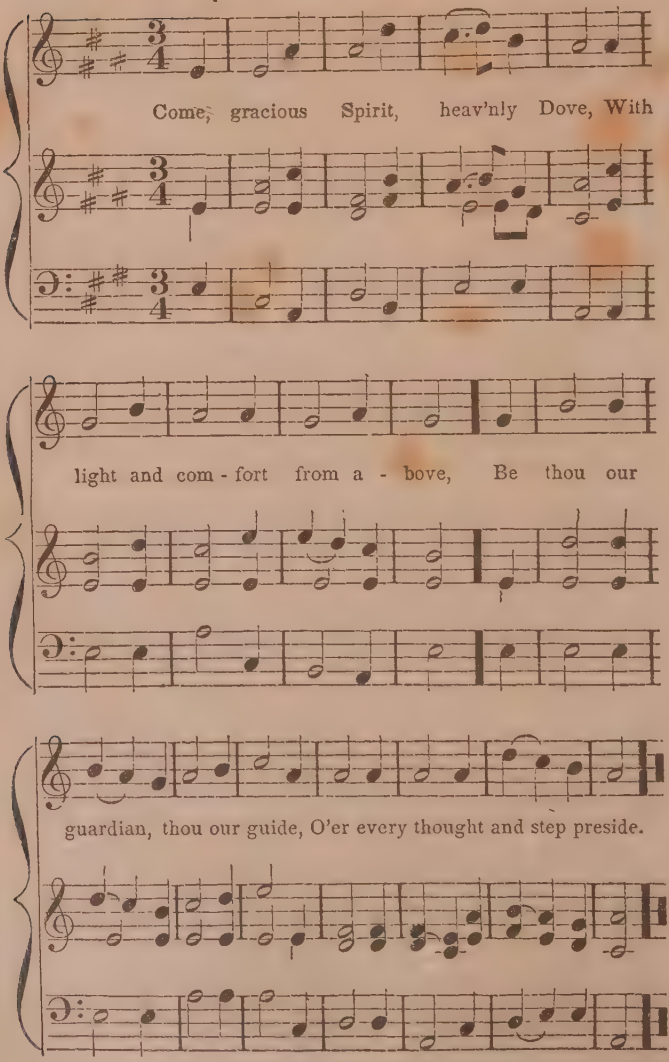
1 Come, Holy Spirit, come,
With energy divine,
And on this poor benighted soul
With beams of mercy shine.

2 From the celestial hills
Life, light, and joy dispense,
And may I daily, hourly feel,
Thy quick'ning influence.

3 Melt, melt this frozen heart,
This stubborn will subdue;
Each evil passion overcome,
And form me all anew.

4 Mine will the blessing be;
But thine shall be the praise;
And unto thee will I devote
The remnant of my days. Rippon's Col.

GENNESARETH. L. M. MANHATTAN COLL.


Come, gracious Spirit, heav'nly Dove, With
light and com - fort from a - bove, Be thou our
guardian, thou our guide, O'er every thought and step preside.

70. *Prayer for the Spirit.* L. M.

1 Come, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With light and comfort from above,
Be thou our guardian, thou our guide,
O'er every thought and step preside.

2 Conduct us safe, conduct us far
From every sin and hurtful snare:
Lead to thy word, that rules must give,
And teach us lessons how to live.

3 The light of truth to us display,
And make us know and choose thy way;
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from God may ne'er depart.

4 Lead us to holiness, the road
That we must take to dwell with God;
Lead us to Christ, the living way,
Nor let us from his pastures stray.

5 Lead us to God, our final rest,
In his enjoyment to be bless'd;
Lead us to heaven, the seat of bliss,
Where pleasure in perfection is. B—.

71. *Presence of the Comforter.* L. M.

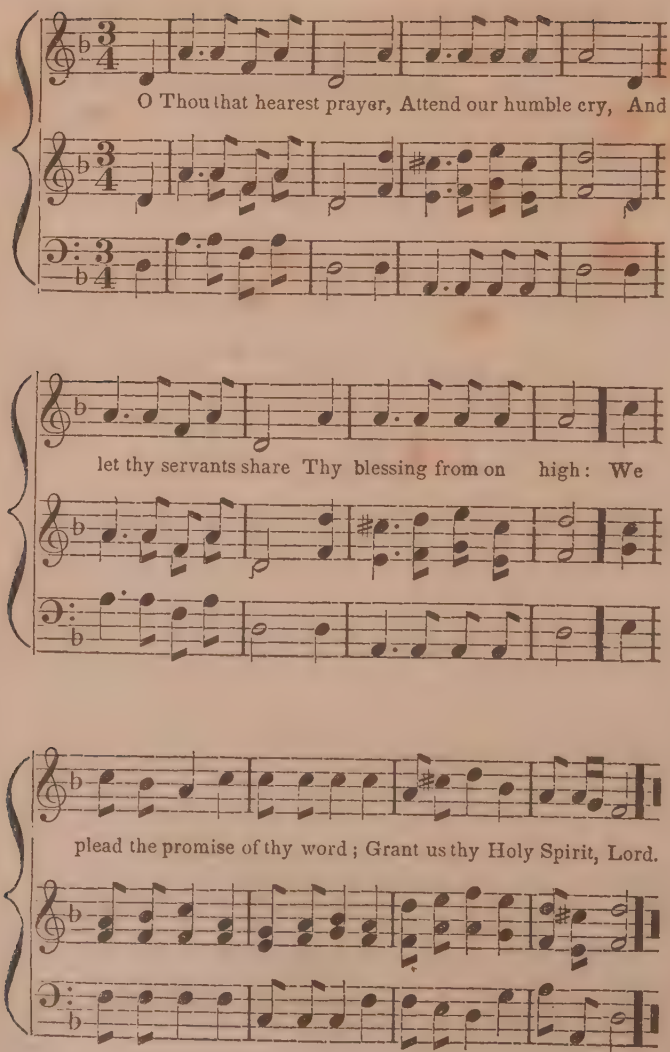
1 Sure the blest Comforter is nigh;
'Tis he sustains my fainting heart;
Else would my hope for ever die,
And every cheering ray depart.

2 Whene'er to call the Savior mine,
With ardent wish my heart aspires;
Can it be less than power divine
Which animates these strong desires?

3 And when my cheerful hope can say
I love my God and taste his grace;
Lord, is it not thy blissful ray
Which brings this dawn of sacred peace?

4 Let thy good Spirit in my heart
For ever dwell, O God of love;
And light and heav'nly peace impart,
Sweet earnest of the joys above. Steele.

HARTFORD. H. M. H.


O Thou that hearest prayer, Attend our humble cry, And
let thy servants share Thy blessing from on high: We
plead the promise of thy word; Grant us thy Holy Spirit, Lord.

72. *The Promised Spirit.* H. M.

1 O Thou that hearest prayer,
Attend our humble cry;
And let thy servants share
Thy blessing from on high:
We plead the promise of thy word;
Grant us thy Holy Spirit, Lord.

2 If earthly parents hear
Their children when they cry;
If they, with love sincere,
Their varied wants supply:
Much more wilt thou thy love display,
And answer when thy children pray.

3 Our heav'nly Father, thou;
We, children of thy grace:
O let thy Spirit now
Descend and fill the place:
So shall we feel the heavenly flame,
And all unite to praise thy name.

4 O may that sacred fire,
Descending from above,
Our languid hearts inspire
With fervent zeal and love;
Enlighten our beclouded eyes,
And teach our grov'ling souls to rise.

Pratt's Col.

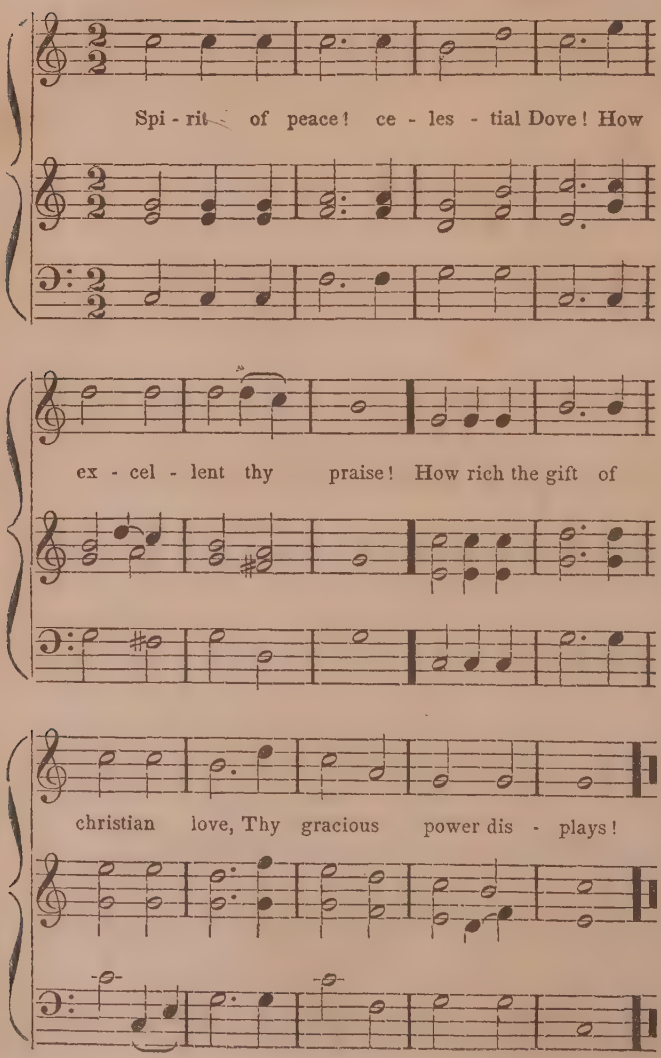
73. *Prayer for the Spirit.* H. M.

1 Sov'reign of worlds above,
And Lord of all below,
Thy faithfulness and love,
Thy pow'r and mercy show:
Fulfil thy word; Thy Spirit give;
Let heathens live, And praise the Lord.

2 Few be the years that roll,
Ere all shall worship thee;
The travail of his soul
Soon let the Savior see;
O God of grace! Thy pow'r employ,
Fill earth with joy, And heav'n with praise.

Pratt's Col.

SALISBURY. C. M. MANHATTAN COLL.


Spi - rit of peace! ce - les - tial Dove! How
ex - cel - lent thy praise! How rich the gift of
christian love, Thy gracious power dis - plays!

74. *The Peace-giving Spirit.* C. M.

1 Spirit of peace! celestial Dove!
How excellent thy praise!
How rich the gift of christian love
Thy gracious power displays!

2 Sweet as the dew on hill and flower
That silently distils,
At evening's soft and balmy hour,
On Zion's fruitful hills.

3 So with mild influence from above
Shall promis'd grace descend;
Till universal peace and love
O'er all the earth extend. Spirit of the Psalms.

75. *God's Spirit will not always strive.* C. M.

1 Quench not the Spirit of the Lord,
The Holy One from heav'n;
The Comforter, belov'd, ador'd;
To man in mercy giv'n.

2 Quench not the Spirit of the Lord;
"He will not always strive:"
O tremble at that awful word;
Sinner! awake and live.

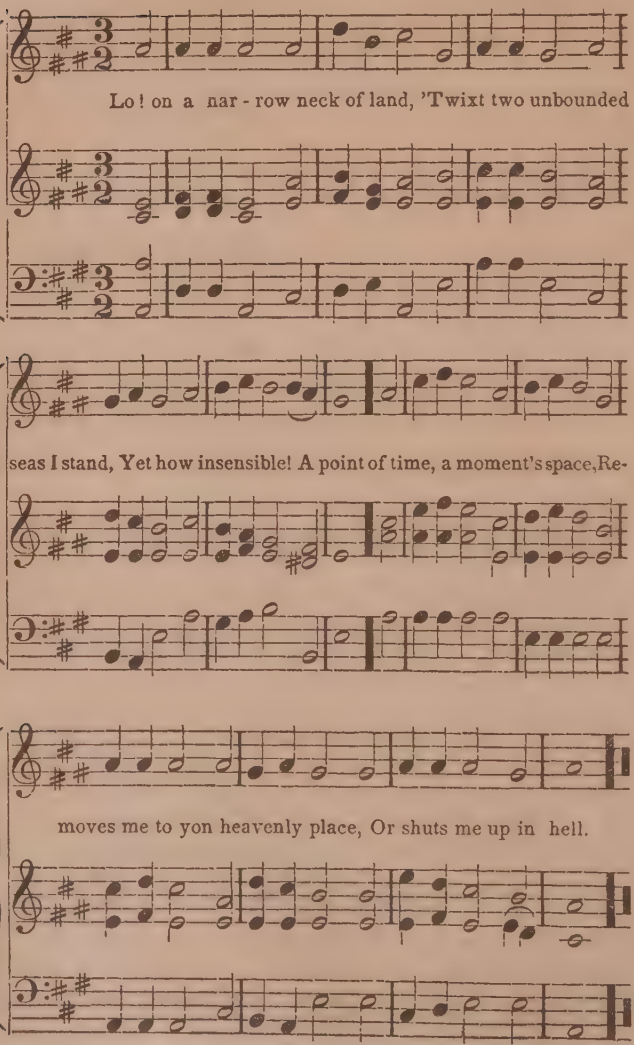
3 Quench not the Spirit of the Lord,
It is thy only hope;
O let his aid be now implor'd,
Let prayer be lifted up.

4 Grieve not the Spirit of the Lord,
Heirs of redeeming grace;
With grateful hearts his love record
Whose presence fills the place. Ch. Psalmist.

Doxology.

Let God the Father and the Son
And Spirit be adored,
Where there are works to make him known,
Or saints to love the Lord.

PROBATION. L. C. M. MANHATTAN COLL.


Lo! on a nar - row neck of land, 'Twixt two unbounded
seas I stand, Yet how insensible! A point of time, a moment's space, Re-
moves me to yon heavenly place, Or shuts me up in hell.

INVITATION AND WARNING.

76. *Serious Prospect of Eternity.* L. C. M

1 Lo! on a narrow neck of land,
'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand;
Yet how insensible!
A point of time, a moment's space,
Removes me to yon heavenly place,
Or shuts me up in hell.

2 Oh God, my inmost soul convert,
And deeply on my thoughtless heart
Eternal things impress;
Give me to feel their solemn weight,
And save me ere it be too late:
Wake me to righteousness.

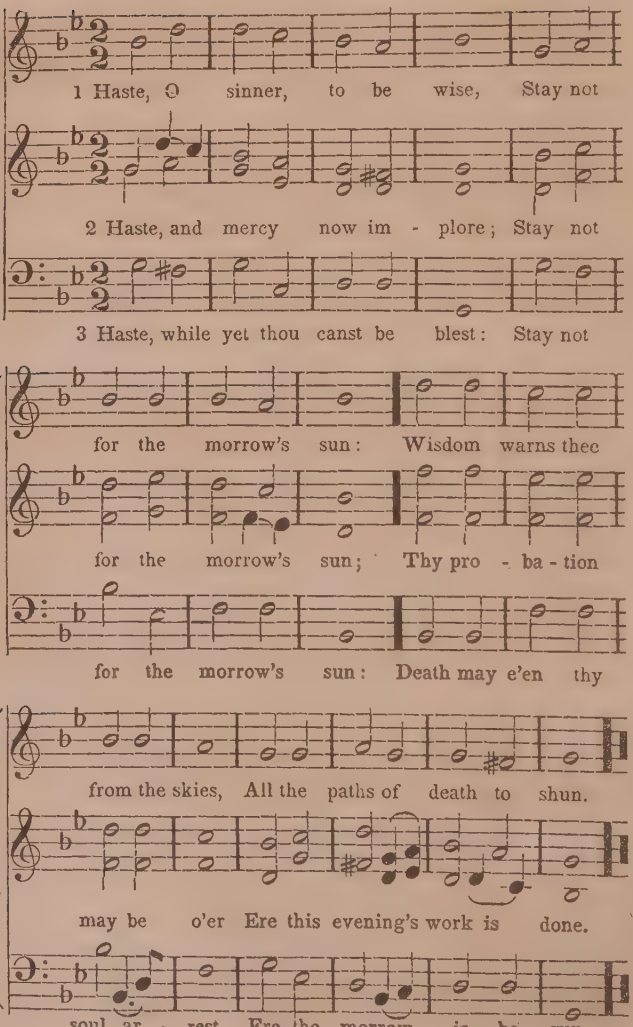
3 Before me place, in bright array,
The pomp of that tremendous day,
When thou with clouds shalt come
To judge the nations at thy bar;
And tell me, Lord, shall I be there,
To meet a joyful doom?

4 Be this my one great business here,
With holy trembling, holy fear,
To make my calling sure!
Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,
And suffer all thy righteous will,
And to the end endure!

5 Then, Savior, then my soul receive,
Transported from this vale, to live
And reign with thee above;
Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
And hope in full, supreme delight,
And everlasting love!

W. Hey.

ROTHLAY. 7's. SINGLE. GERMAN.


1 Haste, O sinner, to be wise, Stay not
2 Haste, and mercy now im - plore; Stay not
3 Haste, while yet thou canst be blest: Stay not
for the morrow's sun: Wisdom warns thee
for the morrow's sun; Thy pro - ba - tion
for the morrow's sun: Death may e'en thy
from the skies, All the paths of death to shun.
may be o'er Ere this evening's work is done.
soul ar - rest Ere the morrow is be - gun.

78. *Burdened Sinners Invited.* 7's.

1 Come, ye weary souls, oppress'd
Find in Christ the promis'd rest;
On him all your burdens roll,
He can wound, and he make whole.

2 Ye who dread the wrath of God,
Come and wash in Jesus' blood;
To the Son of David cry,
In his word he's passing by.

3 Naked, guilty, poor and blind,
All your wants in Jesus find;
This the day of mercy is,
Now accept the proffer'd bliss. Decourcy.

79. *Sinner, Prepare to meet God.* 7's.

1 Sinner, art thou still secure?
Wilt thou still refuse to pray?
Can thy heart or hand endure
In the Lord's avenging day?

2 See, his mighty arm is bared,
Awful terrors clothe his brow!
For his judgment stand prepar'd—
Thou must either break or bow.

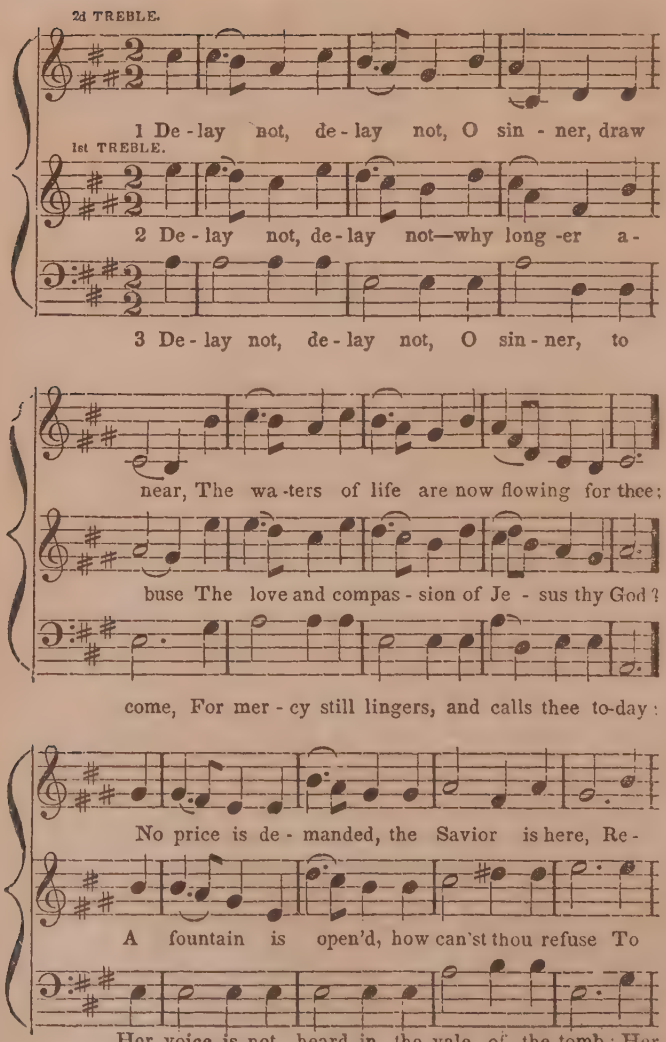
3 At his presence nature shakes,
Earth, affrighted, hastes to flee;
Solid mountains melt like wax;
What will then become of thee?

4 Who his advent may abide?
You, who glory in your shame,
Will you find a place to hide
When the world is wrapp'd in flame?

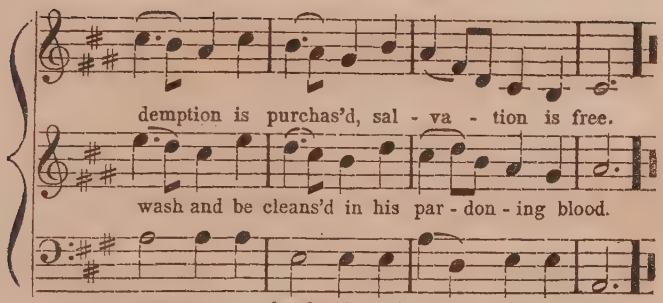
5 Lord, prepare us by thy grace,
Soon we must resign our breath;
And our souls be call'd to pass
Through the iron gate of death.

6 Let us now our day improve,
Listen to the Gospel voice;
Seek the things that are above;
Scorn the world's pretended joys. Newton.

GOSHEN. 11's. GERMAN.


2d TREBLE.
1 De - lay not, de - lay not, O sin - ner, draw
1st TREBLE.
2 De - lay not, de - lay not—why long - er a -
3 De - lay not, de - lay not, O sin - ner, to
near, The wa - ters of life are now flowing for thee;
buse The love and compas - sion of Je - sus thy God?
come, For mer - cy still lingers, and calls thee to-day:
No price is de - manded, the Savior is here, Re -
A fountain is open'd, how can'st thou refuse To
Her voice is not heard in the vale of the tomb; Her

GOSHEN.—CONTINUED.



80. *Delay not.* 11's.

(See verses 1, 2, 3, in the music.)

4 Delay not, delay not—the Spirit of Grace,
Long griev'd and resisted, may take its sad flight ·
And leave thee in darkness to finish thy race,
And sink in the vale of eternity's night.

5 Delay not, delay not—the hour is at hand—
The earth shall dissolve, and the heavens shall fade;
The dead, small and great, in the judgment shall stand;
What pow'r then, O sinner! shall lend thee its aid?

S. Songs

81. *The Harvest past.* 11's.

1 Lo! Jesus the Savior, in mercy draws near,
Salvation he brings unto all who believe;
Ye mourners! dismiss all your doubting and fear,
The gracious redemption with gladness receive.

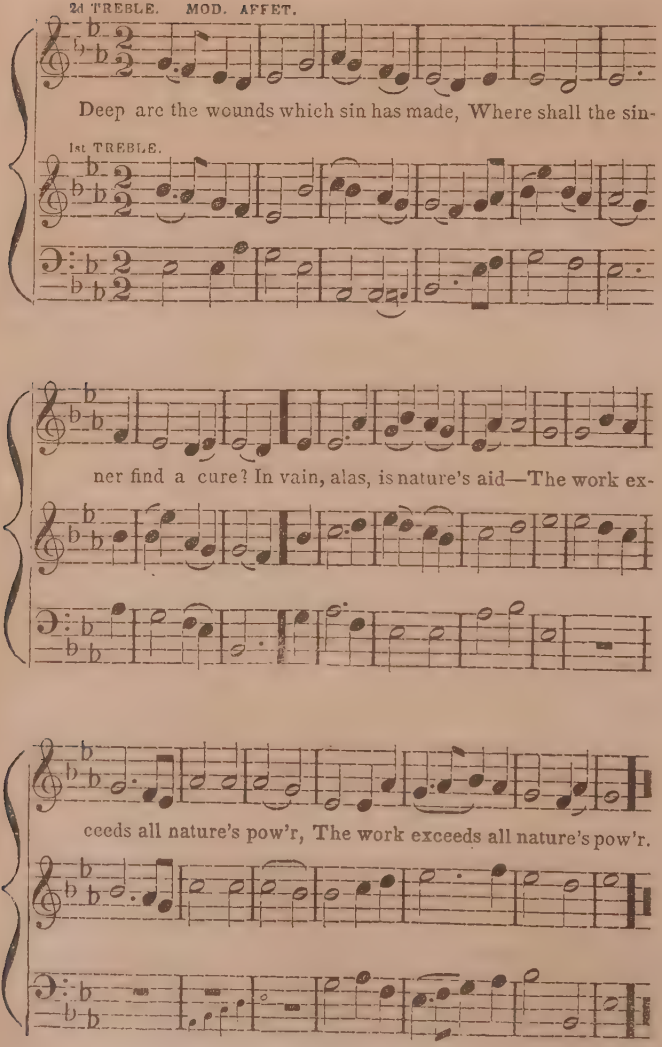
2 The day-star of promise illumines the sky,
And souls long benighted now welcome the dawn;
Improve the glad season, or soon you may cry—
"The harvest is past, and the summer is gone!"

3 The Spirit is striving with sinners to-day,
He graciously knocks at the door of your heart,
He comes the compassion of God to display,
Your sins to remove and his love to impart.

4 Oh! welcome the Spirit and grieve him no more,
Nor wait till his offers of life are withdrawn,
Lest then you may cry, as your doom you deplore,
"The harvest is past, and the summer is gone!"

E. F. H.

QUITO. L. M. ENGLISH MELODY.


2d TREBLE. MOD. AFFET.
Deep are the wounds which sin has made, Where shall the sin-
1st TREBLE.
ner find a cure? In vain, alas, is nature's aid—The work ex-
ceeds all nature's pow'r, The work exceeds all nature's pow'r.

82. *The Physician of Souls.* L. M.

1 Deep are the wounds which sin has made,
Where shall the sinner find a cure?
In vain, alas, is nature's aid—
The work exceeds all nature's pow'r.

2 And can no sovereign balm be found?
And is no kind physician nigh,
To ease the pain and heal the wound,
Ere life and hope for ever fly?

3 There is a great Physician near,
Look up, O fainting soul, and live;
See, in his heav'nly smiles appear
Such ease as nature cannot give!

4 See, in the Savior's dying blood
Life, health, and bliss abundant flow!
'Tis only this dear sacred flood
Can ease thy pain and heal thy wo. Steele.

83. "*Behold, I stand at the Door.*" L. M

1 Behold a stranger at the door!
He gently knocks, has knock'd before;
Has waited long—is waiting still:
You treat no other friend so ill.

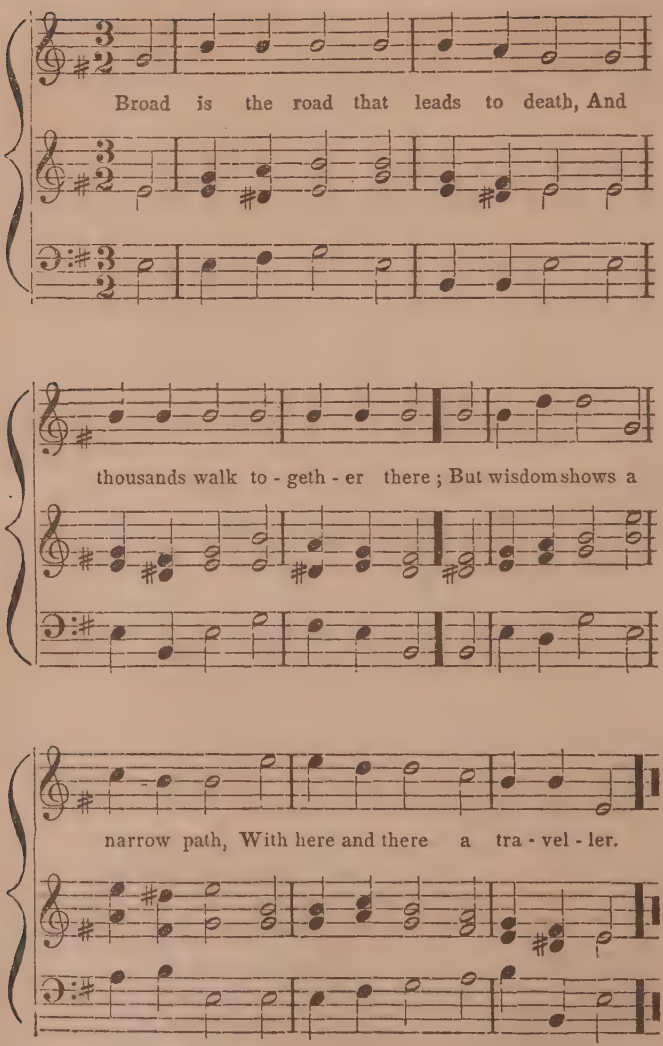
2 Oh, lovely attitude, he stands
With melting heart and loaded hands!
Oh, matchless kindness! and he shows
This matchless kindness to his foes.

3 But will he prove a friend indeed?
He will; the very friend you need:
The Friend of sinners—yes, 'tis He,
With garments dyed on Calvary.

4 Rise, touch'd with gratitude divine;
Turn out his enemy and thine,
That soul-destroying monster, sin,
And let the heavenly Stranger in.

5 Admit him, ere his anger burn—
His feet departed, ne'er return:
Admit him, or the hour's at hand
You'll at his door rejected stand.

WINDHAM. L. M. READ.


Broad is the road that leads to death, And
thousands walk to - geth - er there ; But wisdom shows a
narrow path, With here and there a tra - vel - ler.

84. *The Broad Road.* L. M.

1 Broad is the road that leads to death,
And thousands walk together there;
But wisdom shows a narrow path,
With here and there a traveller.

2 "Deny thyself, and take thy cross,"
Is the Redeemer's great command;
Nature must count her gold but dross,
If she would gain this heavenly land.

3 The fearful soul that tires and faints,
And walks the ways of God no more,
Is but esteem'd almost a saint,
And makes his own destruction sure.

4 Lord, let not all my hopes be vain;
Create my heart entirely new;
Which hypocrites could ne'er attain,
Which false apostates never knew. Watts.

85. *The Dreadful End.* L. M.

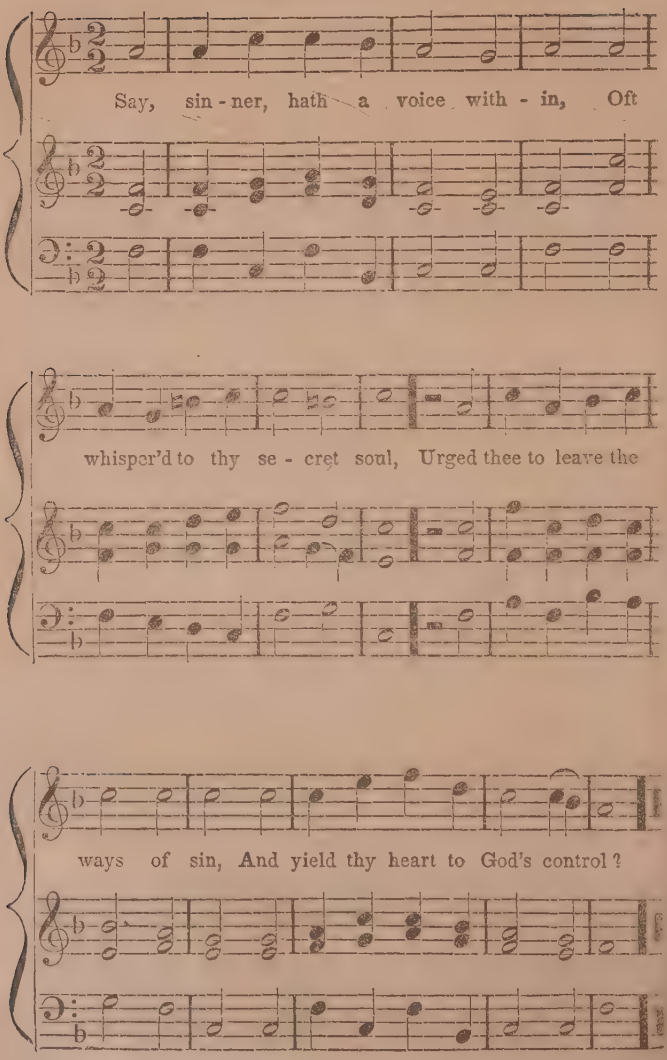
1 Lord, what a thoughtless wretch was I,
To mourn, and murmur, and repine
To see the wicked, placed on high,
In pride and robes of honor shine!

2 But O, their end, their dreadful end!
Thy sanctuary taught me so:
On slippery rocks I see them stand,
And fiery billows roll below.

3 Their fancied joys, how fast they flee!
Just like a dream when man awakes;
Their songs of softest harmony
Are but a prelude to their plagues.

4 Now I esteem their mirth and wine
Too dear to purchase with my blood;
Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine,
My life, my portion, and my God. Watts.

UXBRIDGE. L. M.


Say, sin - ner, hath a voice with - in, Oft
whisper'd to thy se - cret soul, Urged thee to leave the
ways of sin, And yield thy heart to God's control?

86. *My Spirit shall not always strive.* L. M.

1 Say, sinner, hath a voice within
Oft whisper'd to thy secret soul,
Urged thee to leave the ways of sin,
And yield thy heart to God's control?

2 Sinner, it was a heavenly voice,
It was the Spirit's gracious call,
It bade thee make the better choice,
And haste to seek in Christ thine all.

3 Spurn not the call to life and light;
Regard in time the warning kind;
That call thou may'st not always slight,
And yet the gate of mercy find.

4 God's Spirit will not always strive
With harden'd, self-destroying man;
Ye, who persist his love to grieve,
May never hear his voice again.

5 Sinner, perhaps this very day
Thy last accepted time may be;
Oh, shouldst thou grieve him now away,
Then hope may never beam on thee. Hyde

87. *Return.* L. M.

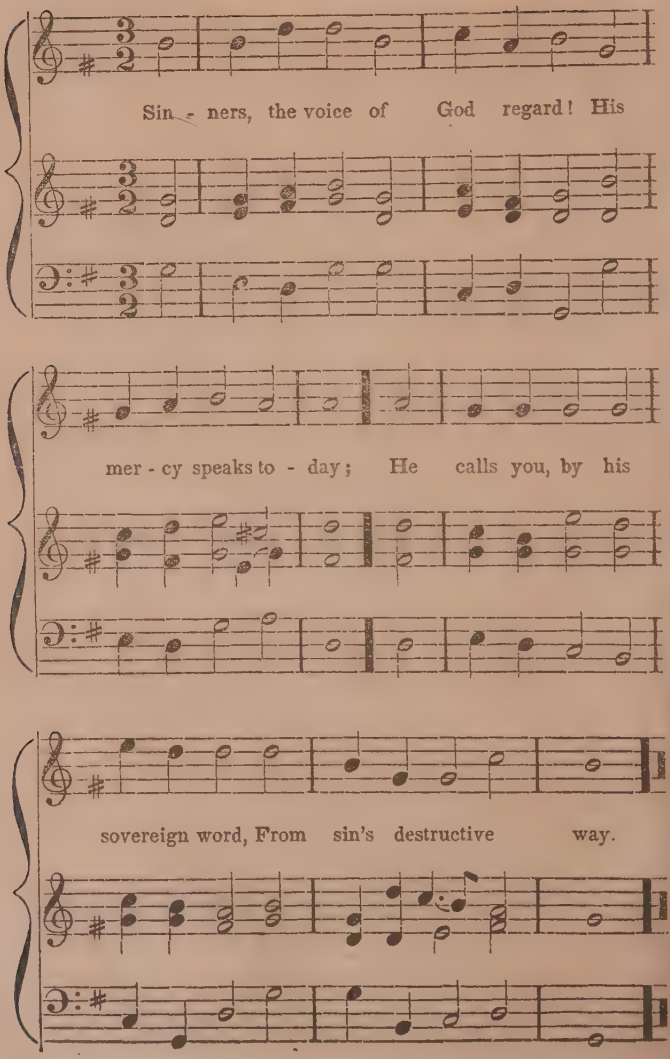
1 Return, O wand'rer, now return,
And seek an injured Father's face;
Those warm desires that in thee burn,
Were kindled by reclaiming grace.

2 Return, O wand'rer, now return,
And seek a Father's melting heart;
His pitying eyes thy grief discern,
His hand shall heal thy inward smart.

3 Return, O wand'rer, now return,
Thy Savior bids thy spirit live;
Go to his bleeding feet, and learn
How freely Jesus can forgive.

4 Return, O wand'rer, now return
And wipe away the falling tear;
Tis God who says, "No longer mourn,"
'Tis mercy's voice invites thee near. Collyer

ROCHESTER. C. M. ENGLISH.



88. *Sinners Entreated.* C. M.

1 Sinners, the voice of God regard!
His mercy speaks to-day;
He calls you, by his sovereign word,
From sin's destructive way.

2 Like the rough sea that cannot rest,
You live devoid of peace;
A thousand stings within your breast
Deprive your souls of ease.

3 Your way is dark, and leads to hell;
Why will you persevere?
Can you in endless torments dwell,
Shut up in black despair?

4 Why will you in the crooked ways
Of sin and folly go?
In pain you travail all your days,
To reap immortal wo!

5 But he who turns to God shall live,
Through his abounding grace:
His mercy will the guilt forgive
Of those who seek his face. Fawcett.

89. "*Yet there is Room.*" C. M.

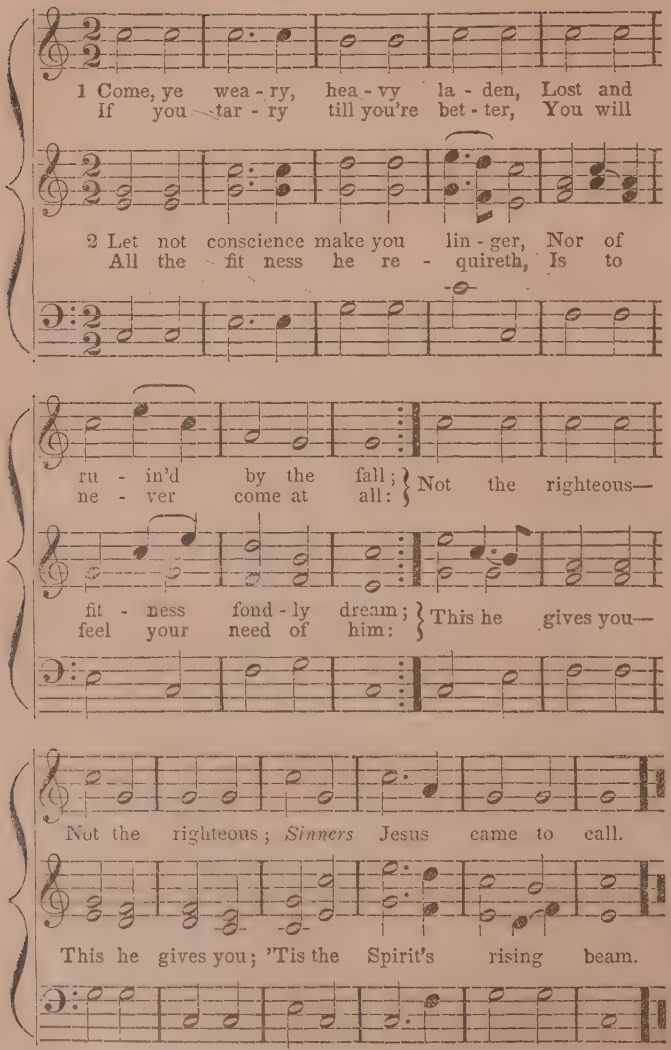
1 Ye wretched, hungry, starving poor,
Behold a royal feast!
Where mercy spreads her bounteous store
For every humble guest.

2 See, Jesus stands with open arms;
He calls, he bids you come;
Guilt holds you back, and fear alarms;
But see, there yet is room:

3 Room in the Savior's bleeding heart;
There love and pity meet;
Nor will he bid the soul depart
That trembles at his feet.

4 In him the Father, reconcil'd,
Invites your souls to come;
The rebel shall be called a child,
And kindly welcomed home. Steele

MYTILENE. 8, 7, & 4. MALAN.


1 Come, ye wea - ry, hea - vy la - den, Lost and
If you tar - ry till you're bet - ter, You will
2 Let not conscience make you lin - ger, Nor of
All the fit ness he re - quireth, Is to
ru - in'd by the fall;
ne - ver come at all:
Not the righteous—
fit - ness fond - ly dream;
feel your need of him:
This he gives you—
Not the righteous; *Sinners* Jesus came to call.
This he gives you; 'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

90. *Sinners Invited to Christ.* 8, 7, 4.

See verses 1, 2, in the music.

3 Agonizing in the garden,
Lo! your Maker prostrate lies!
On the bloody tree behold him;
Hear him cry before he dies,
"*It is finished:*"
Sinners, will not this suffice?

4 Lo! the incarnate God ascended,
Pleads the merit of his blood;
Venture on him, venture wholly,
Let no other trust intrude:
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good. Hart

91. *Sinners Entreated to Hear.* 8, 7, 4.

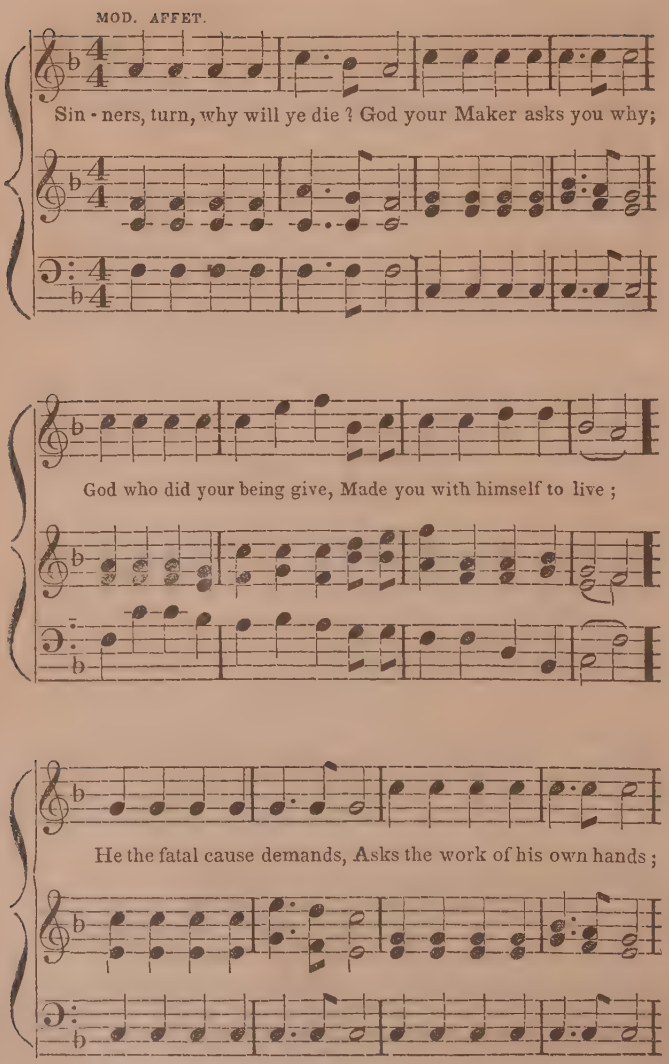
1 Sinners, will you scorn the message
Sent in mercy from above?
Every sentence, O how tender!
Every line is full of love:
Listen to it—
Every line is full of love.

2 Hear the heralds of the Gospel
News from Zion's King proclaim,
To each rebel sinner, "Pardon,
"Free forgiveness in his name:"
How important!
Free forgiveness in his name!

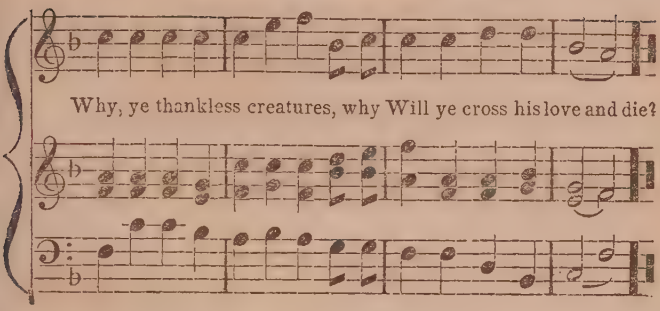
3 Who hath our report believed?
Who received the joyful word?
Who embrac'd the news of pardon
Offered to you by the Lord?
Can you slight it—
Offered to you by the Lord?

4 O, ye angels, hovering round us,
Waiting spirits, speed your way;
Hasten to the court of heaven,
Tidings bear without delay:
Rebel sinners
Glad the message will obey. Allen.

BENEVENTO. 7's. Double.


MOD. AFFET.
Sin - ners, turn, why will ye die ? God your Maker asks you why;
God who did your being give, Made you with himself to live ;
He the fatal cause demands, Asks the work of his own hands ;

BENEVENTO.—CONTINUED.



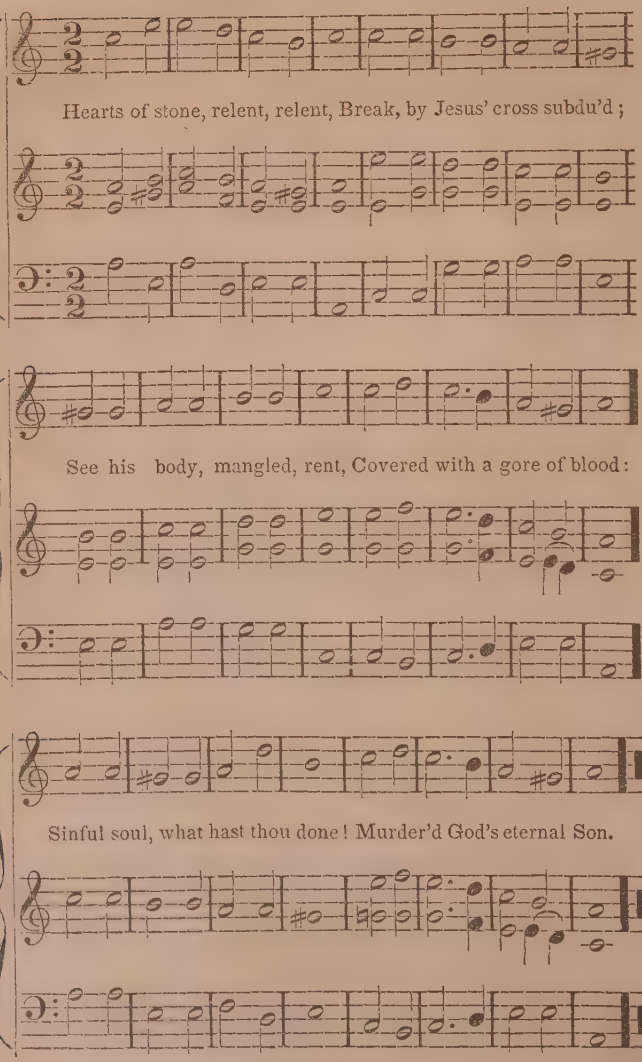
92. *Expostulation.* 7's.

1 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
God your Maker asks you why;
God who did your being give,
Made you with himself to live:
He the fatal cause demands,
Asks the work of his own hands;
Why, ye thankless creatures, why
Will ye cross his love, and die?

2 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
God your Savior asks you why;
He who did your souls retrieve,
Died himself that ye might live;
Will ye let him die in vain?
Crucify your Lord again?
Why, ye ransom'd sinners, why
Will ye slight his grace, and die?

3 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
God the Spirit asks you why;
He who all your lives hath strove,
Woo'd you to embrace his love;
Will ye not his grace receive?
Will ye still refuse to live?
Why, ye long-sought sinners, why
Will ye grieve your God, and die? Wesley

MOUNT CALVARY. 7's. 6 LINES. GERMAN.


Hearts of stone, relent, relent, Break, by Jesus' cross subdu'd;
See his body, mangled, rent, Covered with a gore of blood:
Sinful soul, what hast thou done! Murder'd God's eternal Son.

93. *Hearts of Stone.* 7's.

1 Hearts of stone, relent, relent,
Break, by Jesus' cross subdued;
See his body, mangled, rent,
Covered with a gore of blood:
Sinful soul, what hast thou done!
Murder'd God's eternal Son.

2 Yes, our sins have done the deed,
Drove the nails that fix'd him there;
Crown'd with thorns his sacred head,
Pierc'd him with a soldier's spear;
Made his soul a sacrifice,
For a sinful world he dies.

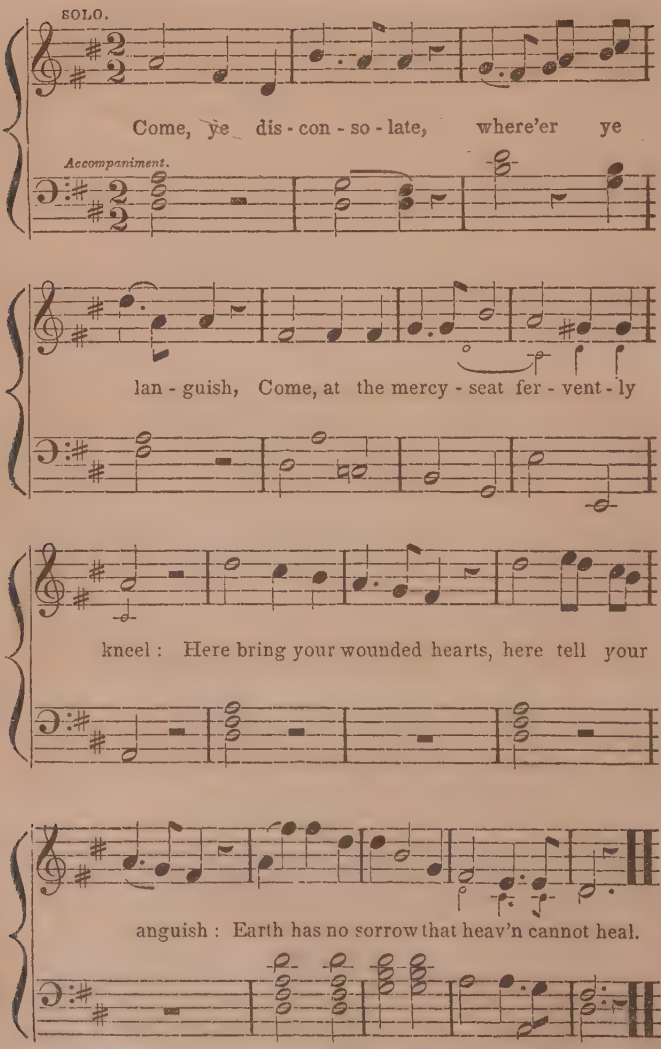
3 Will you let him die in vain?
Still to death pursue your Lord?
Open tear his wounds again,
Trample on his precious blood?
"No! with all my sins I'll part,
"Savior, take my broken heart." Har. Sac.

94. *Prayer for Deliverance and Comfort.* 7's.

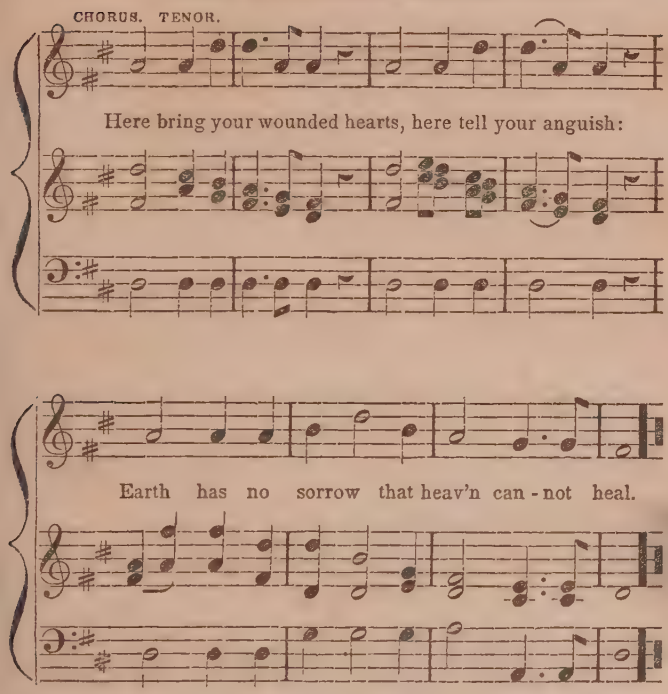
1 Save me, Lord, in this distress,
Clothe me in thy righteousness;
Good and merciful thou art,
Bind this bleeding, broken heart;
Cast me not despairing hence,
Be my hope, my confidence.

2 Send thy light and truth to guide;
Leave me not to turn aside;
On thy holy hill I'll rest,
In thy courts for ever blest;
Then to God, my love, my joy,
Praise shall all my pow'rs employ. Montgomery.

"COME, YE DISCONSOLATE." WEBBE.


SOLO.
Come, ye dis - con - so - late, where'er ye
Accompaniment.
lan - guish, Come, at the mercy - seat fer - vent - ly
kneel : Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your
anguish : Earth has no sorrow that heav'n cannot heal.

"COME, YE DISCONSOLATE."—CONTINUED.



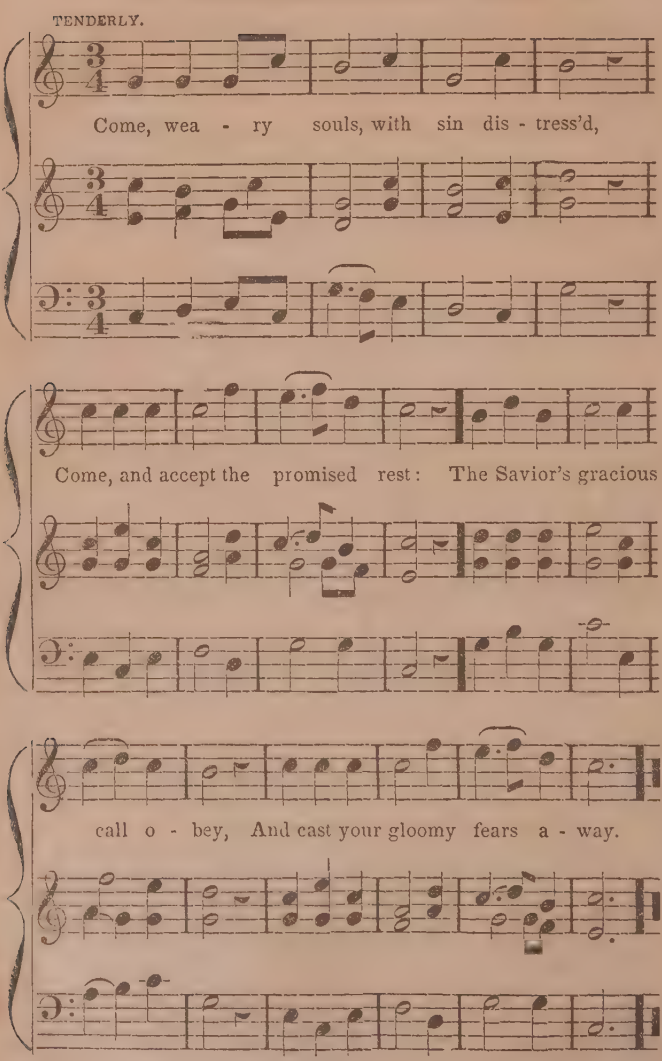
95. *The Disconsolate invited.*

1 Come, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish,
Come, at the mercy-seat fervently kneel:
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish;
Earth has no sorrow that heav'n cannot heal.

2 Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure,
Here speaks the Comforter, in mercy saying,
Earth has no sorrow that heav'n cannot cure.

3 Here see the bread of life; see waters flowing
Forth from the throne of God, boundless in love:
Come to the feast prepar'd; come, ever knowing
Earth has no sorrow but heav'n can remove.

GERMAN AIR. L. M.


TENDERLY.
Come, wea - ry souls, with sin dis - tress'd,
Come, and accept the promised rest: The Savior's gracious
call o - bey, And cast your gloomy fears a - way.

96. *Riches of Grace.* L. M.

1 Come, weary souls, with sin distress'd,
Come, and accept the promised rest:
The Savior's gracious call obey,
And cast your gloomy fears away.

2 Oppressed with guilt, a painful load,
O come and spread your woes abroad;
Divine compassion, mighty love,
Will all the painful load remove.

3 Here mercy's boundless ocean flows,
To cleanse your guilt and heal your woes;
Pardon, and life, and endless peace;
How rich the gift, how free the grace!

4 Lord, we accept, with thankful heart,
The hope thy gracious words impart:
We come with trembling, yet rejoice,
And bless the kind inviting voice.

5 Dear Savior! let thy powerful love
Confirm our faith, our fears remove;
Oh sweetly influence ev'ry breast,
And guide us to eternal rest. Steele.

97. *Christ's Invitation.* L. M.

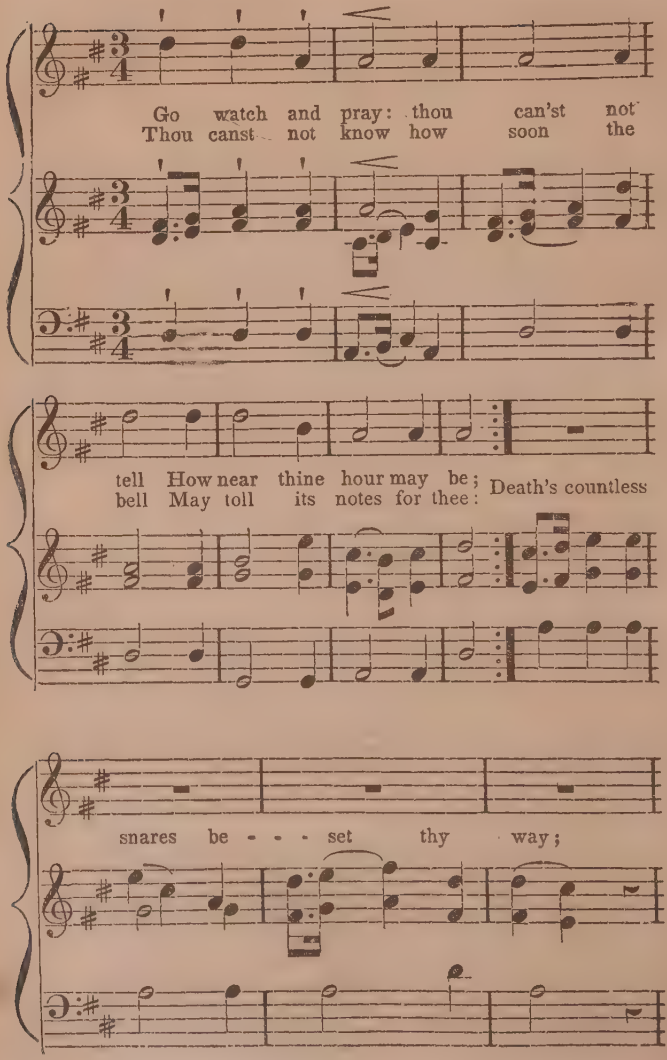
1 "Come hither, all ye weary souls,
"Ye heavy-laden sinners, come:
"I'll give you rest from all your toils,
"And raise you to my heavenly home.

2 "They shall find rest that learn of me:
"I'm of a meek and lowly mind:
"But passion rages like the sea,
"And pride is restless as the wind.

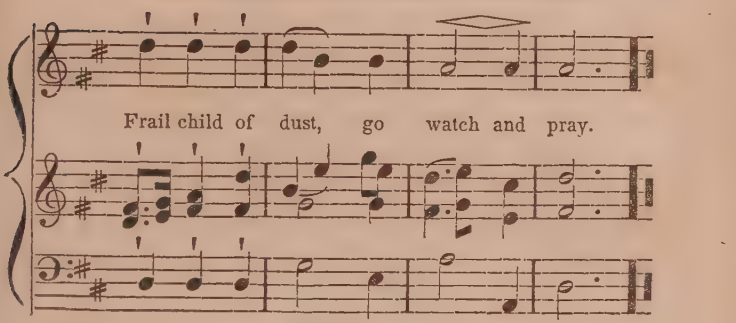
3 "Bless'd is the man whose shoulders take
"My yoke, and bear it with delight;
"My yoke is easy to his neck,
"My grace shall make the burden light."

4 Jesus, we come at thy command,
With faith, and hope, and humble zeal;
Resign our spirits to thy hand,
To mould and guide us at thy will. Watts.

"GO WATCH AND PRAY." SACRED LYRE.


Go watch and pray: thou can'st not
Thou canst not know how soon the
tell How near thine hour may be;
bell May toll its notes for thee:
Death's countless
snares be - - - set thy way;

"GO WATCH AND PRAY."—CONTINUED.



98. *Watch and Pray.* C. L. M.

1 Go watch and pray: thou canst not tell
How near thine hour may be;
Thou canst not know how soon the bell
May toll its notes for thee:
Death's countless snares beset thy way;
Frail child of dust, go watch and pray.

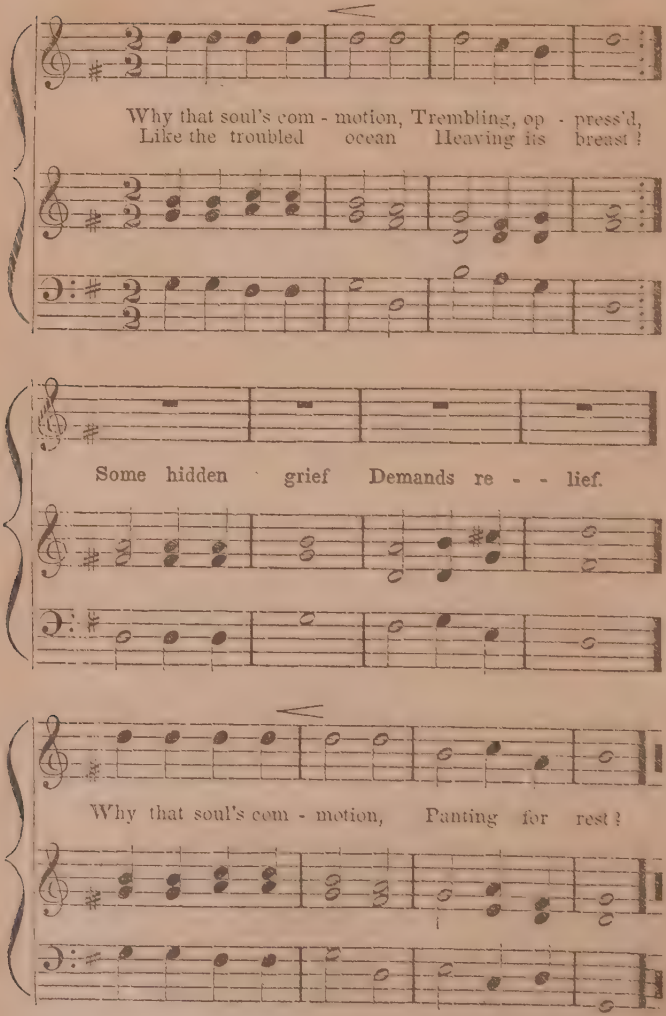
2 Fond youth, while free from blighting care,
Does thy firm pulse beat high?
Do hope's glad visions, bright and fair,
Sparkle before thine eye?
Soon these must change, must pass away;
Frail child of dust, go watch and pray.

3 Ambition, stop thy panting breath;
Pride, sink thy lifted eye!
Behold, the caverns dark with death
Before you open lie!
The heav'nly warning now obey;
Ye sons of pride, go watch and pray.

4 Thou aged man! life's wintry storm
Hath sear'd thy vernal bloom;
With trembling limbs and wasting form
Thou'rt bending o'er the tomb:
And can vain hope lead THEE astray!
Go! weary pilgrim, watch and pray. S. Songs.

"WHY THAT SOUL'S COMMOTION." 6, 4.

SACRED LYRE.


Why that soul's com - motion, Trembling, op - press'd,
Like the troubled ocean Heaving its breast?
Some hidden grief Demands re - - lief.
Why that soul's com - motion, Panting for rest?

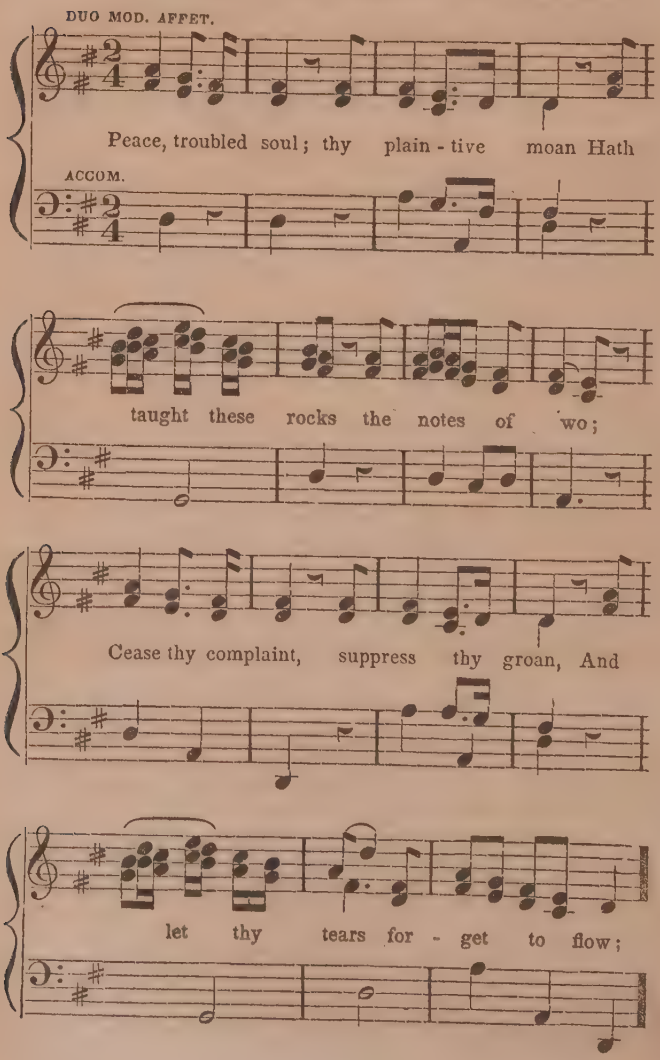
99. *Christ our Peace.* 6, 4.

1 Why that soul's commotion,
Trembling, oppress'd,
Like the troubled ocean
Heaving its breast?
Some hidden grief
Demands relief.
Why that soul's commotion,
Panting for rest?
2 Why that soul's commotion?
Cease from thy sin:
Choose the better portion;
Cleanse thee within:
A fountain flows
To heal thy woes:
Why that soul's commotion?
Wash and be clean.
3 Why that soul's commotion?
Heaven can forgive:
With thy heart's devotion
Firmly believe;
To-day return,
And cease to mourn.
Why that soul's commotion?
Oh turn and live. Sac. Lyre.

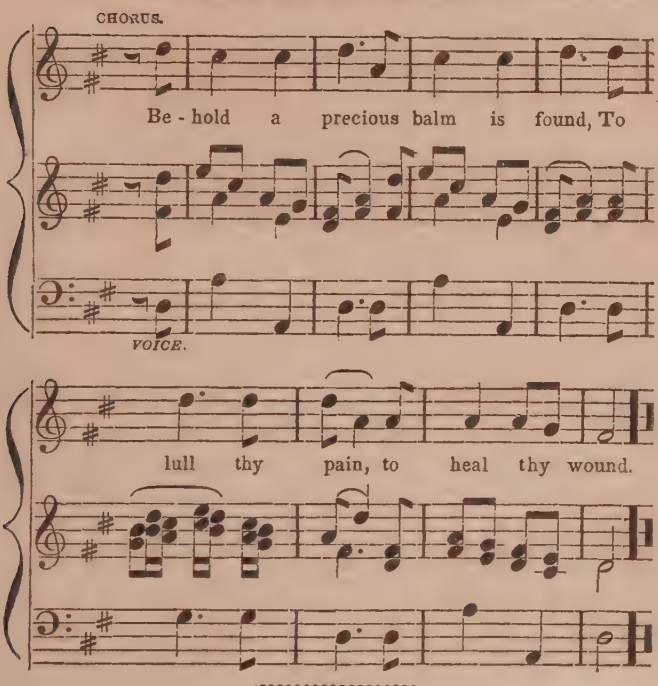
100. *Exhortation to Immediate Submission.* 6, 4.

1 Child of sin and sorrow,
Fill'd with dismay,
Wait not for to-morrow,
Yield thee to-day;
Heav'n bids thee come,
While yet there's room;
Child of sin and sorrow,
Hear and obey.
2 Child of sin and sorrow,
Why wilt thou die?
Come, while thou canst borrow
Help from on high:
Grieve not that love,
Which from above,
Child of sin and sorrow,
Would bring thee nigh. S. Songs.

"PEACE, TROUBLED SOUL." MAZZINGHI.


DUO MOD. AFFET.
Peace, troubled soul; thy plain - tive moan Hath
ACCOM.
taught these rocks the notes of wo;
Cease thy complaint, suppress thy groan, And
let thy tears for - get to flow;

"PEACE, TROUBLED SOUL."—CONCLUDED.



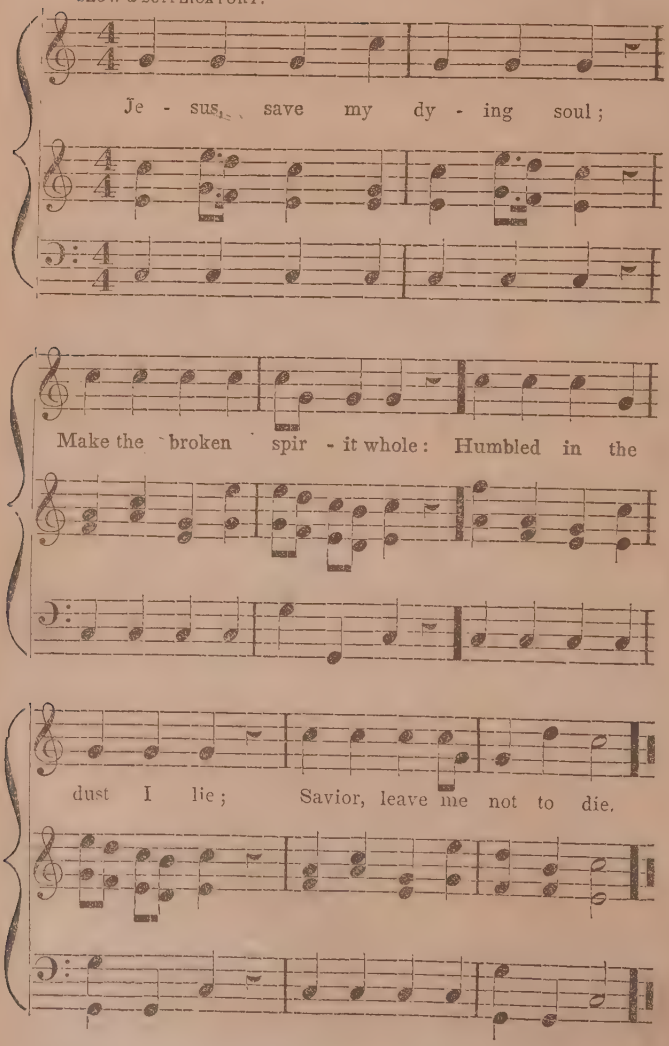
101. *Peace and Rest.*

1 Peace, troubled soul; whose plaintive moan
Hath taught these rocks the notes of wo;
Cease thy complaint, suppress thy groan,
And let thy tears forget to flow;
Behold a precious balm is found,
To lull thy pain, to heal thy wound.

2 Come, freely come, by sin oppress'd,
Unburthen here thy weighty load;
Here find thy refuge and thy rest,
And trust the mercy of thy God:
Thy God's thy Savior—glorious word!
For ever love and praise the Lord.

WILMOT. 7's. BOST. ACAD., BY PERMISSION.

SLOW & SUPPLICATORY.



THE PENITENT.

102. *Deep Contrition.* 7's.

1 Jesus, save my dying soul;
Make the broken spirit whole:
Humbled in the dust I lie;
Savior, leave me not to die.

2 Jesus, full of every grace,
Now reveal thy smiling face;
Grant the joy of sins forgiv'n,
Foretaste of the bliss of heav'n

3 All my guilt to thee is known;
Thou art righteous, thou alone:
All my help is from thy cross;
All beside I count but loss.

4 Lord, in thee I now believe;
Wilt thou—wilt thou not forgive?
Helpless at thy feet I lie;
Savior, leave me not to die. S. Songs.

103. *Godly Sorrow.* 7's.

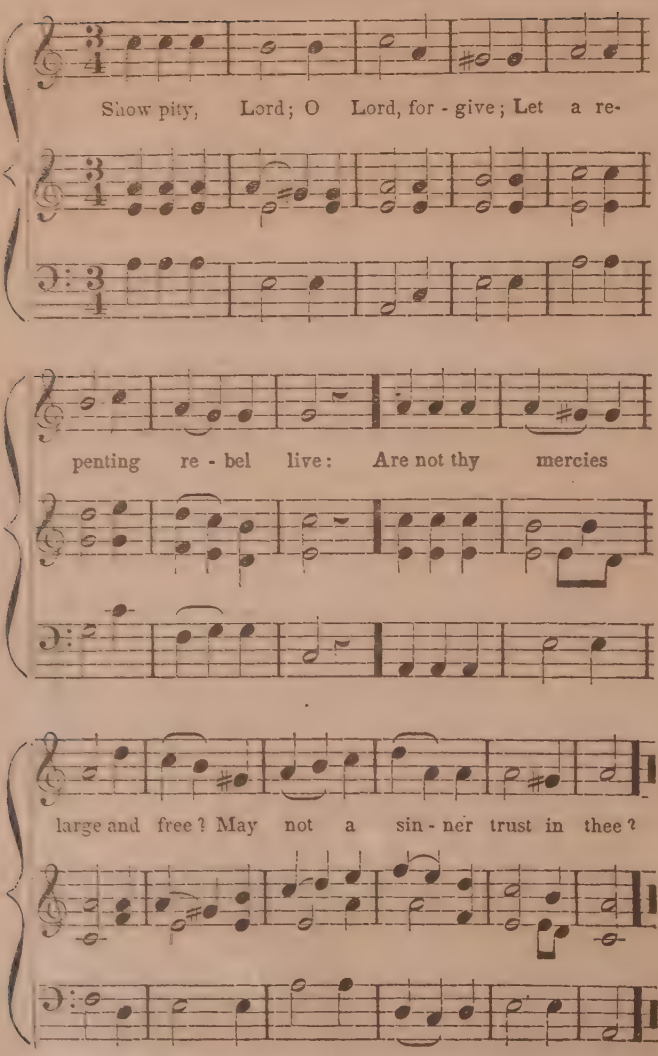
1 Sov'reign Ruler, Lord of all,
Prostrate at thy feet I fall:
Hear, oh, hear my ardent cry;
Frown not, lest I faint and die.

2 Vilest of the sons of men,
Worst of rebels I have been!
Oft abus'd thee to thy face,
Trampled on thy richest grace!

3 Justly might thy vengeful dart
Pierce this bleeding, broken heart;
Justly might thy kindled ire
Blast me in eternal fire.

4 But with thee there's mercy found,
Balm to heal my every wound:
Soothe, oh, soothe the troubled breast
Give the weary wanderer rest

VERNON. L. M. H.


Show pity, Lord; O Lord, for - give; Let a re-
penting re - bel live: Are not thy mercies
large and free? May not a sin - ner trust in thee?

104. *Imploring Mercy.* L. M.

1 Show pity, Lord; O Lord, forgive;
Let a repenting rebel live:
Are not thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in thee?

2 My crimes are great, but can't surpass
The power and glory of thy grace:
Great God, thy nature hath no bound,
So let thy pardoning love be found.

3 O wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean;
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain my eyes.

4 My lips with shame my sins confess,
Against thy law, against thy grace;
Lord, should thy judgment grow severe,
I am condemn'd, but thou art clear.

5 Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,
I must pronounce thee just, in death:
And if my soul were sent to hell,
Thy righteous law approves it well.

6 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hovering round thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair. Watts.

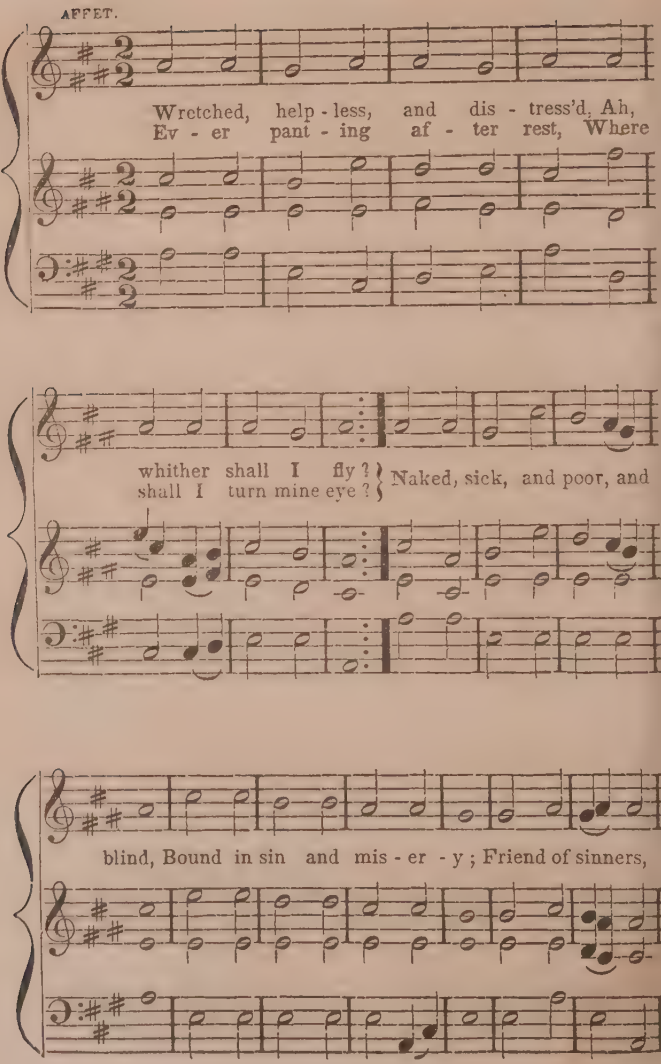
105. *Inconstancy Lamented.* L. M.

1 Ah! wretched, vile, ungrateful heart,
That can from Jesus thus depart!
Thus fond of trifles, widely rove,
Forgetful of a Savior's love.

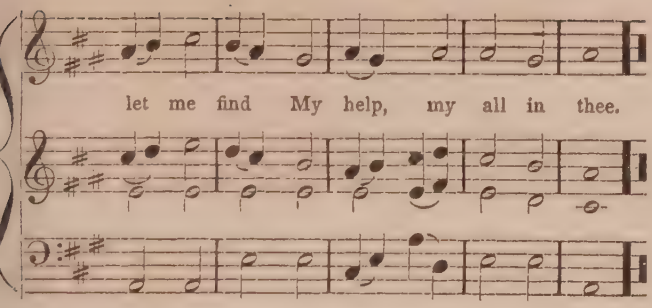
2 Dear Lord, to thee I would return,
And at thy feet, repentant, mourn:
There let me view thy pard'ning love,
And never from thy sight remove.

3 Oh let thy love, with sweet control,
Bind every passion of my soul;
Bid every vain desire depart,
And dwell for ever in my heart. Steele.

KINGSWOOD. 7. 6. ENGLISH.


AFFET.
Wretched, help - less, and dis - tress'd, Ah,
Ev - er pant - ing af - ter rest, Where
whither shall I fly?
shall I turn mine eye?
Naked, sick, and poor, and
blind, Bound in sin and mis - er - y; Friend of sinners,

KINGSWOOD.—CONTINUED.



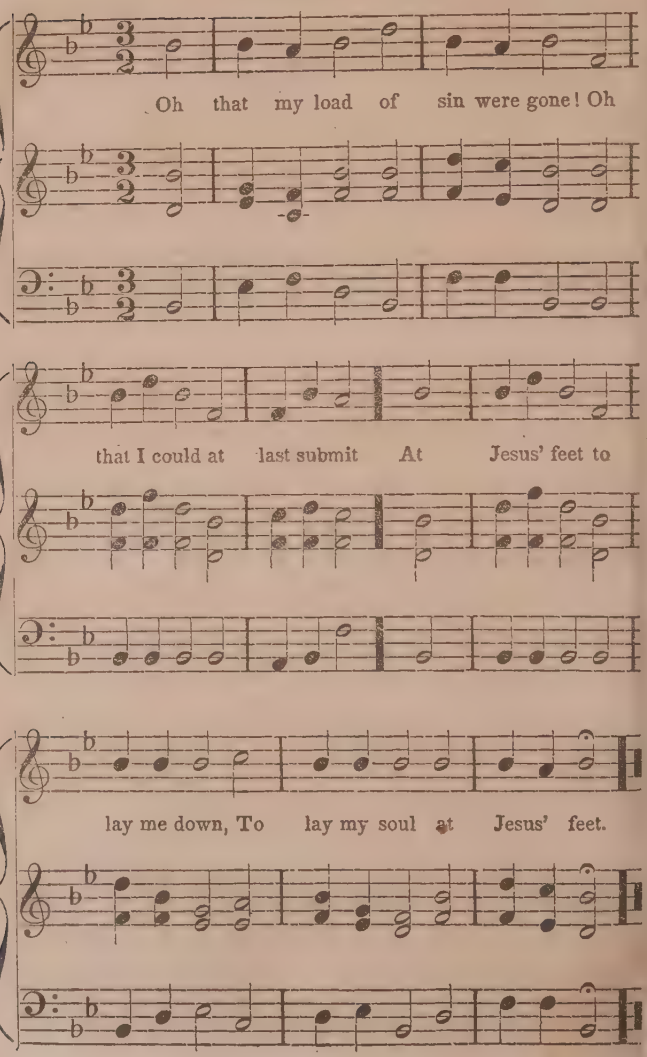
106. *Pleading for Recovering Grace.* 7. 6.

1 Wretched, helpless, and distressed,
Ah, whither shall I fly?
Ever panting after rest,
Where shall I turn mine eye?
Naked, sick, and poor, and blind,
Bound in sin and misery;
Friend of sinners, let me find
My help, my all in thee.

2 Jesus, full of truth and grace,
Oh hear my sad complaint;
Be the wanderer's resting-place
A cordial for the faint:
Make me rich, for I am poor;
Let me now thy presence find;
To the dying, health restore,
And eyesight to the blind.

3 Fill my soul with heav'nly grace,
With pure humility;
Clothe me with thy righteousness;
Endue my heart with thee:
Let thine image be restor'd;
Let me thy forgiveness prove,
Fill me with thy fulness, Lord,
For boundless is thy love.

FOREST. L. M. WESTERN MELODY.



107. *Repentance.* L. M.

1 Oh that my load of sin were gone!
Oh that I could at last submit
At Jesus' feet to lay me down,
To lay my soul at Jesus' feet.

2 Rest for my soul I long to find—
Savior, if mine indeed thou art,
Give me thy meek and lowly mind,
And stamp thine image on my heart.

3 Break off the yoke of inbred sin,
And fully set my spirit free;
I cannot rest till pure within—
Till I am wholly lost in thee.

4 Come, Lord, the drooping sinner cheer,
Nor let thy chariot wheels delay;
Appear, in my poor heart appear;
My God, my Savior, come away.

108. *Clinging to the Cross.* L. M.*

1 Here, at thy cross, my dying Lord,
I lay my soul beneath thy love,
Beneath the droppings of thy blood,
Jesus! nor shall it e'er remove.

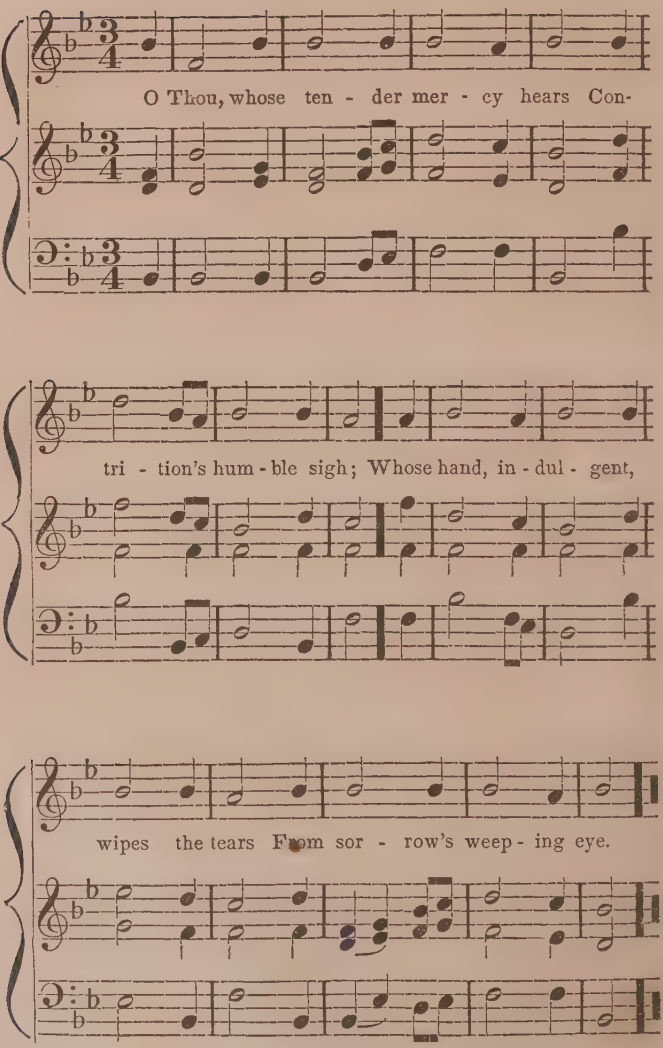
2 Should worlds conspire to drive me thence,
Moveless and firm this heart should lie;
Resolved, (for that's my last defence,)
If I must perish, there to die.

3 But speak, my Lord, and calm my fear;
Am I not safe beneath thy shade?
Thy vengeance will not strike me here,
Nor Satan dare my soul invade.

4 Yes, I'm secure beneath thy blood,
And all my foes shall lose their aim:
Hosanna to my dying Lord,
And my best honors to his name. Watts.

* See also the SACRIFICE, page 28.

AVON. C. M. SCOTTISH.



109. *Prayer of a Penitent.* C. M.

(See verse 1, in the music.)

2 See, low before thy throne of grace,
A wretched wanderer mourn;
Hast thou not bid me seek thy face?
Hast thou not said, "Return?

3 And shall my guilty fears prevail
To drive me from thy feet?
Oh, let not this dear refuge fail,
This only safe retreat!

4 Oh, shine on this benighted heart,
With beams of mercy shine!
And let thy healing voice impart
A taste of joys divine. Steele.

110. *Resolving to go to Christ.* C. M.

1 Come, trembling sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve;
Come, with your guilt and fear oppress'd,
And make this last resolve:

2 "I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
"Hath like a mountain rose;
"I know his courts, I'll enter in,
"Whatever may oppose.

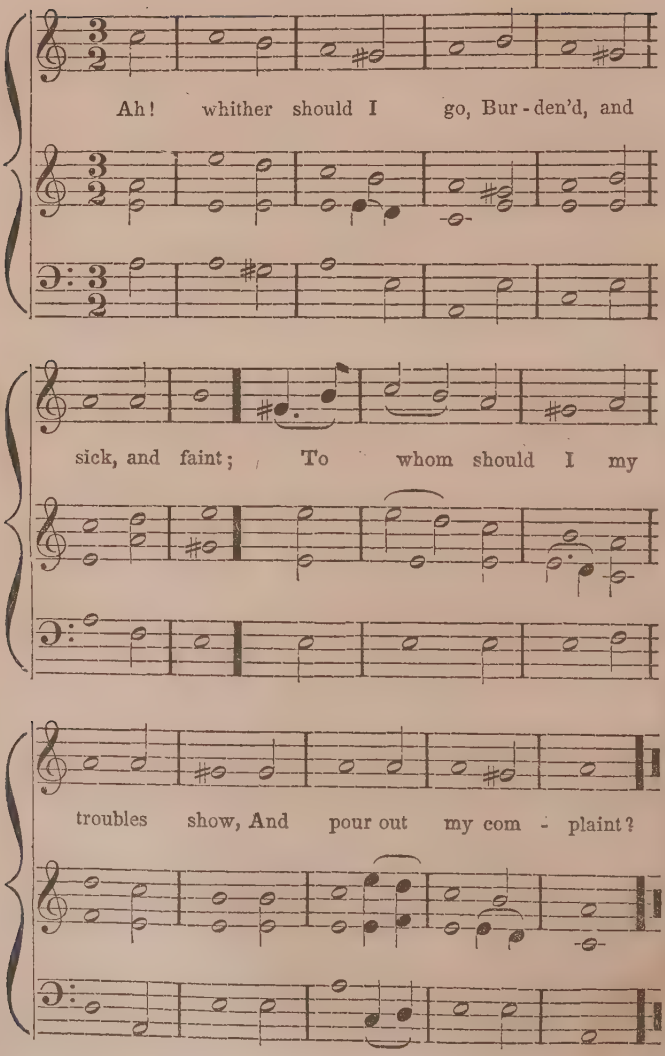
3 "Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,
"And there my guilt confess;
"I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone
"Without his sovereign grace.

4 "I'll to the gracious King approach,
"Whose sceptre pardon gives;
"Perhaps he may command my touch,
"And then the suppliant lives.

5 "Perhaps he will admit my plea,
"Perhaps will hear my prayer;
"But if I perish, I will pray,
"And perish only there.

6 "I can but perish if I go,
"I am resolved to try;
"For if I stay away, I know
"I must for ever die." Jones.

GUILFORD. S. M.


Ah! whither should I go, Bur-den'd, and
sick, and faint; To whom should I my
troubles show, And pour out my com - plaint?

111. *Sin Lamented.* S. M.

1 Ah! whither should I go,
Burden'd, and sick, and faint;
To whom should I my troubles show,
And pour out my complaint?

2 My Savior bids me come;
Ah! why do I delay?
He calls the weary sinner home,
And yet from him I stay.

3 What is it keeps me back,
From which I cannot part?
Which will not let the Savior take
Possession of my heart?

4 Jesus! the hind'rance show,
Which I have feared to see;
And let me now consent to know
What keeps me back from thee.

5 Searcher of hearts, in mine
Thy saving power display;
Into its darkest corner shine,
And take the veil away. Wesley's Col.

112. *Safety in God.* S. M.

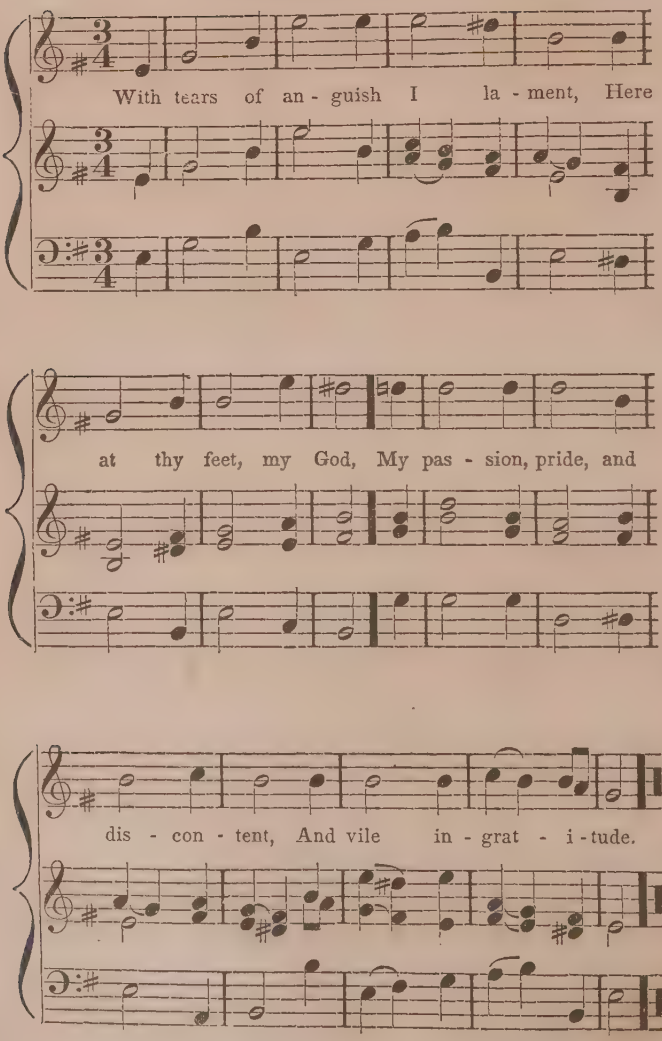
1 When, overwhelm'd with grief,
My heart within me dies,
Helpless, and far from all relief,
To heav'n I lift mine eyes.

2 O lead me to the Rock
That's high above my head,
And make the covert of thy wings
My shelter and my shade.

3 Within thy presence, Lord,
For ever I'll abide,
Thou art the tower of my defence,
The refuge where I hide.

4 Thou givest me the lot
Of those that fear thy name;
If endless life be their reward,
I shall possess the same. Watts.

ORLEANS. C. M. OLD PAROCHIAL.



113. *Indwelling Sin Lamented.* C. M.

1 With tears of anguish I lament,
Here at thy feet, my God,
My passion, pride and discontent,
And vile ingratitude.

2 Sure there was ne'er a heart so base,
So false as mine has been;
So faithless to its promises,
So prone to every sin.

3 How long, dear Savior, shall I feel
These struggles in my breast?
When wilt thou bow my stubborn will
And give my conscience rest?

4 Break, sovereign grace, O break the charm,
And set the captive free;
Reveal, Almighty God, thine arm,
And haste to rescue me. Stennett.

114. *Repentance.* C. M.

1 How oft, alas! this wretched heart
Has wander'd from the Lord!
How oft my roving thoughts depart,
Forgetful of his word.

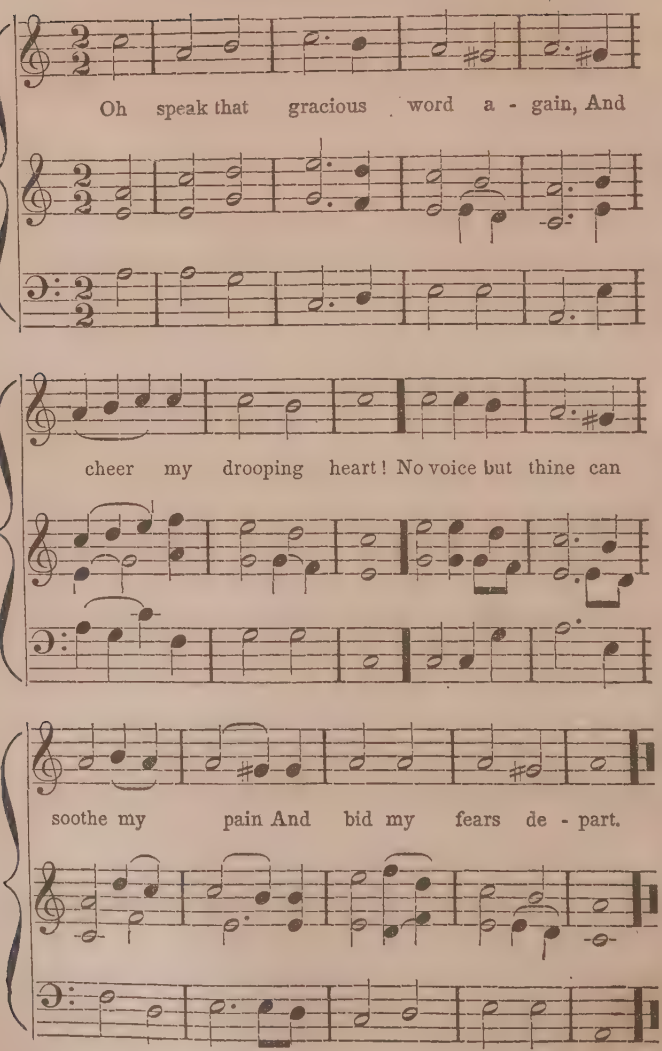
2 Yet sovereign mercy calls, "Return:"
Dear Lord, and may I come?
My vile ingratitude I mourn;
O take the wanderer home.

3 And canst thou, wilt thou yet forgive,
And bid my crimes remove?
And shall a pardon'd rebel live
To speak thy wondrous love?

4 Almighty grace, thy healing power,
How glorious, how divine!
That can to life and bliss restore
So vile a heart as mine.

5 Thy pardoning love, so free, so sweet,
Dear Savior, I adore;
Oh keep me at thy sacred feet,
And let me rove no more. Steele.

SOUTHWOLD. C. M. KING.


Oh speak that gracious word a - gain, And
cheer my drooping heart! No voice but thine can
soothe my pain And bid my fears de - part.

115. *Peace Returning.* C. M.

1 Oh speak that gracious word again,
And cheer my drooping heart!
No voice but thine can soothe my pain,
And bid my fears depart.

2 And wilt thou still vouchsafe to own
A worm so vile as I?
And may I still approach thy throne
And Abba, Father, cry?

3 My Savior, by his pow'rful word,
Hath turn'd my night to day;
And all those heav'nly joys restor'd
Which I had sinn'd away.

4 Dear Lord! I wonder and adore;
Thy grace is all divine:
O keep me, that I sin no more
Against such love as thine. Newton.

116. *Godly Sorrow.* C. M.

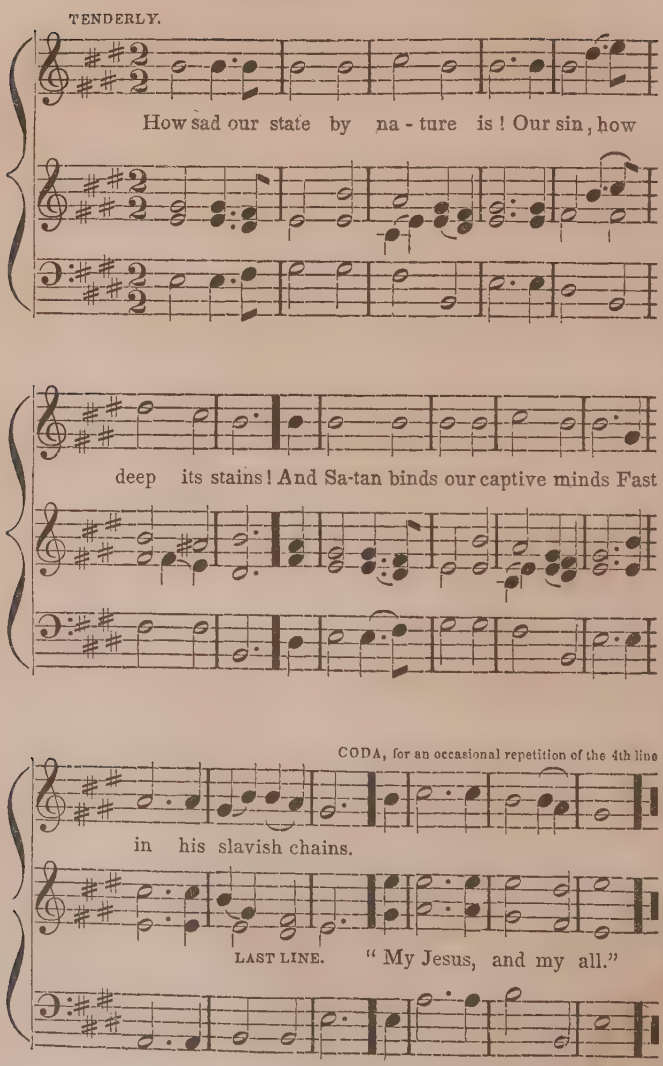
1 Prostrate, dear Jesus, at thy feet
A guilty rebel lies;
And upward to thy mercy-seat
Presumes to lift his eyes.

2 Oh, let not justice frown me hence;
Stay, stay the vengeful storm:
Forbid it, that Omnipotence
Should crush a feeble worm.

3 If tears of sorrow would suffice
To pay the debt I owe,
Tears should from both my weeping eyes
In ceaseless currents flow.

4 But no such sacrifice I plead
To expiate my guilt;
No tears but those which thou hast shed—
No blood, but thou hast spilt. Stennett.

HAVEN. C. M. H.


TENDERLY.
How sad our state by na - ture is ! Our sin, how
deep its stains ! And Sa-tan binds our captive minds Fast
CODA, for an occasional repetition of the 4th line
in his slavish chains.
LAST LINE. " My Jesus, and my all."

117. *Trust in God.* C. M.

1 How sad our state by nature is!
Our sin, how deep its stains!
And Satan binds our captive minds
Fast in his slavish chains.

2 But there's a voice of sovereign grace
Sounds from the sacred word:
"Ho! ye despairing sinners, come,
"And trust upon the Lord."

3 My soul obeys th' almighty call,
And runs to this relief:
"I would believe thy promise, Lord,
"Oh! help my unbelief.

4 "To the dear fountain of thy blood,
"Incarnate God, I fly;
"Here let me wash my spotted soul
"From crimes of deepest dye.

5 "A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
"On thy kind arms I fall;
"Be thou my strength and righteousness,
"My Jesus, and my all." Watts.

118 *Self-Dedication to God.* C. M.

1 What shall I render to my God
For all his kindness shown?
My feet shall visit thine abode,
My songs address thy throne.

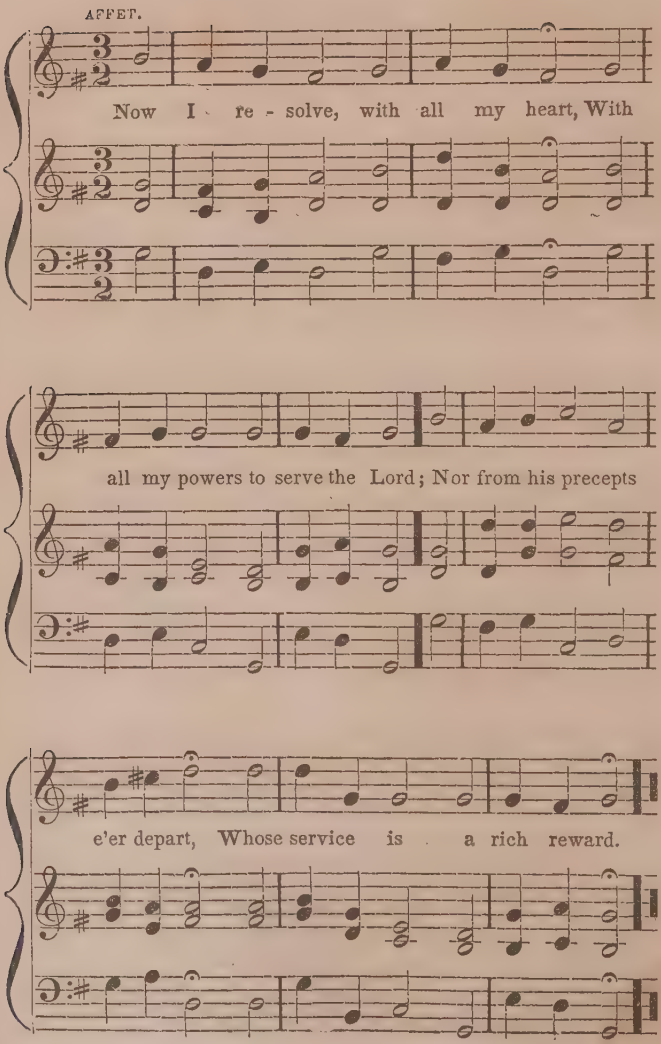
2 How much is mercy thy delight,
Thou ever-blessed God!
How dear thy servants in thy sight!
How precious is their blood!

3 How happy all thy servants are!
How great thy grace to me!
My life, which thou hast made thy care,
Lord, I devote to thee.

4 Now I am thine, for ever thine,
Nor shall my purpose move;
Thy hand has loosed my bonds of pain,
And bound me with thy love. Watts.

ROCKINGHAM. L. M. L. MASON.

AFFET.


Now I re - solve, with all my heart, With
all my powers to serve the Lord; Nor from his precepts
e'er depart, Whose service is a rich reward.

119. *The Determined Choice.* L. M.

1 Now I resolve, with all my heart,
With all my powers to serve the Lord,
Nor from his precepts e'er depart,
Whose service is a rich reward.

2 Oh, be his service all my joy!
Around let my example shine,
Till others love the blest employ,
And join in labors so divine.

3 Be this the purpose of my soul,
My solemn, my determined choice,
To yield to his supreme control,
And in his kind commands rejoice.

4 Oh, may I never faint, nor tire,
Nor wand'ring, leave his sacred ways;
Great God, accept my soul's desire,
And give me strength to live thy praise.

Steele.

120. *The Happy Choice.* L. M.

1 O happy day, that fix'd my choice
On thee, my Savior and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

2 O happy bond, that seals my vows
To him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.

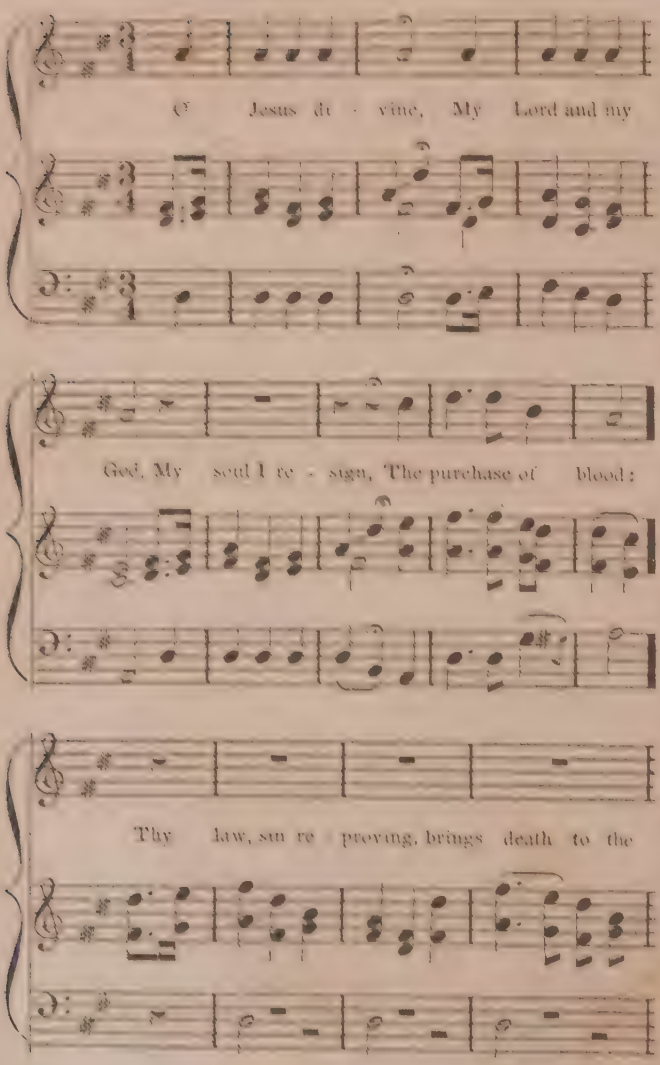
3 'Tis done—the great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's, and he is mine:
He drew me, and I follow'd on,
Charm'd to confess the voice divine.

4 Now rest, my long-divided heart,
Fix'd on this blissful centre, rest;
With ashes who would grudge to part,
When call'd on angels' bread to feast?

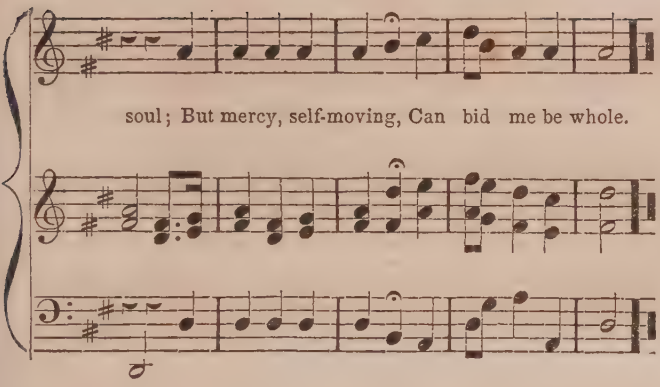
5 High heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renew'd shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless, in death, a bond so dear.

Doddridge.

HURON. 5 & 6. MANHATTAN COLL.



HURON.—CONTINUED.

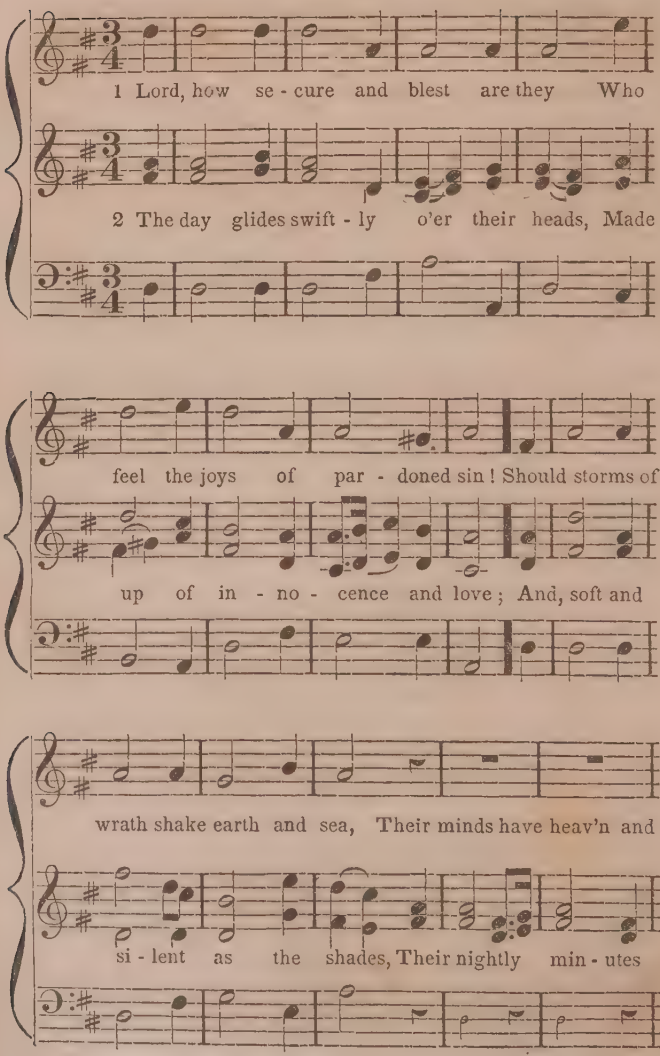


121. *Self-Consecration.* 5 & 6.

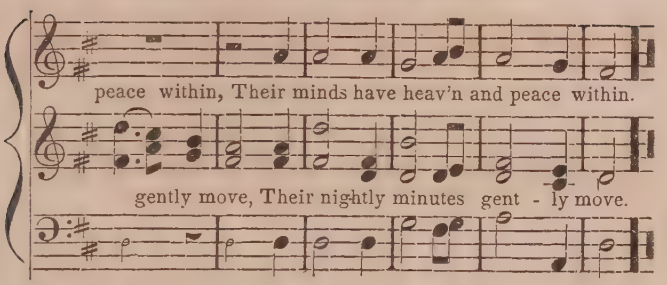
1 O Jesus divine,
My Lord and my God,
My soul I resign,
The purchase of blood:
Thy law, sin reproving,
Brings death to the soul;
But mercy, self-moving,
Can bid me be whole.

2 To thee will I look,
To thee will I cry;
O lead to the Rock
That's higher than I:
Thy love interceding,
Shall pardon secure;
For while thou art pleading,
Salvation is sure. S. Songs.

"HEAVENLY PEACE." L. M. MANHATTAN COLL.


1 Lord, how se - cure and blest are they Who
2 The day glides swift - ly o'er their heads, Made
feel the joys of par - doned sin! Should storms of
up of in - no - cence and love; And, soft and
wrath shake earth and sea, Their minds have heav'n and
si - lent as the shades, Their nightly min - utes

"HEAVENLY PEACE."—CONTINUED.



122. *Forgiveness and Peace of Conscience.* L. M.

(See verses 1, 2, in the music.)

3 How oft they look to th' heavenly hills,
Where groves of living pleasures grow,
And longing hopes and cheerful smiles
Sit undisturbed upon their brow.

4 They scorn to seek our golden toys;
But spend the day and share the night,
In numbering o'er the richer joys
That heaven prepares for their delight. Watts.

123. *Living to Christ.* L. M.

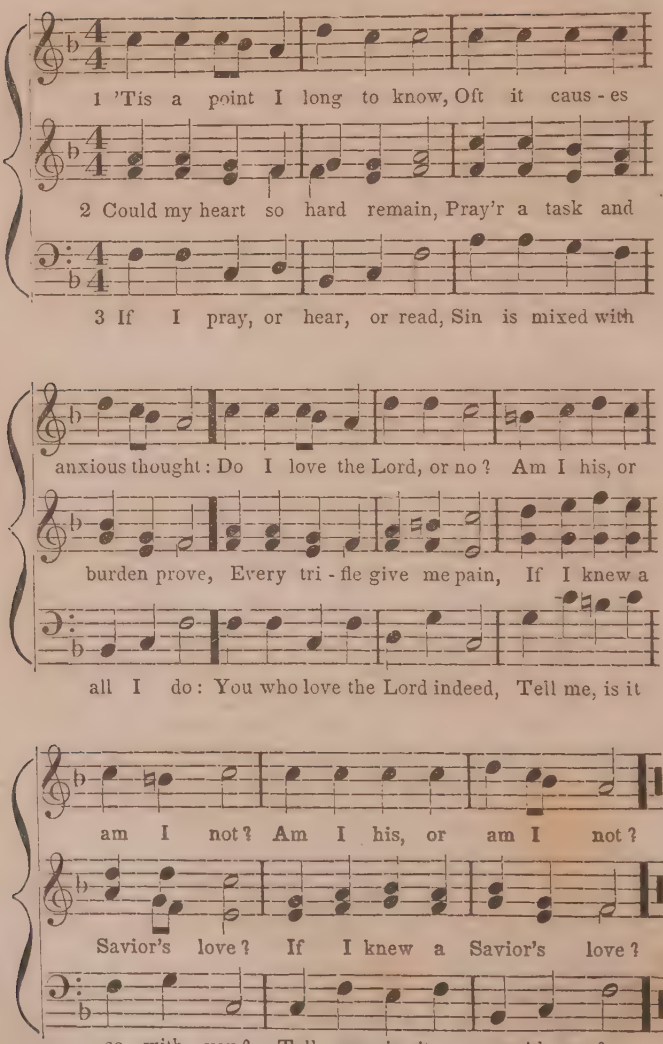
1 My gracious Lord, I own thy right
To every service I can pay,
And call it my supreme delight
To hear thy dictates and obey.

2 I would not breathe for worldly joy,
Or to increase my worldly good,
Nor future days nor powers employ
To spread a sounding name abroad.

3 'Tis to my Savior I would live;
To Him who for my ransom died;
Nor could all worldly honor give
Such bliss as crowns me at his side.

4 His work my hoary age shall bless
When youthful vigor is no more,
And my last hour of life confess
His saving love, his glorious power. Doddridge.

ROSCOE. 7's. SACRED LYRE.


1 'Tis a point I long to know, Oft it caus - es
2 Could my heart so hard remain, Pray'r a task and
3 If I pray, or hear, or read, Sin is mixed with
anxious thought: Do I love the Lord, or no? Am I his, or
burden prove, Every tri - fle give me pain, If I knew a
all I do: You who love the Lord indeed, Tell me, is it
am I not? Am I his, or am I not?
Savior's love? If I knew a Savior's love?
so with you? Tell me, is it so with you?

THE CHRISTIAN.

124. *Self-Examination.* 7's.

(See verses 1, 2, 3, in the music.)

4 Yet I mourn my stubborn will,
Find my sin a grief and thrall;
Should I grieve for what I feel,
If I did not love at all?

5 Could I joy his saints to meet;
Choose the ways I once abhorr'd;
Find, at times, the promise sweet,
If I did not love the Lord?

6 Lord, decide the doubtful case!
Thou, who art thy people's Sun,
Shine upon thy work of grace,
If it be indeed begun.

7 Let me love thee more and more,
If I love at all, I pray:
If I have not lov'd before,
Help me to begin to-day. Newton.

125. *The Christian Pilgrim.* 7's.

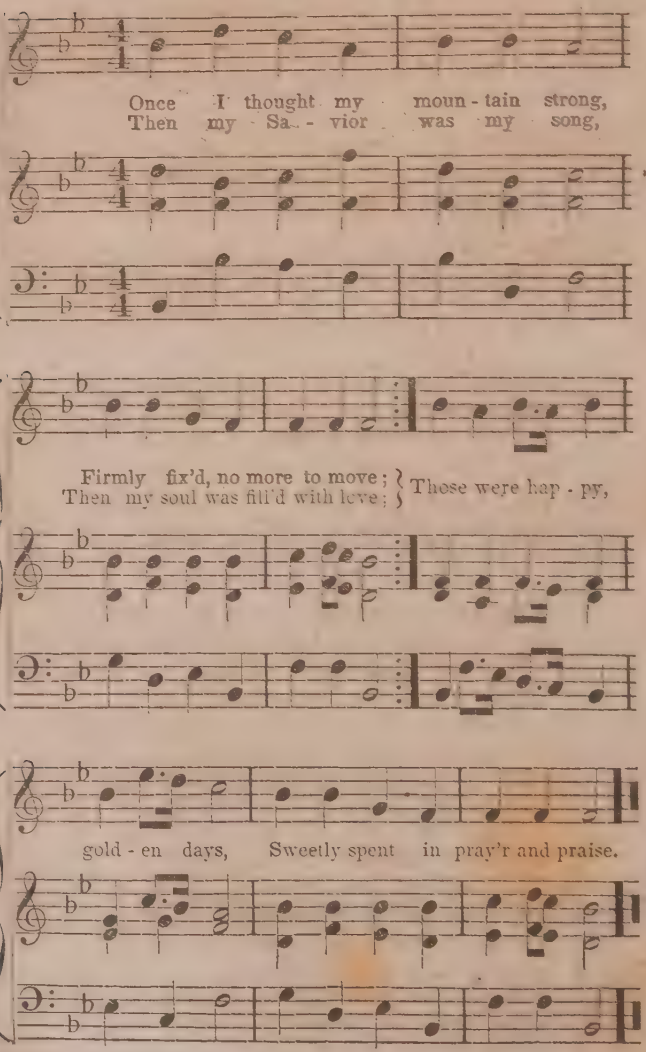
1 Pilgrim, burdened with thy sin,
Haste to Zion's gate to-day;
There, till mercy let thee in,
Knock, and weep, and watch, and pray.

2 Knock—for mercy lends an ear;
Weep—she marks the sinner's sigh;
Watch—till heavenly light appear;
Pray—she hears the mourner's cry.

3 Mourning pilgrim! what for thee
In this world can now remain?
Seek that world from which shall flee
Sorrow, shame, and tears, and pain.

4 Sorrow shall for ever fly;
Shame shall never enter there;
Tears be wip'd from every eye;
Pain in endless bliss expire.

NUREMBURGH. 7's. 6 Lines. GERMAN.


Once I thought my moun - tain strong,
Then my Sa - vior was my song,
Firmly fix'd, no more to move;
Then my soul was fill'd with love;
Those were hap - py,
gold - en days, Sweetly spent in pray'r and praise.

126. *Prayer in Darkness.* 7's.

1 Once I thought my mountain strong,
Firmly fix'd, no more to move
Then my Savior was my song,
Then my soul was fill'd with love;
Those were happy, golden days,
Sweetly spent in prayer and praise.

2 Little then myself I knew,
Little thought of Satan's power;
Now I feel my sins anew,
Now I feel the stormy hour!
Sin has put my joys to flight;
Sin has turn'd my day to night.

3 Savior, shine and cheer my soul,
Bid my dying hopes revive;
Make my wounded spirit whole,
Far away the tempter drive;
Speak the word and set me free,
Let me live alone to thee. Newton.

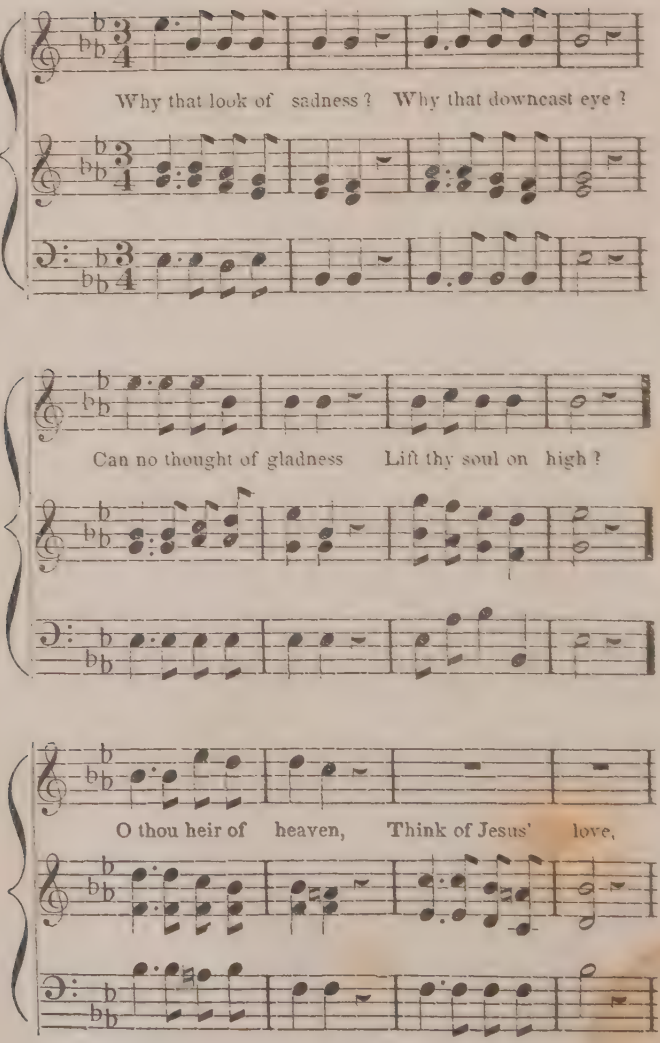
127. *Prayer and Hope in Affliction.* 7's.

1 Hearken, Lord, to my complaints,
For my soul within me faints;
Thee, far off, I call to mind,
In the land I left behind,
Where the streams of Jordan flow,
Where the heights of Hermon glow.

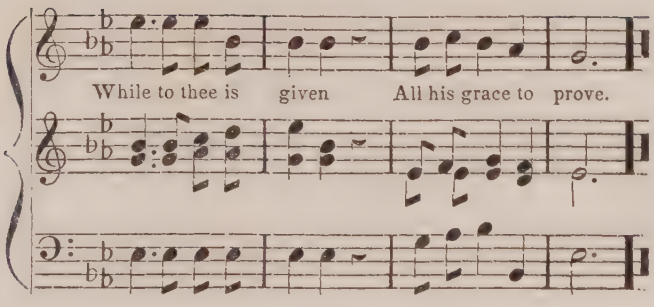
2 Once the morning's earliest light
Brought thy mercy to my sight,
And my wakeful song was heard
Later than the evening bird:
Hast thou all my pray'rs forgot?
Will thy mercy heed them not?

3 Why, my soul, art thou perplex'd?
Why with faithless trouble vex'd?
Hope in God, whose saving name
Thou shalt joyfully proclaim,
When his countenance shall shine
Through the clouds that darken thine.
Montgomery.

FRANCONIA. 6 & 5. XL—FF.


Why that look of sadness? Why that downcast eye?
Can no thought of gladness Lift thy soul on high?
O thou heir of heaven, Think of Jesus' love,

FRANCONIA.—CONTINUED.



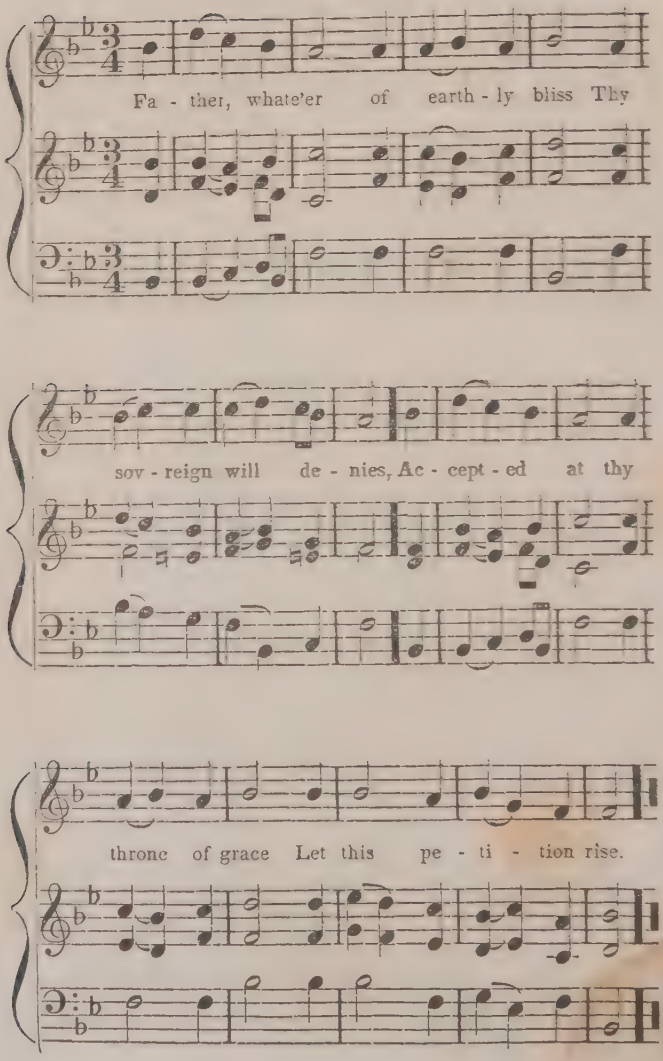
128. *Consolation.* 6 & 5.

1 Why that look of sadness?
Why that downcast eye?
Can no thought of gladness
Lift thy soul on high?
O thou heir of heaven,
Think of Jesus' love,
While to thee is given
All his grace to prove.

2 Is thy burden'd spirit
Agoniz'd for sin?
Think of Jesus' merit;
He can make thee clean:
Think of Calv'ry's mountain,
Where his blood was spilt;
In that precious fountain
Wash away thy guilt.

3 Is thy spirit drooping?
Is the tempter near?
Still in Jesus hoping,
What hast thou to fear?
Set the prize before thee,
Gird thy armor on;
Heir of grace and glory,
Struggle for thy crown. S. Songs.

ARMENIA. C. M. S. B. POND.



129. *The Request.* C. M.

1 Father, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace
Let this petition rise:

2 "Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
"From every murmur free;
"The blessings of thy grace impart,
"And let me live to thee.

3 "Let the sweet hope that I am thine
"My life and death attend;
"Thy presence through my journey shine,
"And crown my journey's end." Steele.

130. *Prayer for Quickening Grace.* C. M.

1 My soul lies cleaving to the dust;
Lord, give me life divine;
From vain desires and every lust
Turn off these eyes of mine.

2 I need the influence of thy grace
To speed me in thy way,
Lest I should loiter in my race,
Or turn my feet astray.

3 When sore afflictions press me down,
I need thy quickening powers;
Thy word that I have rested on,
Shall help my heaviest hours.

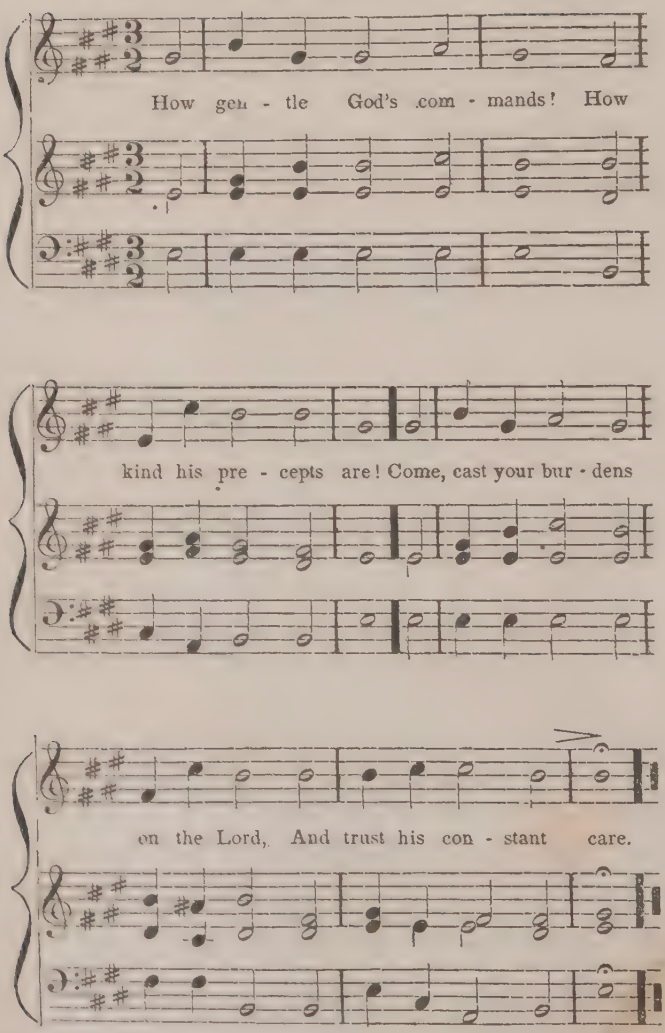
4 Are not thy mercies sovereign still,
And thou a faithful God?
Wilt thou not grant me warmer zeal
To run the heavenly road?

5 Does not my heart thy precepts love,
And long to see thy face?
And yet how slow my spirits move
Without enlivening grace!

6 Then shall I love thy Gospel more,
And ne'er forget thy word,
When I have felt its quickening power
To draw me near the Lord. Watts.

LATHROP. S. M.

L. MASON.



131 *Casting our Cares on God.* S. M.

1 How gentle God's commands!
How kind his precepts are!
Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,
And trust his constant care.

2 His bounty will provide;
His saints securely dwell;
That hand which bears creation up,
Shall guard his children well.

3 Why should this anxious load
Press down your weary mind?
Oh, seek your heavenly Father's throne,
And peace and comfort find.

4 His goodness stands approv'd,
Unchanged from day to day;
I'll drop my burden at his feet
And bear a song away. Doddridge.

132. *Prayer for Spiritual Life.* S. M

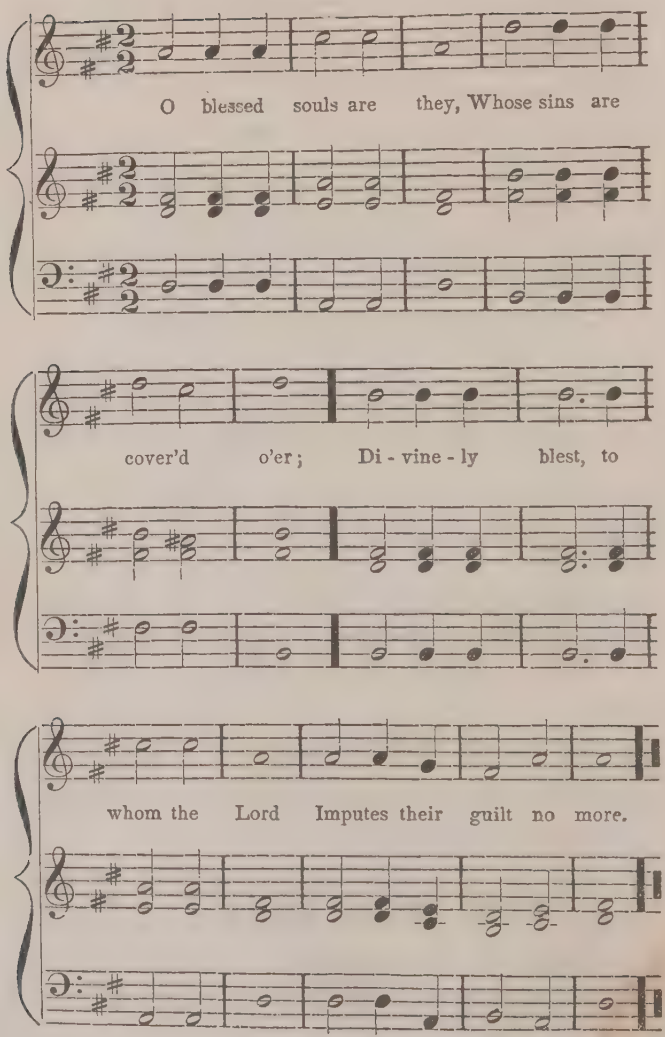
1 We lift our hearts to thee,
Thou Day-Star from on high;
The sun itself is but thy shade,
Yet cheers both earth and sky.

2 O let thy rising beams
Dispel the shades of night;
And let the glories of thy love
Come like the morning light.

3 How beauteous nature now!
How dark and sad before!
With joy we view the pleasing change,
And nature's God adore.

4 May we this life improve,
To mourn for errors past,
And live each short revolving day
As if it were our last.

SHAWMUT. S. M. L. MASON.



133. *Confession of Sin.* S. M.

1 O blessed souls are they,
Whose sins are cover'd o'er;
Divinely blest, to whom the Lord
Imputes their guilt no more.

2 They mourn their follies past,
And keep their hearts with care;
Their lips and lives, without deceit,
Shall prove their faith sincere.

3 While I conceal'd my guilt,
I felt the fest'ring wound;
Till I confess'd my sins to thee,
And ready pardon found.

4 Let sinners learn to pray,
Let saints keep near the throne;
Our help, in times of deep distress,
Is found in God alone. Watts.

134. *Christ our Sacrifice.* S. M.

1 Not all the blood of beasts,
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace
Or wash away the stain.

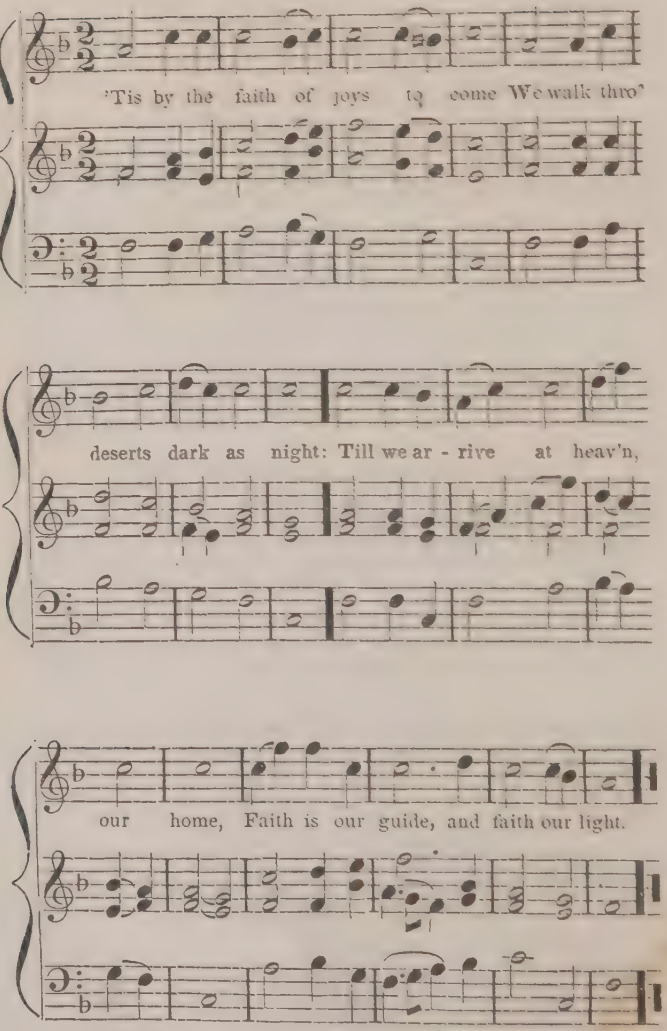
2 But Christ, the heav'nly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away;
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.

3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.

4 My soul looks back to see
The burdens thou didst bear
When hanging on th' accursed tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.

5 Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing his bleeding love. Watts.

DUKE-STREET. L. M. HATTON.


'Tis by the faith of joys to come We walk thro'
deserts dark as night: Till we ar - rive at heav'n,
our home, Faith is our guide, and faith our light.

135. *Walking by Faith.* L. M.

1 'Tis by the faith of joys to come
We walk through deserts dark as night:
Till we arrive at heaven, our home,
Faith is our guide, and faith our light.

2 The want of sight she well supplies;
She makes the pearly gates appear;
Far into distant worlds she pries,
And brings eternal glories near.

3 Cheerful we tread the desert through,
While faith inspires a heavenly ray,
Though lions roar and tempests blow,
And rocks and dangers fill the way.

4 So Abraham, by divine command,
Left his own house to walk with God:
His faith beheld the promis'd land,
And fired his zeal along the road. Watts.

136. *Christ and his Righteousness.* L. M.

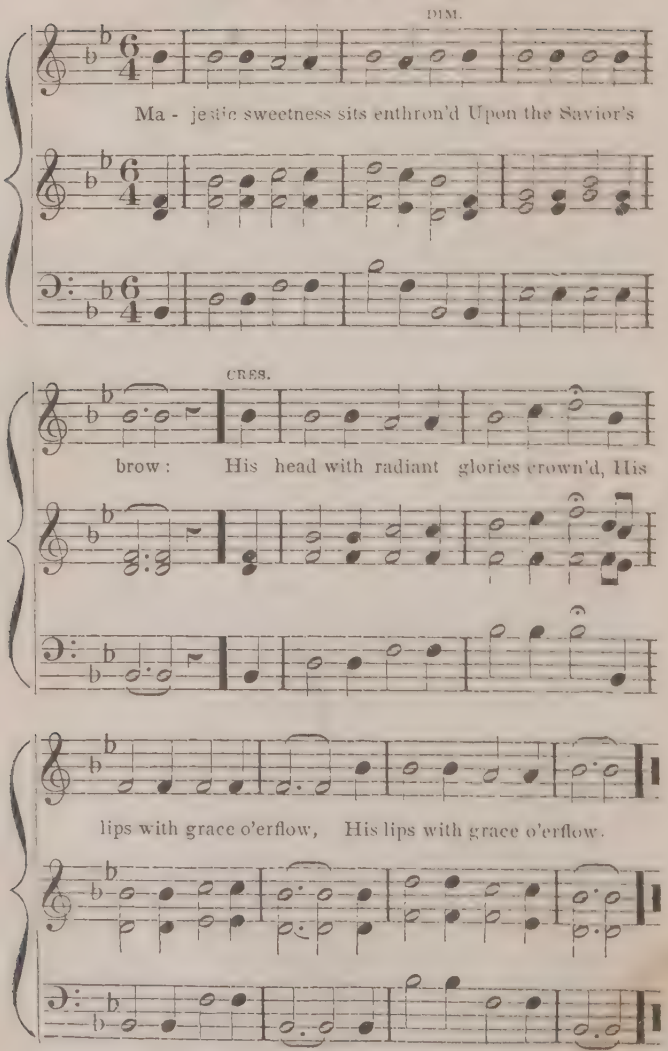
1 No more, my God, I boast no more
Of all the duties I have done;
I quit the hopes I held before,
To trust the merits of thy Son.

2 Now for the love I bear his name,
What was my gain, I count my loss,
My former pride I call my shame,
And nail my glory to his cross.

3 Yes, and I must and will esteem
All things but loss for Jesus' sake;
O may my soul be found in him,
And of his righteousness partake.

4 The best obedience of my hands
Dares not appear before thy throne;
But faith can answer thy demands,
By pleading what my Lord has done. Watts.

ORTONVILLE. C. M. H.


DIM.
Ma - jestic sweetness sits enthron'd Upon the Savior's
CRES.
brow: His head with radiant glories crown'd, His
lips with grace o'erflow, His lips with grace o'erflow.

137. *Chief among ten thousand.* C. M

1 Majestic sweetness sits enthron'd
Upon the Savior's brow;
His head with radiant glories crown'd,
His lips with grace o'erflow.

2 No mortal can with him compare
Among the sons of men;
Fairer is he than all the fair
Who fill the heav'nly train.

3 He saw me plung'd in deep distress,
And flew to my relief;
For me he bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief.

4 Since from his bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine;
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord, they should all be thine. S.

138. *The name of Jesus.* C. M.*

1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It sooths his sorrows, heals his wounds
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

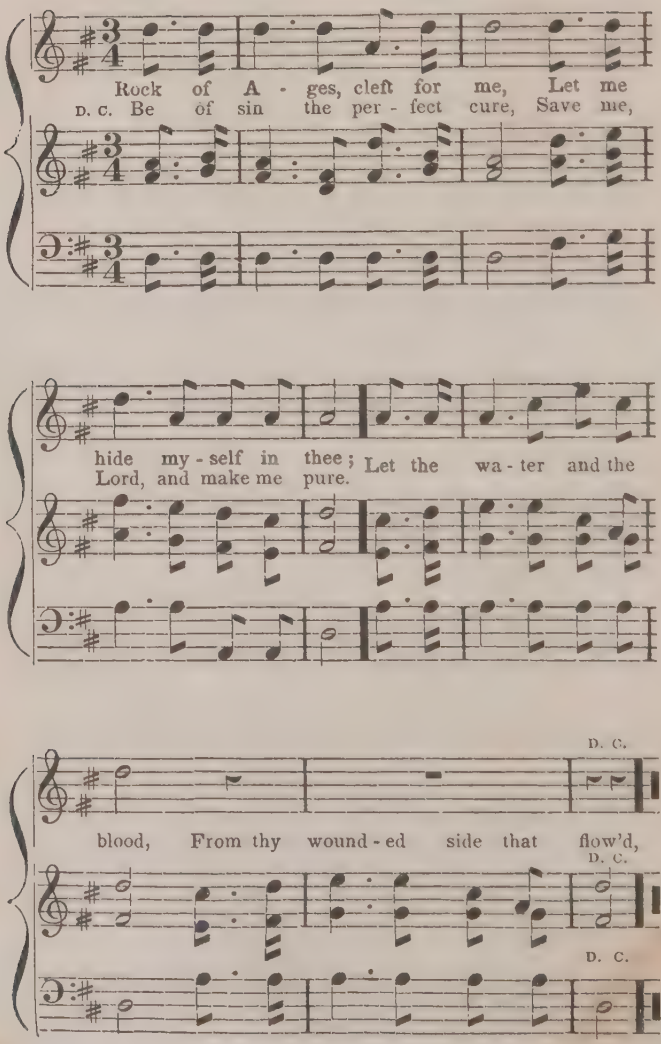
3 By him my prayers acceptance gain,
Although with sin defil'd;
Satan accuses me in vain,
And I am own'd a child.

4 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.

5 Till then I would thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death. Newton.

* See also the tune CHESTER, page 54.

ROCK OF AGES. 7's. 6 lines. H.


Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me
D. C. Be of sin the per - fect cure, Save me,
hide my - self in thee; Let the wa - ter and the
Lord, and make me pure.
D. C.
blood, From thy wound - ed side that flow'd,
D. C.
D. C.

139. *Christ all our Hope.* 7's.

(See verse 1, in the music.)

2 Should my tears for ever flow,
Should my zeal no languor know,
This for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and thou alone!
In my hand no price I bring;
Simply to thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee. Toplady.

140. *Christ our Example in Suffering.* 7's.

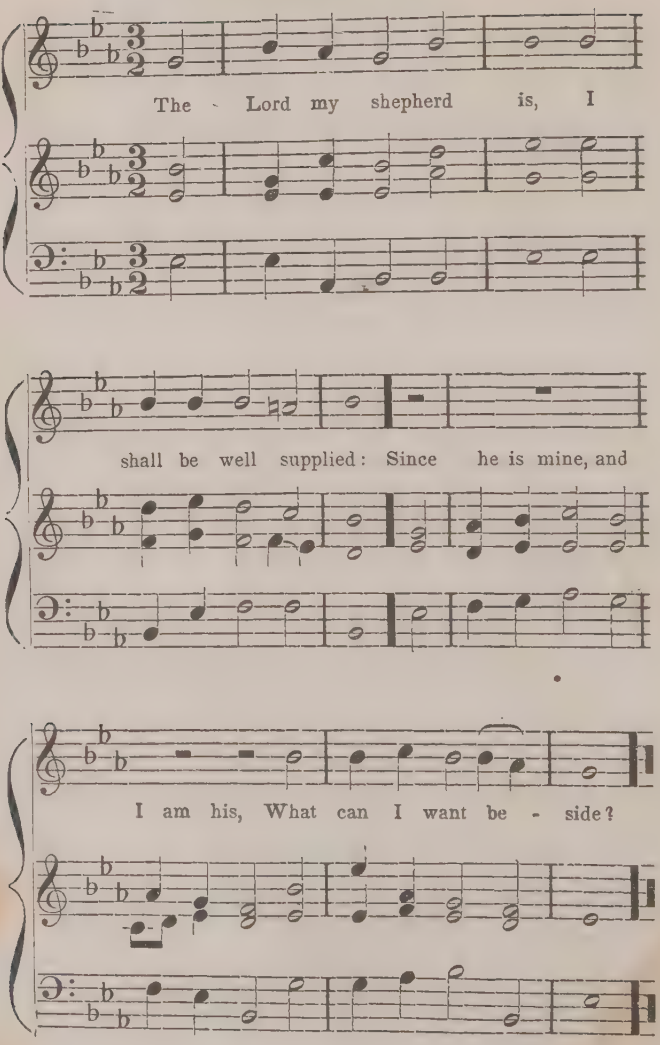
1 Go to dark Gethsemane,
Ye who feel the tempter's pow'r;
Your Redeemer's conflict see;
Watch with him one bitter hour;
Turn not from his griefs away;
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.

2 Follow to the Judgment-hall,
View the Lord of life arraign'd;
O, the wormwood and the gall!
O, the pangs his soul sustain'd!
Shun not suff'ring, shame, or loss;
Learn of him to bear the cross.

3 Calv'ry's mournful mountain climb:
There, adoring at his feet,
Mark that miracle of time,
God's own sacrifice complete:
"It is finish'd," hear him cry;
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

4 Early hasten to the tomb,
Where they laid his breathless clay;
All is solitude and gloom;
Who hath taken him away?
Christ has ris'n, he seeks the skies;
Savior, teach us so to rise. Montgomery

DOVER. S. M.


The - Lord my shepherd is, I
shall be well supplied: Since he is mine, and
I am his, What can I want be - side?

141. *Christ our Shepherd.* S. M.

1 The Lord my Shepherd is,
I shall be well supplied:
Since he is mine, and I am his,
What can I want beside?

2 He leads me to the place
Where heav'nly pasture grows,
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.

3 If e'er I go astray,
He doth my soul reclaim;
And guides me in his own right way,
For his most holy name.

4 While he affords his aid,
I cannot yield to fear!
Tho' I should walk thro' death's dark shade,
My Shepherd's with me there. Watts.

142. *Adoption.* S. M.

1 Behold what wondrous grace
The Father hath bestow'd
On sinners of a mortal race,
To call them sons of God!

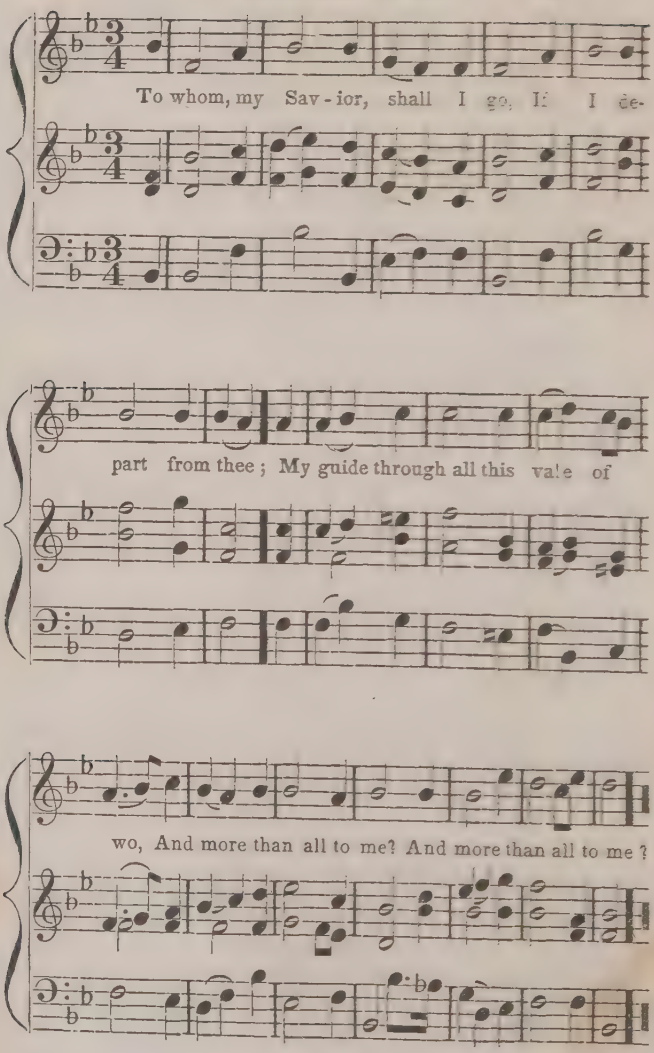
2 Nor doth it yet appear
How great we must be made;
But when we see our Savior here,
We shall be like our head.

3 A hope so much divine
May trials well endure,
May purge our souls from sense and sin,
As Christ the Lord is pure.

4 If in my Father's love
I share a filial part,
Send down thy Spirit like a dove,
To rest upon my heart.

5 We would no longer lie,
Like slaves beneath the throne;
My faith shall *Abba*, *Father*, cry,
And thou the kindred own. Watts.

RETURN. C. M.


To whom, my Sav - ior, shall I go, If I de-
part from thee; My guide through all this vale of
wo, And more than all to me? And more than all to me?

143. *None but Christ.* C. M.

1 To whom, my Savior, shall I go,
If I depart from thee;
My guide through all this vale of wo,
And more than all to me?

2 The world reject thy gentle reign,
And pay thy death with scorn;
Oh, they could plat thy crown again,
And sharpen every thorn.

3 But I have felt thy dying love
Breathe gently through my heart,
To whisper hope of joys above;
And can we ever part?

4 Ah, no! with thee I'll walk below,
My journey to the grave:
To whom, my Savior, shall I go,
When only thou canst save?

144. *Christ my All.* C. M.

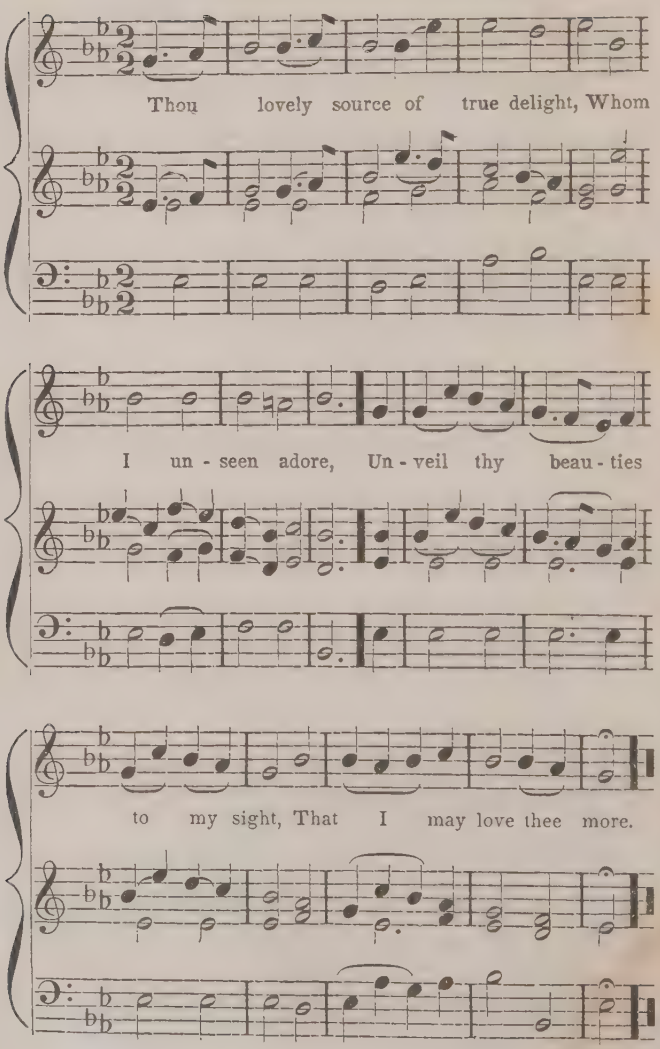
1 The Savior! Oh, what endless charms
Dwell in the blissful sound!
Its influence every fear disarms,
And spreads sweet peace around.

2 Here pardon, life, and joys divine
In rich effusion flow,
For guilty rebels, lost in sin,
And doom'd to endless wo.

3 Oh, the rich depths of love divine,
Of bliss a boundless store!
Dear Savior, let me call thee mine;
I cannot wish for more.

4 On thee alone my hope relies,
Beneath thy cross I fall;
My Lord, my life, my sacrifice,
My Savior, and my all. Steele.

WELLINGBOROUGH. C. M. KING.



145. *Love to Christ Desired.** C. M

1 Thou lovely source of true delight,
Whom I unseen adore,
Unveil thy beauties to my sight,
That I may love thee more.
2 Thy glory o'er creation shines;
But in thy sacred word
I read, in fairer, brighter lines,
My bleeding, dying Lord.
3 'Tis here, whene'er my comforts droop,
And sin and sorrow rise,
Thy love, with cheering beams of hope,
My fainting heart supplies.
4 But ah! too soon the pleasing scene
Is clouded o'er with pain;
My gloomy fears rise dark between,
And I again complain.
5 Jesus, my Lord, my Life, my Light,
O come with blissful ray,
Break radiant through the clouds of night,
And chase my fears away. Steele.

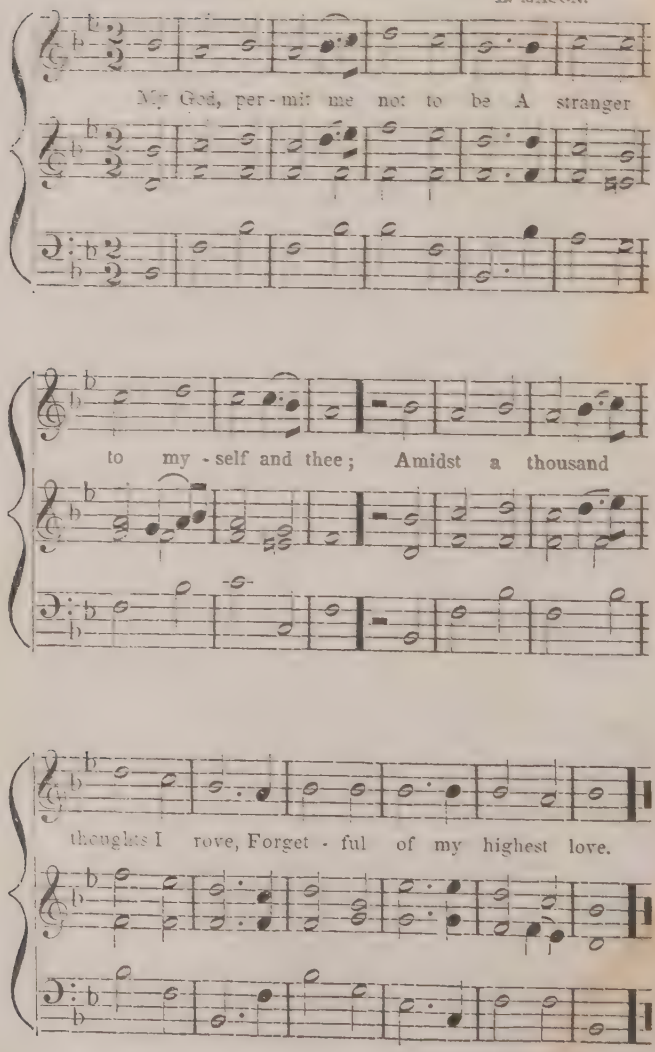
146. *A Refuge from the Storm.* C. M.

1 Dear Refuge of my weary soul,
On thee, when sorrows rise,
On thee, when waves of trouble roll,
My fainting hope relies.
2 To thee I tell each rising grief,
For thou alone canst heal;
Thy word can bring a sweet relief
For every pain I feel.
3 But O! when gloomy doubts prevail,
I fear to call thee mine;
The springs of comfort seem to fail,
And all my hopes decline.
4 Yet, gracious God, where shall I flee?
Thou art my only trust;
And still my soul would cleave to thee,
Though prostrate in the dust. Steele.

* See also ORTONVILLE, CHESTER, and ARMENIA, pages 137, 54, 129.

MEDWAY. L. M.

Arranged by
L. MASON.



147. *Retirement and Meditation.* L. M.

1 My God, permit me not to be
A stranger to myself and thee;
Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove,
Forgetful of my highest love.

2 Why should my passions mix with earth,
And thus debase my heav'nly birth;
Why should I cleave to things below,
And let my God, my Savior, go?

3 Call me away from flesh and sense,
One sovereign word can draw me thence;
I would obey the voice divine,
And all inferior joys resign.

4 Be earth with all her scenes withdrawn;
Let noise and vanity be gone:
In secret silence of the mind,
My heav'n—and there my God I find. Watts.

148. *Christ our Example.* L. M.

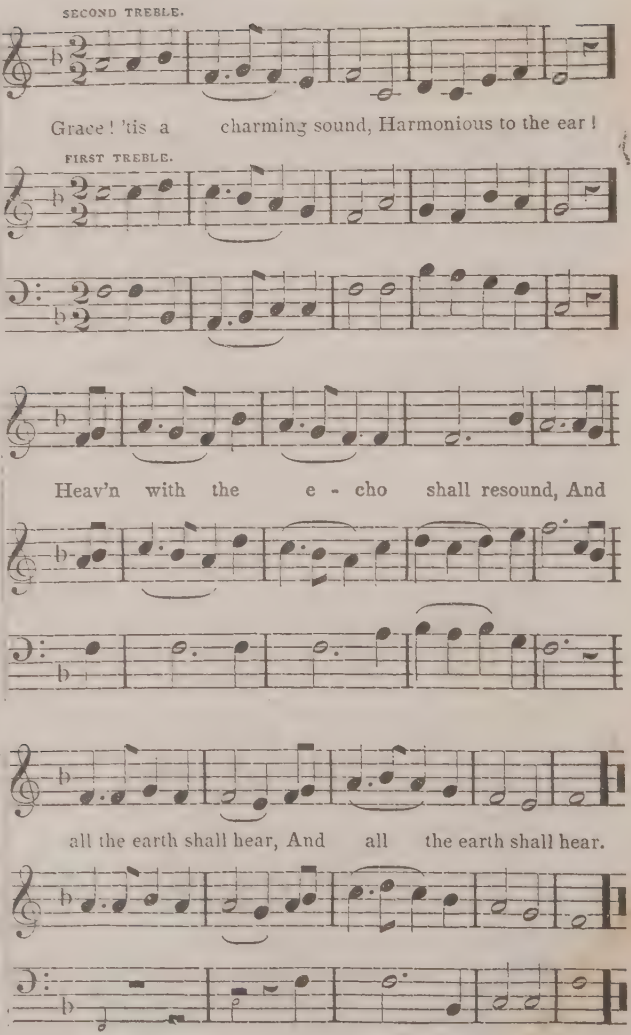
1 My dear Redeemer and my Lord,
I read my duty in thy word;
But in thy life the law appears
Drawn out in living characters.

2 Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,
Such deference to thy Father's will,
Such love, and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe, and make them mine.

3 Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witness'd the fervor of thy prayer;
The desert thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict, and thy victory too.

4 Be thou my pattern: make me bear
More of thy gracious image here:
Then God, the Judge, shall own my name
Among the followers of the Lamb. Watts.

LUTHER. S. M. H.


SECOND TREBLE.
Grace! 'tis a charming sound, Harmonious to the ear!
FIRST TREBLE.
Heav'n with the e - cho shall resound, And
all the earth shall hear, And all the earth shall hear.

149. *Salvation by Grace.* S. M.

1 Grace! 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to the ear!
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

2 Grace first contriv'd the way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace display
Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 Grace led my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet
While pressing on to God.

4 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise. Doddridge.

150. *Christ's Mediation.* S. M

1 Raise your triumphant songs
To an immortal tune;
Let the wide earth resound the deeds
Celestial grace has done.

2 Sing how Eternal Love
Its chief Beloved chose,
And bid him raise our ruin'd race
From their abyss of woes.

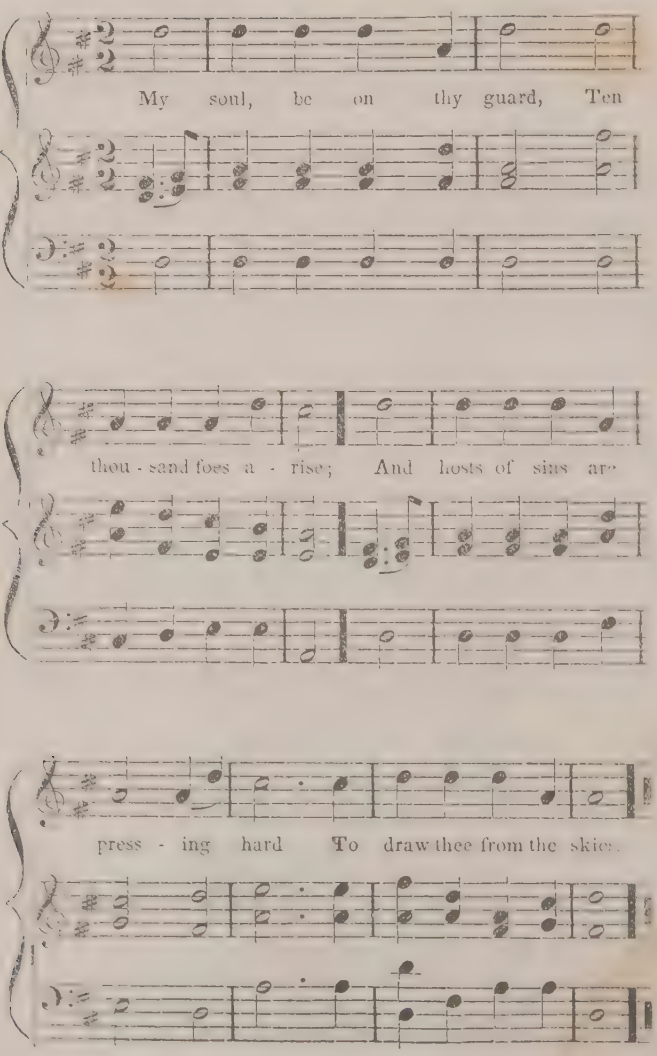
3 His hand no thunder bears,
No terror clothes his brow,
No bolts to drive our guilty souls
To fiercer flames below.

4 'T was mercy fill'd the throne,
And wrath stood silent by,
When Christ was sent with pardons down
To rebels doom'd to die.

5 Now, sinners, dry your tears,
Let hopeless sorrow cease;
Bow to the sceptre of his love,
And take the offer'd peace. Watts.

LABAN. S. M.

L. MASON.



151. *Watch and Pray.* S. M.

1 My soul, be on thy guard,
Ten thousand foes arise;
And hosts of sins are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.

2 Oh, watch, and fight, and pray;
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thy armor down:
Thy arduous work will not be done
Till thou obtain thy crown. Heath.

152. *Song of Moses and the Lamb.* S. M.

1 Awake, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb;
Wake, every heart and every tongue,
To praise the Savior's name.

2 Sing of his dying love,
Sing of his rising power,
Sing how he intercedes above
For those whose sins he bore.

3 Sing till we feel our heart
Ascending with our tongue;
Sing till the love of sin depart,
And grace inspire our song.

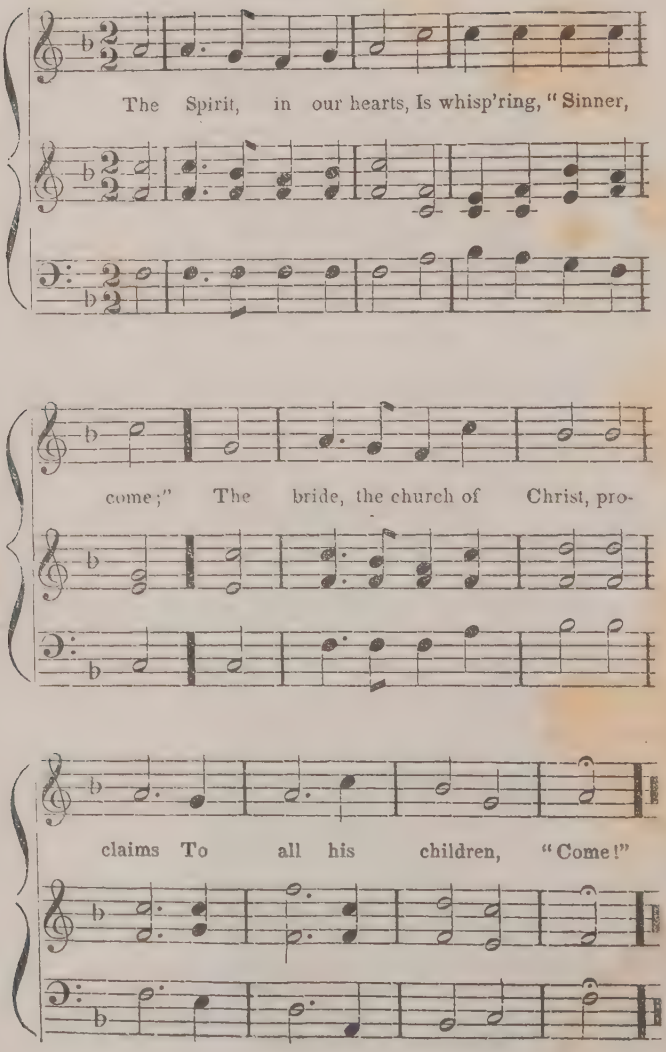
4 Sing on your heavenly way,
Ye ransom'd sinners, sing;
Sing on, rejoicing every day
In Christ, th' eternal King.

5 Soon shall we hear him say,
"Ye blessed children, come;"
Soon will he call us hence away,
And take his wand'rers home.

6 Soon shall our raptured tongue
His endless praise proclaim,
And sweeter voices tune the song
"Of Moses and the Lamb." Hammond.

OLNEY. S. M.

L. MASON.



153. "*Come.*" Rev. 22:17. S. M.

1 The Spirit, in our hearts,
Is whisp'ring, "Sinner, come;"
The bride, the church of Christ, proclaims
To all his children, "Come!"

2 Let him that heareth, say,
To all about him, "Come!"
Let him that thirsts for righteousness,
To Christ, the fountain, come!

3 Yes, whosoever will,
Oh let him freely come,
And freely drink the stream of life;
'Tis Jesus bids him come.

4 Lo! Jesus, who invites,
Declares, I quickly come:
Lord, even so, I wait thy hour;
Jesus, my Savior, come! Epis. Coll.

154. *Seeking God.* S. M.

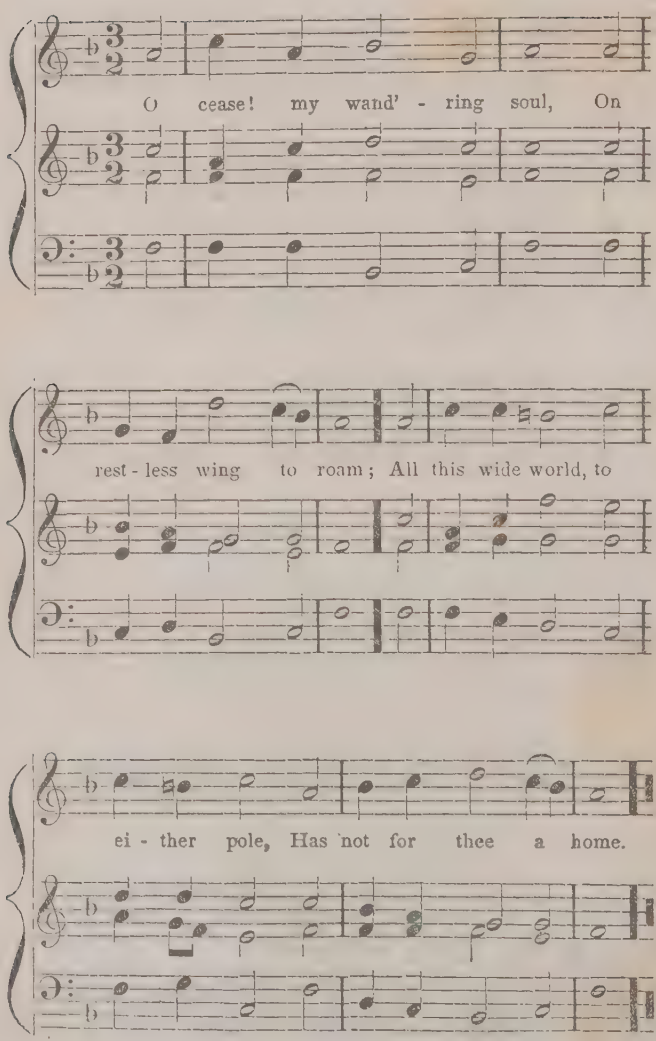
1 My God, permit my tongue
This joy, to call thee mine;
And let my early cries prevail,
To taste thy love divine.

2 For life, without thy love,
No relish can afford;
No joy can be compar'd with this,
To serve and please the Lord.

3 In wakeful hours of night
I call my God to mind;
I think how wise thy counsels are,
And all thy dealings kind.

4 The shadow of thy wings
My soul in safety keeps;
I follow where my Father leads,
And he supports my steps. Watts.

STILLINGFLEET. S. M. SWISS.



155. *Rest in God.* S. M.

1 Oh cease! my wandering soul,
On restless wing to roam;
All this wide world, to either pole,
Has not for thee a home.

2 Behold the ark of God!
Behold the open door;
Oh! haste to gain that dear abode,
And roam, my soul, no more.

3 There, safe thou shalt abide,
There, sweet shall be thy rest,
And every longing satisfied,
With full salvation blest.

4 Then cease! my wandering soul,
On restless wing to roam;
All this wide world, to either pole,
Has not for thee a home. Epis. Col.

156. *Christ Weeping.* S. M.

1 Did Christ o'er sinners weep?
And shall our cheeks be dry?
Let floods of penitential grief
Burst forth from every eye.

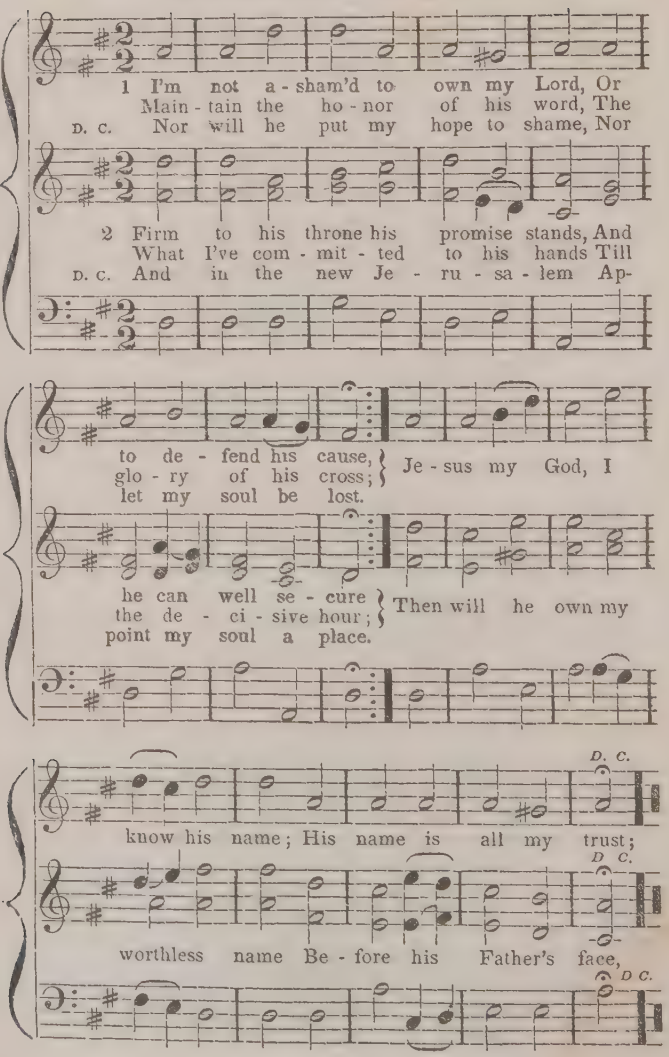
2 The Son of God in tears,
Angels with wonder see!
Be thou astonish'd, O my soul,
He shed those tears for thee.

3 He wept—that we might weep;
Each sin demands a tear:
In heaven alone no sin is found,
And there's no weeping there. Beddome.

Doxology.

Ye angels round the throne,
And saints that dwell below,
Worship the Father, praise the Son,
And bless the Spirit too.

MORAVIAN HYMN. C. M. D. LUTHER.


1 I'm not a - sham'd to own my Lord, Or
Main - tain the ho - nor of his word, The
D. C. Nor will he put my hope to shame, Nor
2 Firm to his throne his promise stands, And
What I've com - mit - ted to his hands Till
D. C. And in the new Je - ru - sa - lem Ap-
to de - fend his cause,
glo - ry of his cross;
let my soul be lost.
Je - sus my God, I
he can well se - cure
the de - ci - sive hour;
point my soul a place.
Then will he own my
know his name; His name is all my trust;
D. C.
worthless name Be - fore his Father's face,
D. C.

158. *Holy Fortitude.* C. M.

1 Am I a soldier of the cross?
A follower of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?

2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease?
While others fought to win the prize,
And sail'd through bloody seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

4 Sure, I must fight, if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

5 The saints, in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer, though they die;
They view the triumph from afar,
With faith's discerning eye. Watts.

159. *The Christian Race.* C. M.

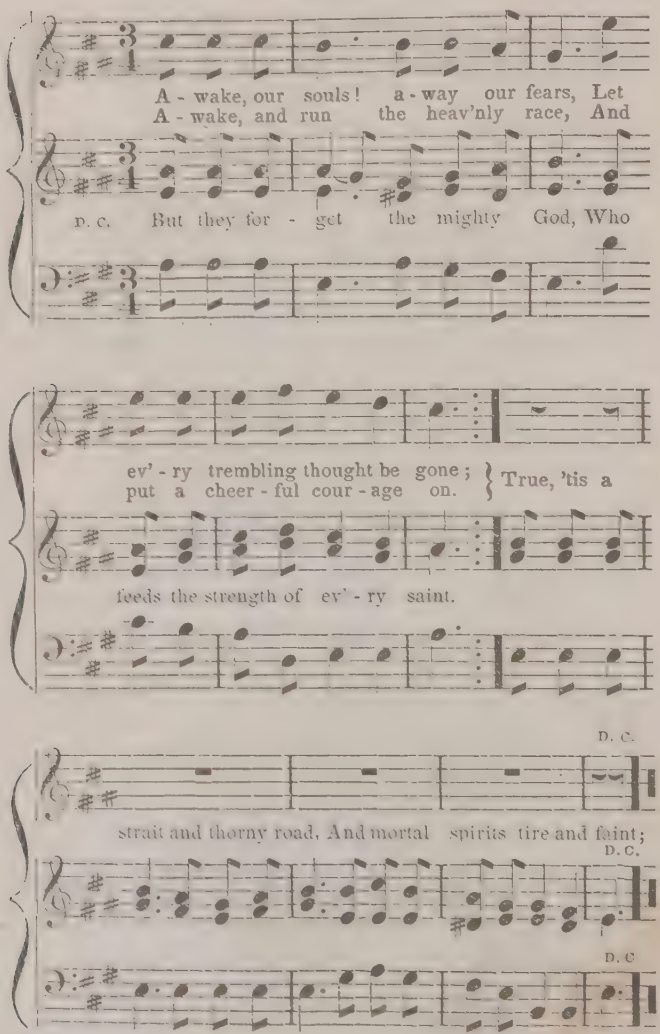
1 Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on;
A heav'nly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey!
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

3 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.

4 Blest Savior, introduced by thee,
Have I my race begun;
And crown'd with vict'ry, at thy feet
I'll lay my honors down. Doddridge.

FRANKE. L. M. Double. GERMAN.


A - wake, our souls! a - way our fears, Let
A - wake, and run the heav'nly race, And
D. C. But they for - get the mighty God, Who
ev' - ry trembling thought be gone;
put a cheer - ful cour - age on.
True, 'tis a
feeds the strength of ev' - ry saint.
D. C.
strait and thorny road, And mortal spirits tire and faint;
D. C.
D. C

160. *The Christian Race.* L. M.

1 Awake, our souls! away our fears,
Let ev'ry trembling thought be gone;
Awake, and run the heav'nly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.

2 True, 'tis a strait and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint;
But they forget the mighty God
Who feeds the strength of ev'ry saint

3 The mighty God, whose matchless pow'r
Is ever new, and ever young;
And firm endures, while endless years
Their everlasting circles run.

4 From thee, the overflowing spring,
Our souls shall drink a full supply;
While such as trust their native strength,
Shall melt away, and droop, and die.

5 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
We'll mount aloft to thine abode;
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amidst the heav'nly road. Watts.

161. *The Christian Warfare.* L. M.

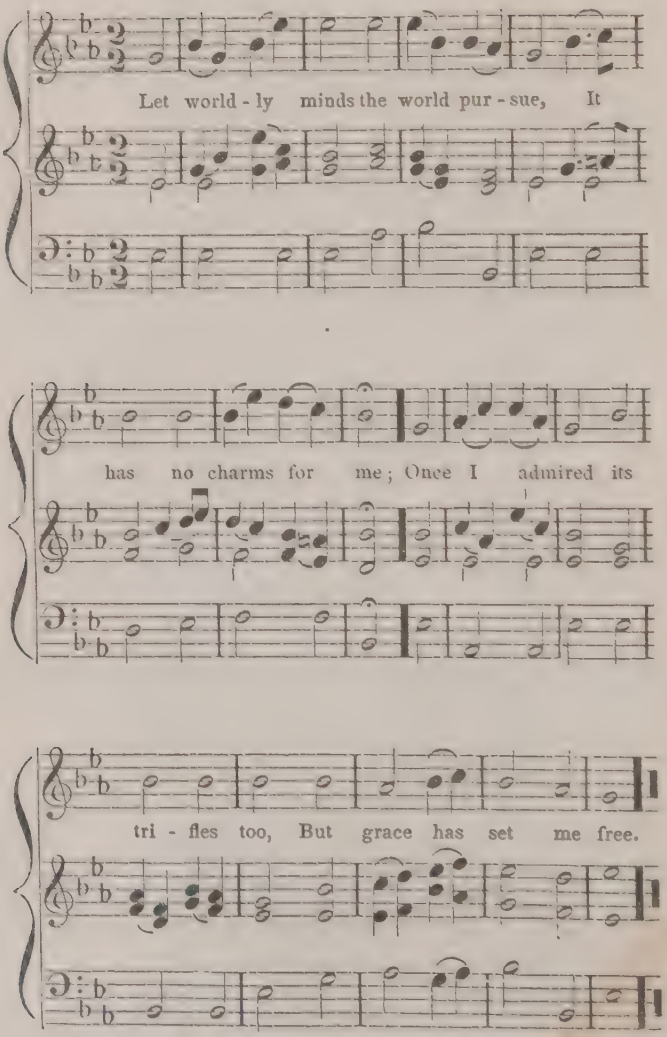
1 Stand up, my soul, shake off thy fears,
And gird the gospel armor on;
March to the gates of endless joy,
Where Jesus thy great Captain's gone

2 Hell and thy sins resist thy course;
But hell and sin are vanquish'd foes:
Thy Jesus nail'd them to the cross,
And sung the triumph—when he rose.

3 Then let my soul march boldly on,
Press forward to the heav'nly gate;
There peace and joy eternal reign,
And glitt'ring robes for conq'rors wait.

4 Then shall I wear a starry crown,
And triumph in almighty grace;
While all the armies of the skies
Join in my glorious Leader's praise. Watts.

WARWICK. C. M. STANLEY.



162. *The World Banished.* C. M.

1 Let worldly minds the world pursue,
It has no charms for me;
Once I admired its trifles too,
But grace has set me free.

2 As by the light of opening day
The stars are all conceal'd;
So earthly pleasures fade away
When Jesus is reveal'd.

3 Creatures no more divide my choice;
I bid them all depart;
His name, and love, and gracious voice,
Have fix'd my roving heart.

4 Now, Lord, I would be thine alone,
And wholly live to thee;
But may I hope that thou wilt own
A worthless worm like me!

5 Yes, though of sinners I'm the worst,
I cannot doubt thy will;
For, if thou hadst not lov'd me first,
I had refused thee still. Newton.

163. *Love.* C. M.

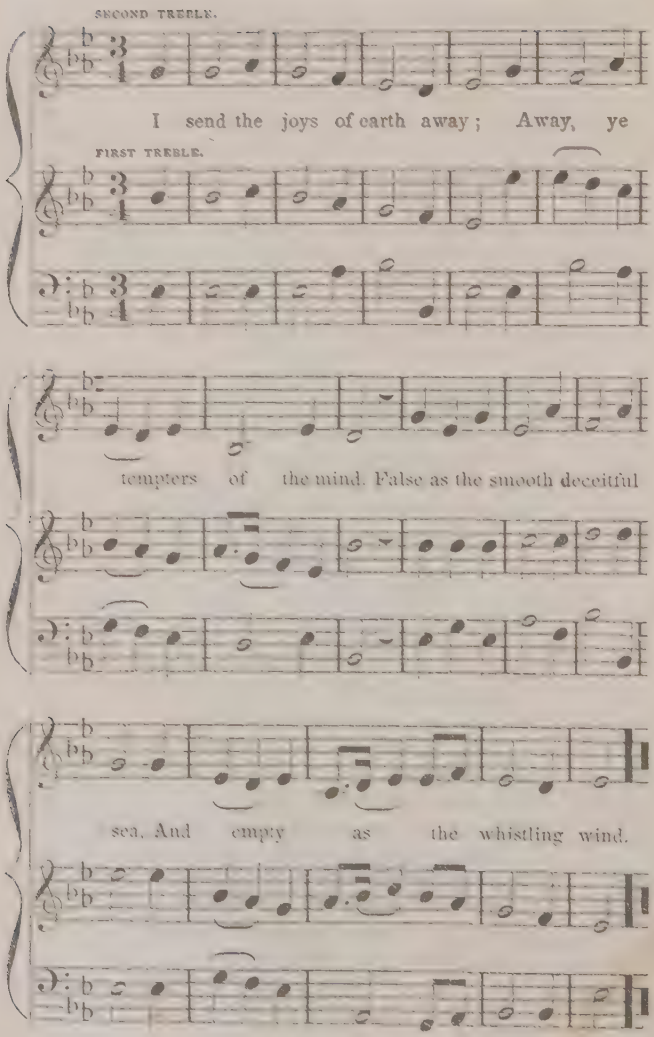
1 Happy the heart where graces reign,
Where love inspires the breast;
Love is the brightest of the train,
And strengthens all the rest.

2 Knowledge, alas! 'tis all in vain,
And all in vain our fear;
Our stubborn sins will fight and reign,
If love be absent there.

3 This is the grace that lives and sings
When faith and hope shall cease;
'Tis this shall strike our joyful strings
In the sweet realms of bliss.

4 Before we quite forsake our clay,
Or leave this dark abode,
The wings of love bear us away
To see our smiling God. Watts.

LUTON. L. M. BURDER.


SECOND TREBLE.
I send the joys of earth away; Away, ye
FIRST TREBLE.
tempters of the mind. False as the smooth deceitful
sea, And empty as the whistling wind.

164. *Parting with earthly Joys.* L. M

1 I send the joys of earth away;
Away, ye tempters of the mind,
False as the smooth deceitful sea,
And empty as the whistling wind.

2 Your streams were floating me along
Down to the gulf of dark despair;
And while I listen'd to your song,
Your streams had e'en convey'd me there

3 Lord, I adore thy matchless grace,
That warn'd me of that dark abyss;
That drew me from those treach'rous seas,
And bade me seek superior bliss.

4 Now to the shining realms above
I stretch my hands and glance my eyes;
O for the pinions of a dove
To bear me to the upper skies!

5 There, from the bosom of my God,
Oceans of endless pleasure roll;
There would I fix my last abode,
And drown the sorrows of my soul. Watts.

165. *Communion with God.* L. M.

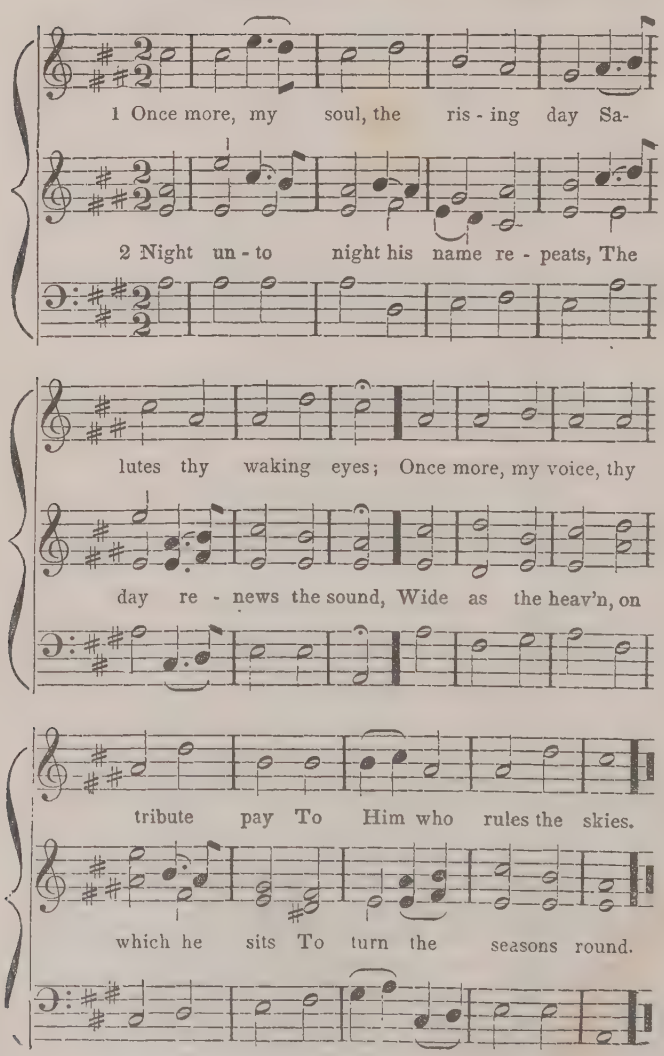
1 O that I could for ever dwell
With Mary at my Savior's feet,
And view the form I love so well,
And all his tender words repeat!

2 The world shut out from all my soul,
And heav'n brought in with all its bliss;
O, is there aught from pole to pole,
One moment to compare with this?

3 This is the hidden life I prize,
A life of penitential love,
When most my follies I despise,
And raise the highest thoughts above.

4 Thus would I live, till nature fail,
And all my former sins forsake;
Then rise to God within the veil,
And of eternal joys partake. Reed.

STEPHENS. C. M. JONES, OF NAYLAND.


1 Once more, my soul, the ris - ing day Sa-
2 Night un - to night his name re - peats, The
lutes thy waking eyes; Once more, my voice, thy
day re - news the sound, Wide as the heav'n, on
tribute pay To Him who rules the skies.
which he sits To turn the seasons round.

166. *Heavenly Joy on Earth.* S. M.

1 Come, we that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known;
Join in a song of sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

2 The sorrows of the mind
Be banish'd from the place;
Religion never was design'd
To make our pleasures less.

3 Let those refuse to sing
That never knew our God;
But children of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.

4 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below;
Celestial fruits, on earthly ground,
From faith and hope may grow.

5 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields
Or walk the golden streets.

6 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching thro' Emmanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high. Watts.

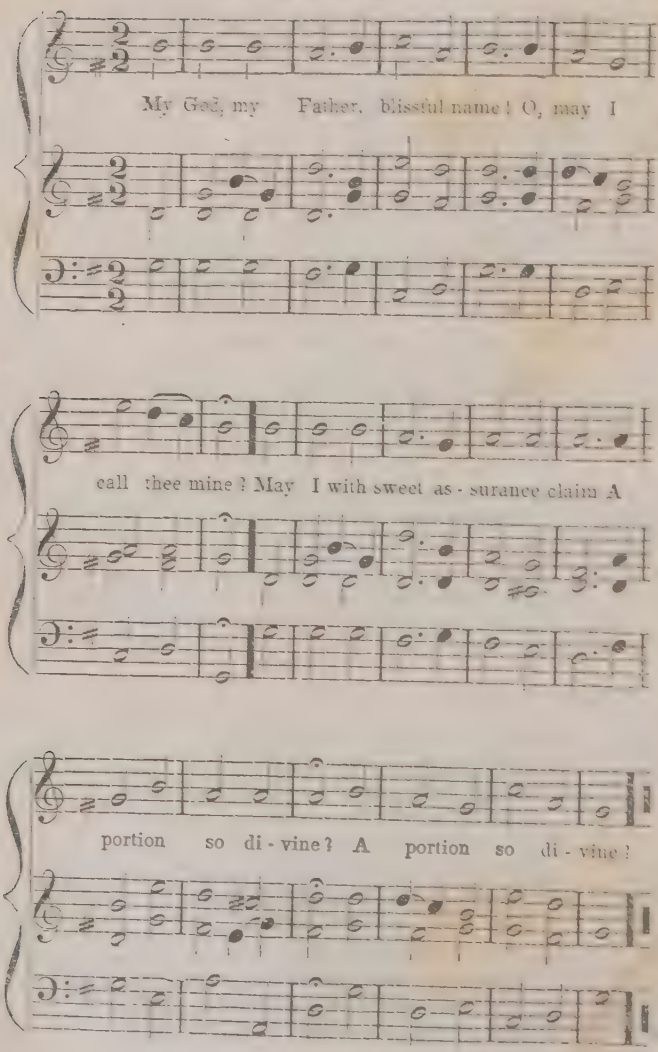
167. *Bless the Lord, O my Soul.* S. M.

1 O bless the Lord, my soul;
Let all within me join,
And aid my tongue to bless his name,
Whose favors are divine.

2 O bless the Lord, my soul,
Nor let his mercies lie
Forgotten in unthankfulness
And without praises die.

3 He crowns thy life with love,
When ransomed from the grave;
He that redeemed my soul from hell
Hath sovereign power to save. Watts.

BRIGHTON. C. M. SACRED LYRE.


My God, my Father, blissful name! O, may I
call thee mine? May I with sweet as - surance claim A
portion so di - vine? A portion so di - vine!

168. *Adoption.* C. M.

1 My God, my Father, blissful name!
O, may I call thee mine?
May I with sweet assurance claim
A portion so divine?

2 This only can my fears control,
And bid my sorrows fly:
What harm can ever reach my soul
Beneath my Father's eye?

3 Whate'er thy Providence denies,
I cheerfully resign;
Lord, thou art good, and just, and wise,
I yield my will to thine.

4 Whate'er thy sacred will ordains,
Still give me strength to bear:
Let me but know my Father reigns,
I'll trust his tender care. Steele.

169. *Breathing after Heaven.* C. M.

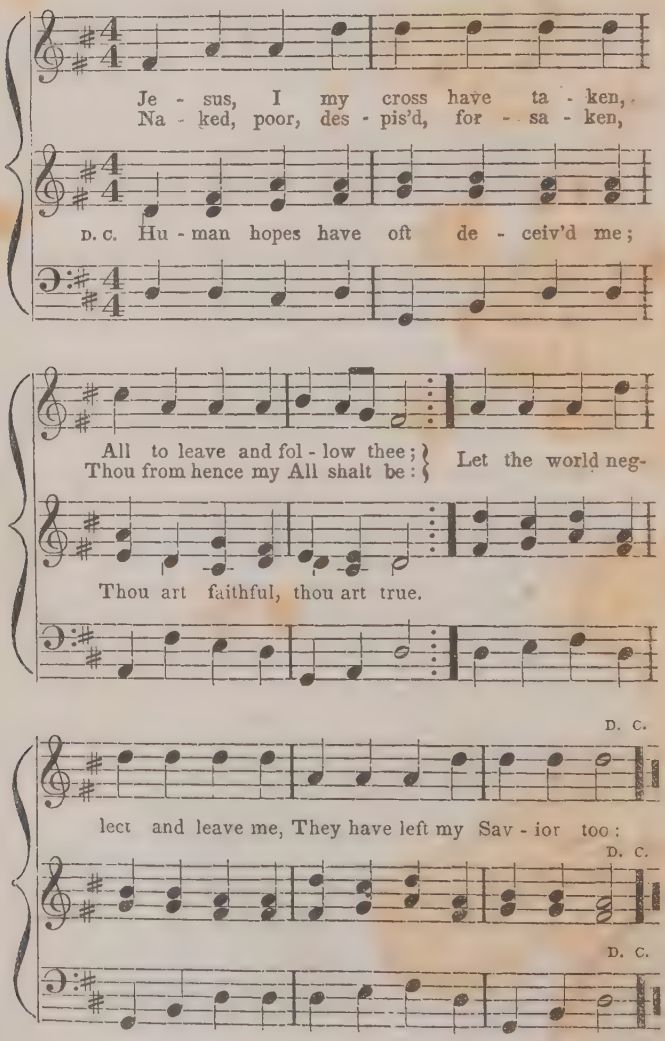
1 Return, O God of Love, return,
Earth is a tiresome place;
How long shall we, thy children, mourn
Our absence from thy face?

2 Let heav'n succeed our painful years,
Let sin and sorrow cease;
And in proportion to our tears,
So make our joys increase.

3 Thy wonders to thy servants show,
Make thine own work complete;
Then shall our souls thy glory know,
And own thy love was great.

4 Then shall we shine before thy throne
In all thy beauty, Lord;
And the poor service we have done
Meet a divine reward. Watts.

RIPLEY. 8 & 7. Double. Arranged from a Gregorian Chant; by L. MASON.


Je - sus, I my cross have ta - ken,
Na - ked, poor, des - pis'd, for - sa - ken,
D. C. Hu - man hopes have oft de - ceiv'd me;
All to leave and fol - low thee;
Thou from hence my All shalt be:
Let the world neg-
Thou art faithful, thou art true.
D. C.
lect and leave me, They have left my Sav - ior too:
D. C.
D. C.

170. *Taking up the Cross.* 8 & 7

1 Jesus, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow thee;
Naked, poor, despis'd, forsaken,
Thou from hence my All shalt be:
Let the world neglect and leave me;
They have left my Savior too:
Human hopes have oft deceiv'd me;
Thou art faithful, thou art true.

2 Perish, earthly fame and treasure,
Come disaster, scorn, and pain;
In thy service, pain is pleasure;
With thy favor, loss is gain:
Oh! 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While thy bleeding love I see;
Oh! 'tis not in joy to charm me,
When that love is hid from me. Gems.

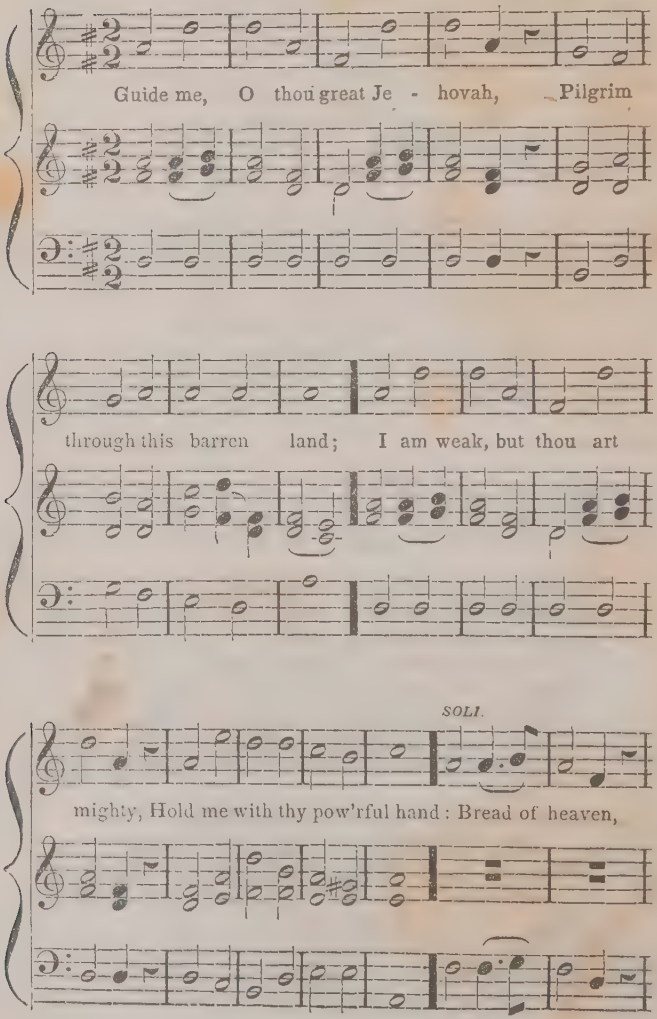
171. *Assurance.* 8 & 7.

1 Know, my soul, thy full salvation,
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
Joy to find in every station
Something still to do or bear:
Think what Spirit dwells within thee;
Think what Father's smiles are thine;
Think what Jesus did to win thee:
Child of heav'n! canst thou repine?

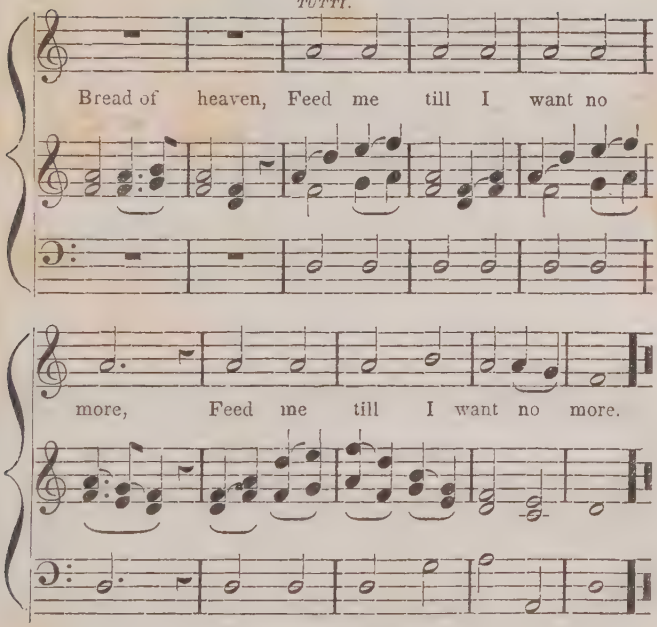
2 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Arm'd by faith and wing'd by prayer;
Heav'n's eternal day's before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there:
Soon shall close thy earthly mission:
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days;
Hope shall change to glad fruition;
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise. Gems

OLIPHANT. 8, 7, & 4.

Arranged from the German by L. MASON.


Guide me, O thou great Je - hovah, Pilgrim
through this barren land; I am weak, but thou art
SOLI.
mighty, Hold me with thy pow'rful hand: Bread of heaven,

OLIPHANT.—CONTINUED.



172. *The Pilgrim's Guide.** 8, 7, 4.

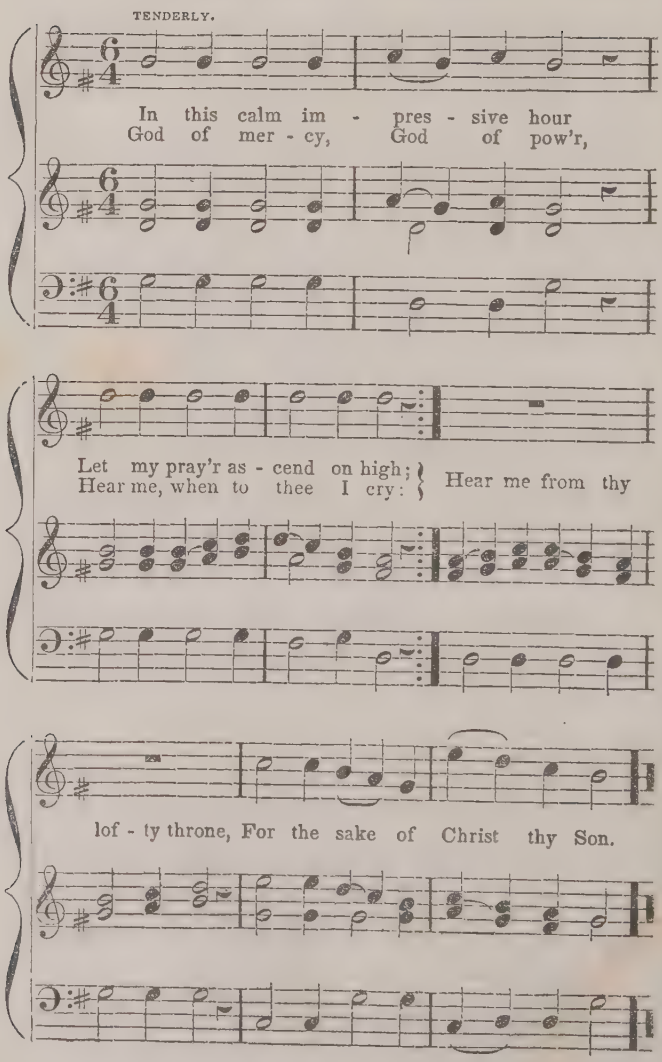
(See verse 1, in the music.)

2 Open, Lord, the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing streams do flow:
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliverer,
Be thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside:
Death of death, and hell's Destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee. Robinson.

*See also MYTELENE and ZION, pp. 90, 252.

HALLE. 7's. 6 Lines. GERMAN.


TENDERLY.
In this calm im - pres - sive hour
God of mer - cy, God of pow'r,
Let my pray'r as - cend on high;
Hear me, when to thee I cry:
Hear me from thy
lof - ty throne, For the sake of Christ thy Son.

PRIVATE DEVOTION.

173. *The Mercy-Seat.* L. M.

1 From every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat,
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.

2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads;
A place of all on earth most sweet,
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

3 There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend:
Though sunder'd far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

174. *Private Devotion.* L. M.

1 Return, my roving heart, return,
And chase these shadowy forms no more,
Seek out some solitude to mourn,
And thy forsaken God implore.

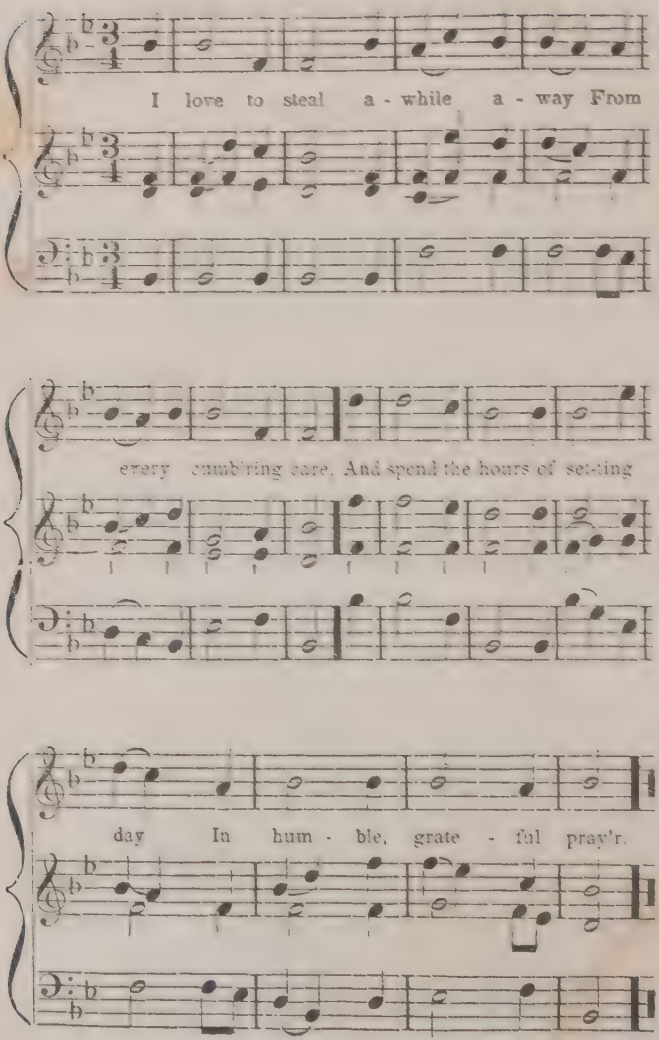
2 O thou great God, whose piercing eye
Distinctly marks each deep recess,
In these sequester'd hours draw nigh,
And with thy presence fill the place.

3 Through all the windings of my heart,
My search let heavenly wisdom guide,
And still its radiant beams impart,
Till all be search'd and purified.

4 Then, with the visits of thy love,
Vouchsafe my inmost soul to cheer;
Till every grace shall join to prove
That God has fixed his dwelling there.

Doddridge.

MONSON. C. M. BROWN.



175. *Evening Twilight.* C. M.

1 I love to steal awhile away
From every cumb'ring care,
And spend the hours of setting day
In humble, grateful pray'r.

2 I love in solitude to shed
The penitential tear;
And all His promises to plead,
Where none but God can hear.

3 I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore,
And all my cares and sorrows cast
On him whom I adore.

4 I love, by faith, to take a view
Of brighter scenes in heaven;
The prospect doth my strength renew,
While here by tempests driven.

5 Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day. Brown.

176. *Rejoicing in God.* C. M.

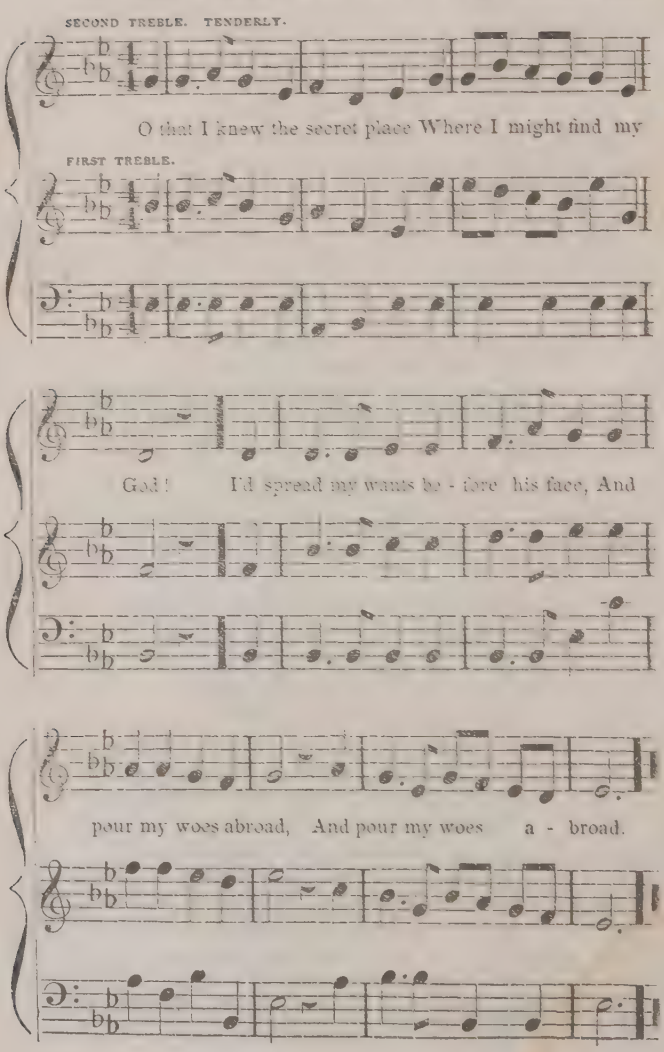
1 O Lord! I would delight in thee,
And on thy care depend;
To thee in ev'ry trouble flee,
My best, my only Friend.

2 No good in creatures can be found,
But may be found in thee:
I must have all things, and abound,
While God is God to me.

3 He that has made my heav'n secure,
Will here all good provide:
While Christ is rich, can I be poor?
What can I want beside?

4 O Lord! I cast my care on thee,
I triumph and adore:
Henceforth my great concern shall be
To love and please thee more. Dr. Ryland.

INTERCESSION. C. M. MOTHER'S MAG.


SECOND TREBLE. TENDERLY.
O that I knew the secret place Where I might find my
FIRST TREBLE.
God! I'd spread my wants be - fore his face, And
pour my woes abroad, And pour my woes a - broad.

177. *Communion with God.* C. M.

1 O that I knew the secret place
Where I might find my God!
I'd spread my wants before his face,
And pour my woes abroad.

2 I'd tell him how my sins arise,
What sorrows I sustain;
How grace decays, and comfort dies,
And leaves my heart in pain.

3 He knows what arguments I'd take
To wrestle with my God;
I'd plead for his own mercy's sake,
And for my Savior's blood. Watts' Ser.

178. *Devotion.* C. M.

1 While thee I seek, Protecting Power!
Be my vain wishes still'd;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be fill'd.

2 Thy love the power of thought bestow'd,
To thee my thoughts would soar;
Thy mercy o'er my life has flow'd,
That mercy I adore.

3 In each event of life how clear
Thy ruling hand I see!
Each blessing to my soul most dear,
Because conferr'd by thee.

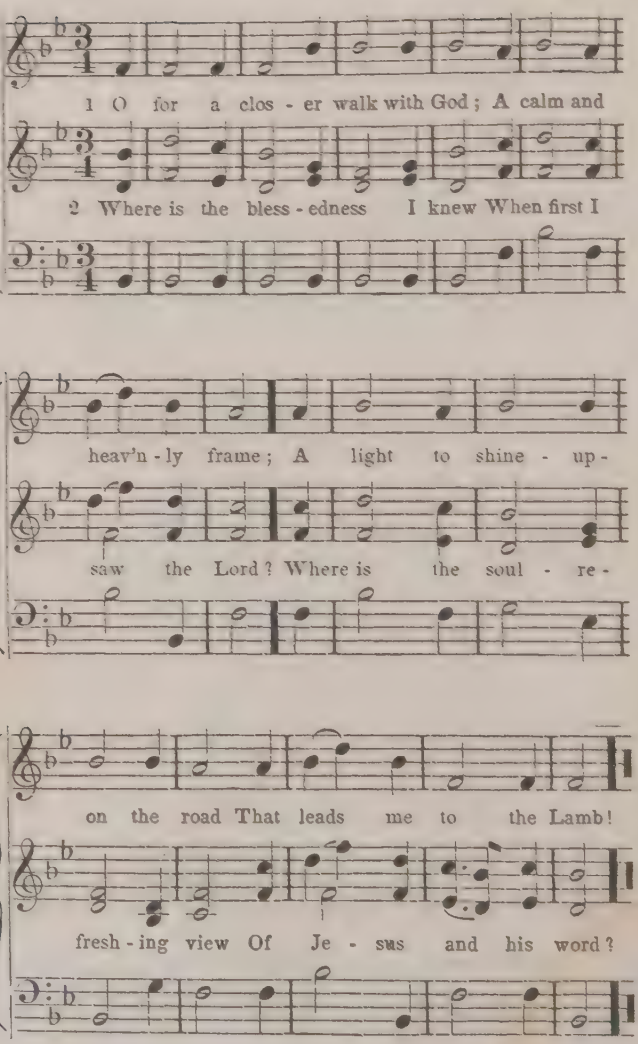
4 In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

5 When gladness wings my favor'd hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
Resign'd, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet thy will.

6 My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gathering storm shall see;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear;
That heart will rest on thee. Williams

BALERMA. C. M.

BOST. ACAD. COL. by permission.


1 O for a clos - er walk with God; A calm and
2 Where is the bless - edness I knew When first I
heav'n - ly frame; A light to shine - up -
saw the Lord? Where is the soul - re -
on the road That leads me to the Lamb!
fresh - ing view Of Je - sus and his word?

179. *Walking with God.* C. M.*

(See verses 1, 2, in the music.)

3 What peaceful hours I once enjoy'd!
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest;
I hate the sins that made thee mourn
And drove thee from my breast.

5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb. Cowper.

180. *Watchfulness and Prayer.* C. M.

1 Alas! what hourly dangers rise!
What snares beset my way!
To heaven O let me lift my eyes
And hourly watch and pray.

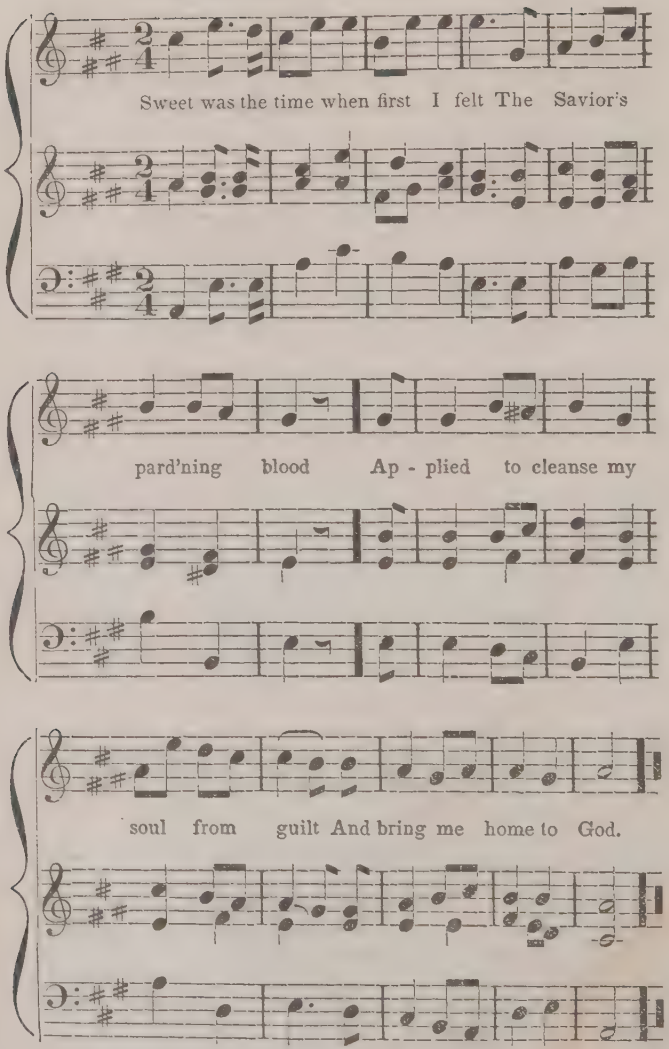
2 O gracious God, in whom I live,
My feeble efforts aid;
Help me to watch, and pray, and strive,
Though trembling and afraid.

3 Increase my faith, increase my hope,
When foes and fears prevail;
And bear my fainting spirit up,
Or soon my strength will fail.

4 O keep me in thy heavenly way,
And bid the tempter flee:
And let me never, never stray
From happiness and thee. Steele.

* See also LAIGHT-STREET, page 5.

DEDHAM. C. M. ENGLISH.


Sweet was the time when first I felt The Savior's
pard'ning blood Ap - plied to cleanse my
soul from guilt And bring me home to God.

181. *O that I were as in months past.* C. M.

1 Sweet was the time when first I felt
The Savior's pard'ning blood,
Applied to cleanse my soul from guilt
And bring me home to God.

2 Soon as the morn the light reveal'd,
His praises tun'd my tongue;
And when the evening shades prevail'd,
His love was all my song.

3 In prayer my soul drew near the Lord,
And saw his glory shine;
And when I read his holy word,
I call'd each promise mine.

4 But now, when evening shade prevails,
My soul in darkness mourns;
And when the morn the light reveals,
No light to me returns.

5 My prayers are now an empty noise;
For Jesus hides his face:
I read—the promise meets my eyes,
But will not reach my case.

6 Rise, Lord, now help me to prevail,
And make my soul thy care;
I know thy mercy cannot fail—
Let me that mercy share. Newton.

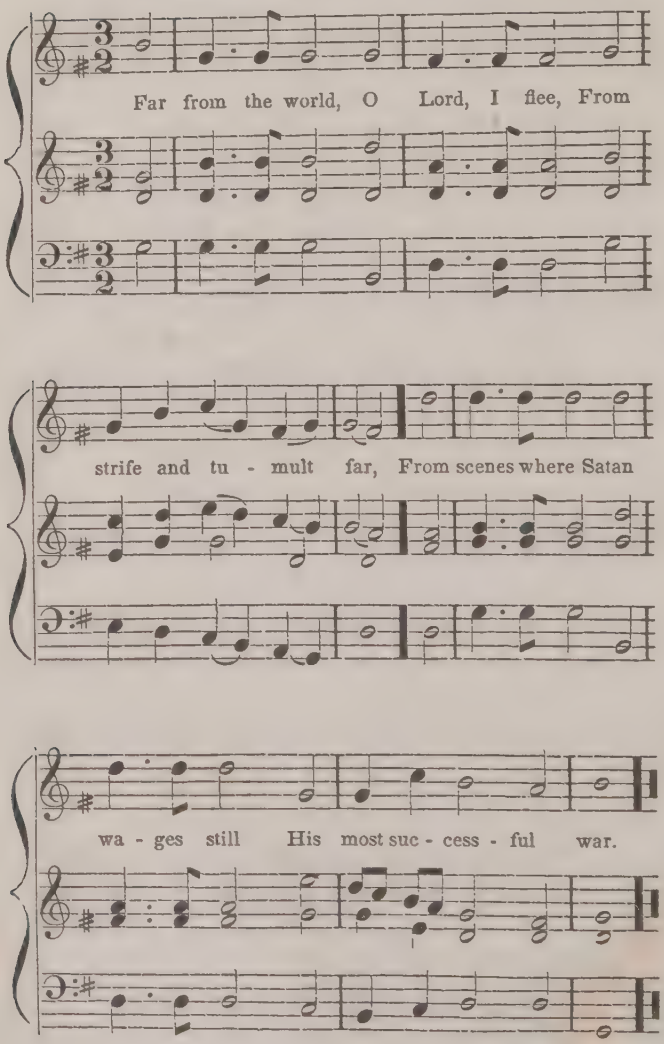
182. *Bearing the Cross.* C. M.

1 Didst thou, dear Jesus, suffer shame
And bear the cross for me?
And shall I fear to own thy name,
Or thy disciple be?

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should dread
To suffer shame or loss;
Oh let me in thy footsteps tread,
And glory in thy cross.

3 Inspire my soul with life divine,
And holy courage bold;
Let knowledge, faith, and meekness shine,
Nor love nor zeal grow cold. Kirkham.

WOODSTOCK. C. M. D. DUTTON, JUN.



183. *Secret Devotion.* C. M.

1 Far from the world, O Lord, I flee,
From strife and tumult far,
From scenes where Satan wages still
His most successful war.

2 The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree;
And seem by thy sweet bounty made
For those who follow thee.

3 There, if thy Spirit touch the soul
And grace her mean abode,
Oh! with what peace, and joy, and love
She communes with her God!

4 There like the nightingale she pours
Her solitary lays;
Nor asks a witness of her song,
Nor thirsts for human praise.

5 Author and guardian of my life,
Sweet Source of light divine!
And—all harmonious names in one—
My Savior—thou art mine. Cowper.

184. *Refuge in God.* C. M.

1 Dear Father, to thy mercy-seat
My soul for shelter flies:
'Tis here I find a safe retreat
When storms and tempests rise.

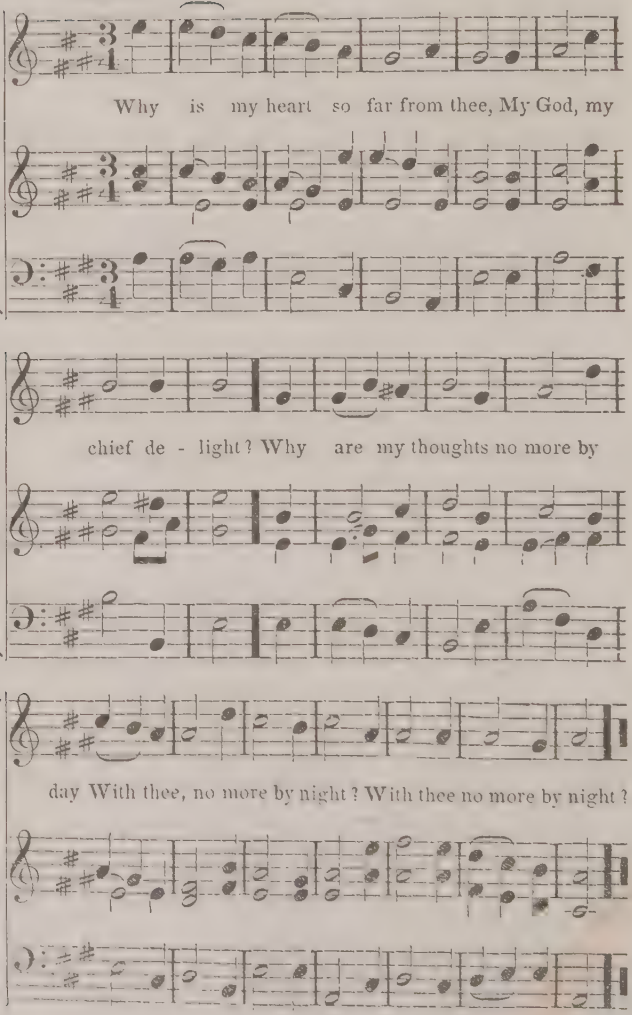
2 My cheerful hope can never die,
If thou, my God, art near;
Thy grace can raise my comforts high,
And banish every fear.

3 My great Protector and my Lord,
Thy constant aid impart;
Oh! let thy kind, thy gracious word
Sustain my trembling heart.

4 Oh! never let my soul remove
From this divine retreat;
Still let me trust thy power and love,
And dwell beneath thy feet. Steele.

ALBERT. C. M. THEME BY CROFT.

TENDERLY.


Why is my heart so far from thee, My God, my
chief de - light? Why are my thoughts no more by
day With thee, no more by night? With thee no more by night?

185. *Backslidings and Returns.* C. M.

(See verse 1, in the music.)

2 Why should my foolish passions rove?
Where can such sweetness be,
As I have tasted in thy love,
As I have found in thee?

3 When my forgetful soul renews
The savor of thy grace,
My heart presumes I cannot lose
The relish all my days.

4 But ere one fleeting hour is past,
The flatt'ring world employs
Some sensual bait to seize my taste,
And to pollute my joys.

5 Trifles of nature or of art,
With fair deceitful charms,
Intrude into my thoughtless heart,
And thrust me from thy arms.

6 Then I repent, and vex my soul
That I should leave thee so:
Where will those wild affections roll
That let a Savior go? Watts.

186. *The Lost Found.* C. M.

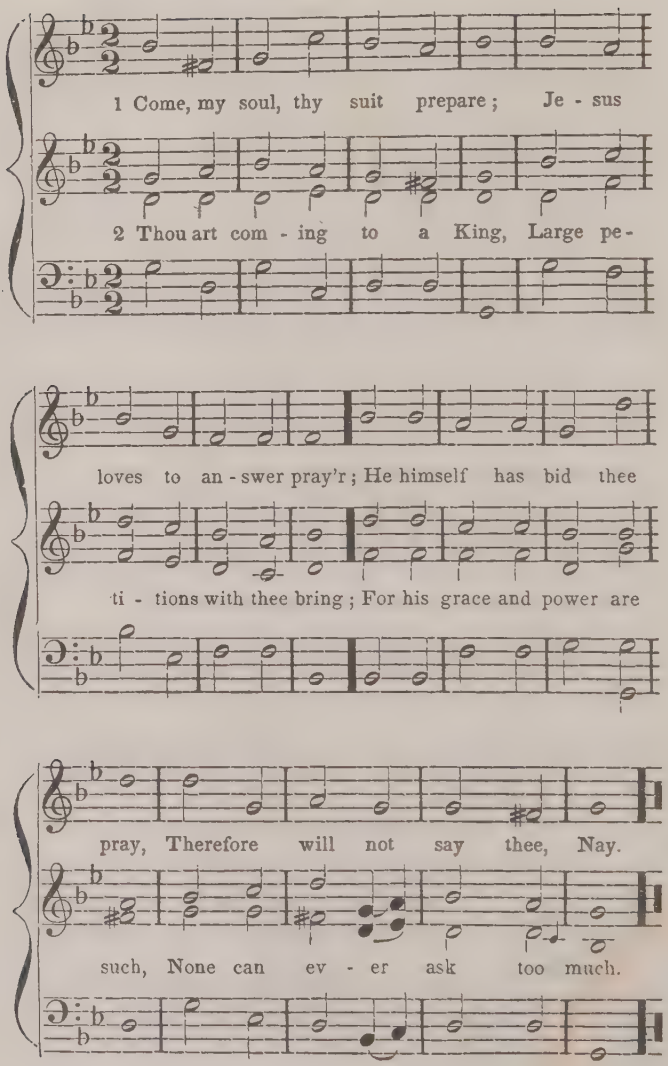
1 Oh how divine, how sweet the joy,
When but one sinner turns,
And, with a humble, broken heart,
His sins and errors mourns!

2 Pleas'd with the news, the saints below
In songs their tongues employ;
Beyond the skies the tidings go,
And heav'n is fill'd with joy.

3 Well pleas'd the Father sees and hears
The conscious sinner's moan;
Jesus receives him in his arms,
And claims him for his own.

4 Nor angels can their joys contain,
But kindle with new fire:
"The sinner lost, is found," they sing,
And strike the sounding lyre. Needham.

NORWICH. 7's.


1 Come, my soul, thy suit prepare; Je - sus
2 Thou art com - ing to a King, Large pe-
loves to an - swer pray'r; He himself has bid thee
ti - tions with thee bring; For his grace and power are
pray, Therefore will not say thee, Nay.
such, None can ev - er ask too much.

FAMILY DEVOTION.

187. *Preparation of the Heart.* 7's.

(See verses 1, 2, in the music.)

3 With my burden I begin—
Lord, remove this load of sin!
Let thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt!

4 Lord, I come to thee for rest;
Take possession of my breast;
There thy blood-bought right maintain,
And, without a rival, reign.

5 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let thy love my spirit cheer;
As my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.

6 Show me what I have to do;
Every hour my strength renew;
Let me live a life of faith,
Let me die thy people's death. Newton.

188. *Blessing Humbly Requested.* 7's.

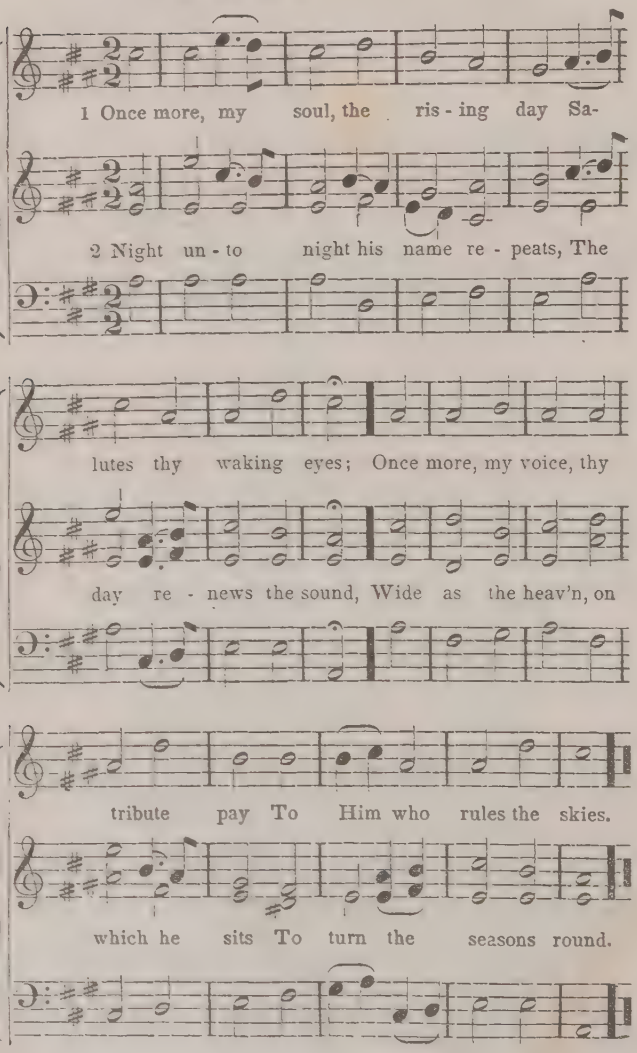
1 Lord, we come before thee now,
At thy feet we humbly bow;
O do not our suit disdain!
Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?

2 Lord, on thee our souls depend;
In compassion, now descend;
Fill our hearts with thy rich grace,
Tune our lips to sing thy praise.

3 In thine own appointed way
Now we seek thee, here we stay;
Lord, we know not how to go
Till a blessing thou bestow.

4 Send some message from thy word
That may joy and peace afford;
Let thy Spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart. Hammond

STEPHENS. C. M. JONES, OF NAYLAND.


1 Once more, my soul, the ris - ing day Sa-
2 Night un - to night his name re - peats, The
lutes thy waking eyes; Once more, my voice, thy
day re - news the sound, Wide as the heav'n, on
tribute pay To Him who rules the skies.
which he sits To turn the seasons round.

189. *A Morning Song.* C. M.

(See verses 1, 2, in the music.)

3 'Tis he supports my mortal frame;
My tongue shall speak his praise;
My sins would rouse his wrath to flame,
And yet his wrath delays.

4 A thousand wretched souls are fled
Since the last setting sun;
And yet thou lengthenest out my thread,
And yet my moments run.

5 Great God, let all my hours be thine,
While I enjoy the light;
Then shall my sun in smiles decline,
And bring a pleasant night. Watts

190. *An Evening Song.* C. M.

1 Dread Sov'reign, let my evening song
Like holy incense rise;
Assist the offerings of my tongue
To reach the lofty skies.

2 Through all the dangers of the day
Thy hand was still my guard;
And still to drive my wants away,
Thy mercy stood prepar'd.

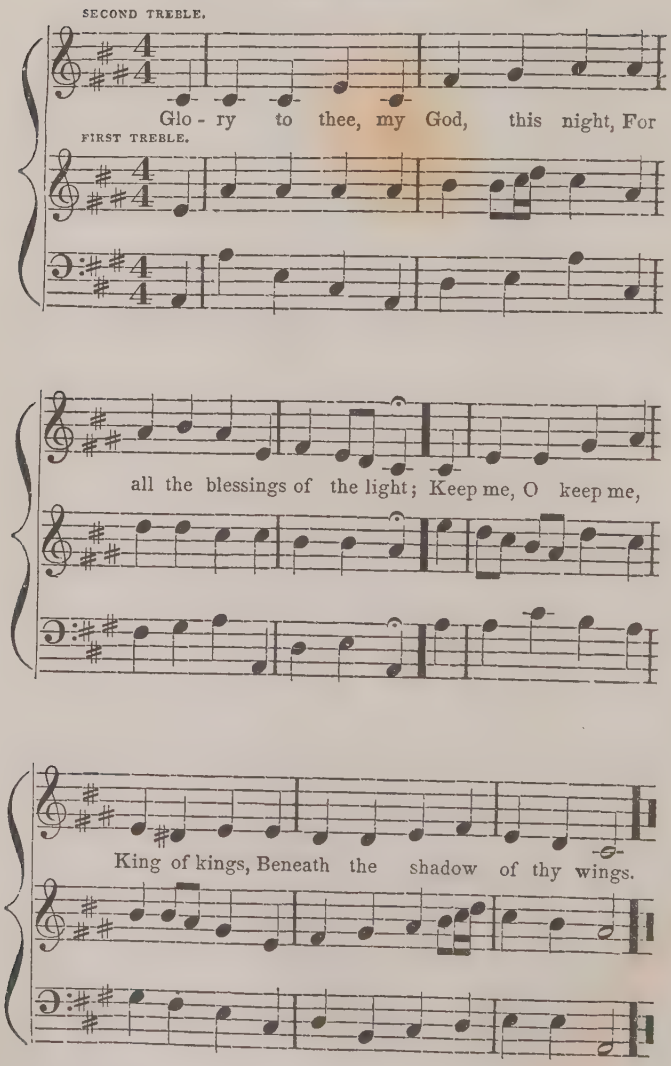
3 Perpetual blessings from above
Encompass me around,
But O how few returns of love
Hath my Creator found!

4 What have I done for Him who died
To save my wretched soul?
How are my follies multiplied
Fast as my minutes roll!

5 Lord, with this guilty heart of mine
To thy dear cross I flee,
And to thy grace my soul resign,
To be renew'd by thee.

6 Sprinkled afresh with pardoning blood,
I lay me down to rest,
As in the embraces of my God,
Or on my Savior's breast. Watts.

TALLIS' HYMN. L. M.


SECOND TREBLE.
Glo - ry to thee, my God, this night, For
FIRST TREBLE.
all the blessings of the light; Keep me, O keep me,
King of kings, Beneath the shadow of thy wings.

191. *An Evening Hymn.* L. M.

1 Glory to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath the shadow of thy wings.

2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed:
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise, glorious, at the awful day.

4 O let my soul on thee repose,
And may sweet sleep my eyelids close,
Sleep that shall me more vig'rous make
To serve my God, when I awake.

5 O when shall I, in endless day,
For ever chase dark sleep away;
And hymns divine with angels sing,
Glory to thee, eternal King! Kenn.

192. *A Morning Hymn.* L. M.

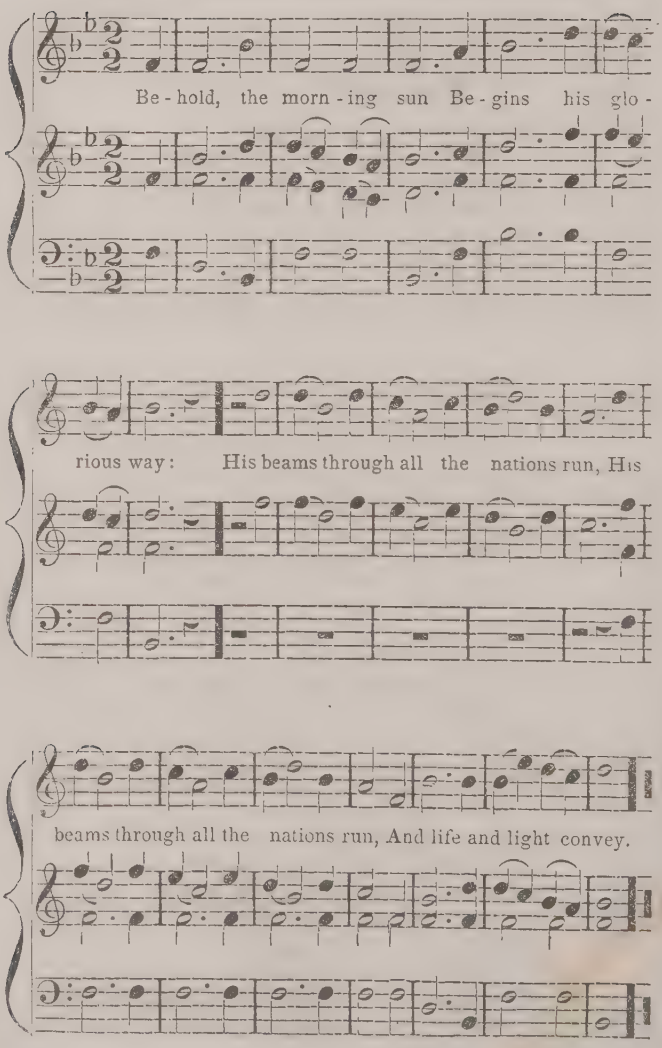
1 Awake, my soul! and with the sun
Thy daily course of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and early rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

2 Glory to thee, who safe hast kept,
And hast refresh'd me while I slept;
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless life partake.

3 Lord, I my vows to thee renew,
Disperse my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with thyself my spirit fill.

4 Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite. Kenn.

DARTMOUTH. S. M.


Be - hold, the morn - ing sun Be - gins his glo -
rious way: His beams through all the nations run, His
beams through all the nations run, And life and light convey.

193. *Christian Watchfulness, &c.* L. M.

1 Lord, let my prayer like incense rise,
And when I lift my hands to thee,
As in the evening sacrifice,
Look down from heav'n well pleas'd on me.

2 Set thou a watch to keep my tongue,
Let not my heart to sin incline;
Save me from men who practice wrong;
Let me not share their mirth and wine.

3 But let the righteous, when I stray,
Smite me in love; his strokes are kind;
His mild reproofs like oil allay
The wounds they make, and heal the mind.

Montgomery.

194. *A Morning Hymn.* L. M.

1 God of the morning, at whose voice
The cheerful sun makes haste to rise,
And like a giant doth rejoice
To run his journey through the skies:

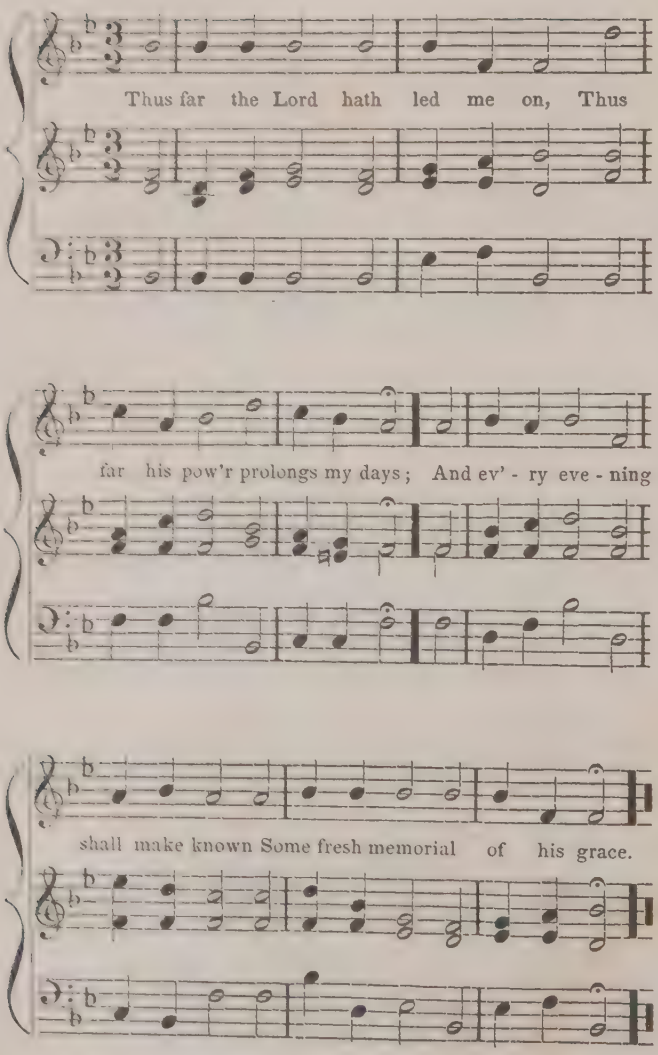
2 From the fair chambers of the east
The circuit of his race begins;
And without weariness or rest,
Round the whole earth he flies and shines.

3 Oh, like the sun, may I fulfil
The appointed duties of the day;
With ready mind and active will
March on and keep my heavenly way.

4 But I shall rove and lose the race,
If God, my sun, should disappear,
And leave me in this world's wild maze
To follow every wandering star.

5 Give me thy counsel for my guide,
And then receive me to thy bliss;
All my desires and hopes beside,
Are faint and cold, compar'd with this. Watts.

HEBRON. L. M. L. MASON.


Thus far the Lord hath led me on, Thus
far his pow'r prolongs my days; And ev' - ry eve - ning
shall make known Some fresh memorial of his grace.

195. *An Evening Song.* L. M.

1 Thus far the Lord hath led me on,
Thus far his pow'r prolongs my days,
And every evening shall make known
Some fresh memorial of his grace.

2 Much of my time has run to waste,
And I perhaps am near my home;
But he forgives my follies past,
He gives me strength for days to come.

3 I lay my body down to sleep;
Peace is the pillow for my head;
While well-appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.

4 Faith in his name forbids my fear;
O may thy presence ne'er depart,
And in the morning make me hear
The love and kindness of thy heart.

5 Thus when the night of death shall come,
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
And wait thy voice to rouse my tomb,
With sweet salvation in the sound. Watts.

196. *An Evening Hymn.* L. M.

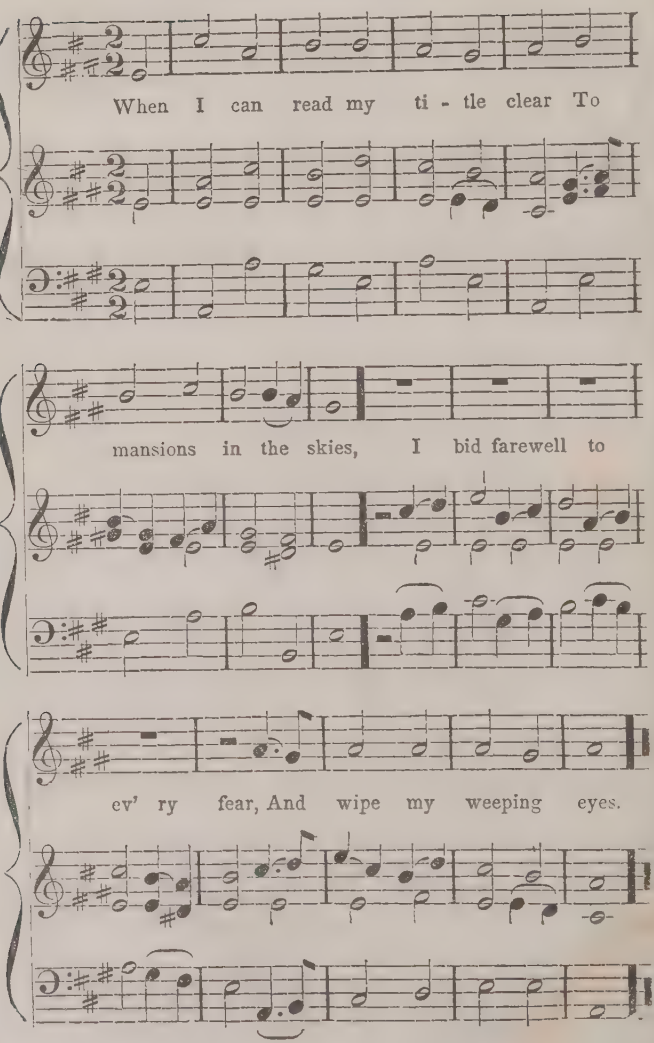
1 Great God, to thee my evening song
With humble gratitude I raise;
O let thy mercy tune my tongue,
And fill my heart with lively praise.

2 My days unclouded as they pass,
And every gently rolling hour,
Are monuments of wond'rous grace,
And witness to thy love and power.

3 And yet this thoughtless, wretched heart,
Too oft regardless of thy love,
Ungrateful, can from thee depart,
And fond of trifles, vainly rove.

4 Seal my forgiveness in the blood
Of Jesus; his dear name alone
I plead for pardon, gracious God,
And kind acceptance at thy throne. Steele.

MEDFIELD. C. M. WM. MATHER.



197. *Morning.* 7's.

1 In this calm impressive hour
Let my prayer ascend on high;
God of mercy, God of pow'r,
Hear me, when to thee I cry—
Hear me from thy lofty throne,
For the sake of Christ thy Son.

2 With this morning's early ray,
While the shades of night depart,
Let thy beams of light convey
Joy and gladness to my heart:
Now o'er all my steps preside,
And for all my wants provide.

3 Oh what joy that word affords,
"Thou shalt reign o'er all the earth;"
King of kings and Lord of lords,
Send thy gospel-heralds forth:
Now begin thy boundless sway,
Usher in the glorious day. S. Songs.

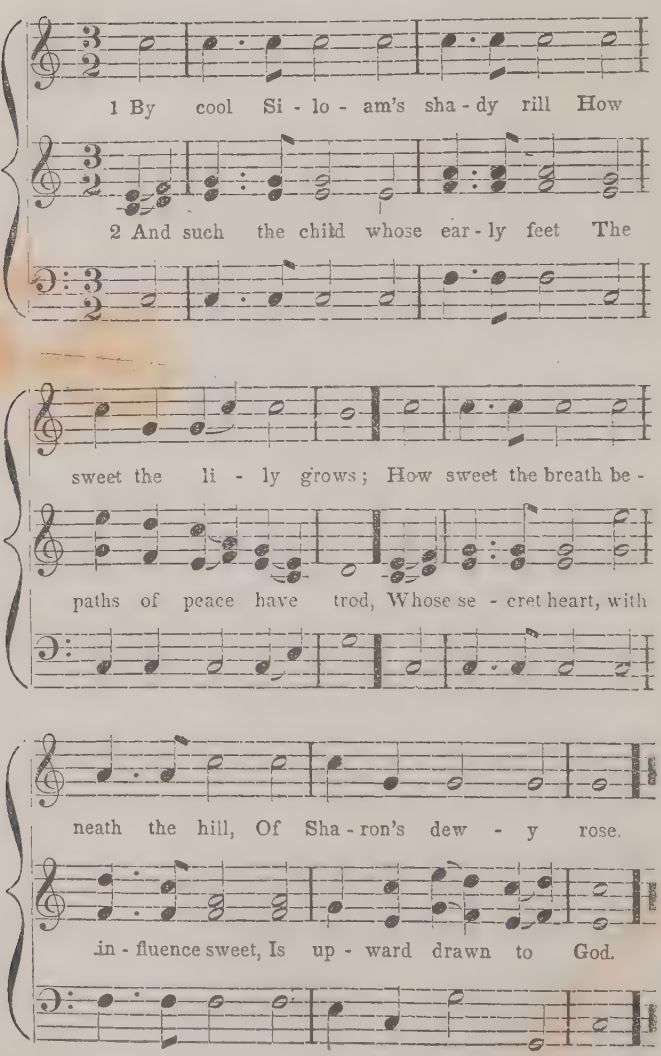
198. *Evening.* 7's.

1 Now from labor and from care
Evening shades have set me free;
In the work of praise and prayer,
Lord, I would converse with thee:
O, behold me from above,
Fill me with a Savior's love.

2 Sin and sorrow, guilt and wo,
Wither all my earthly joys;
Naught can charm me here below
But my Savior's melting voice:
Lord, forgive; thy grace restore;
Make me thine for evermore.

3 For the blessings of this day,
For the mercies of this hour,
For the Gospel's cheering ray,
For the Spirit's quick'ning power;
Grateful notes to thee I raise,
O, accept my song of praise. S. Songs

HEBER. C. M. KINGSLEY. By permission.


1 By cool Si - lo - am's sha - dy rill How
2 And such the child whose ear - ly feet The
sweet the li - ly grows; How sweet the breath be -
paths of peace have trod, Whose se - cret heart, with
neath the hill, Of Sha - ron's dew - y rose.
in - fluence sweet, Is up - ward drawn to God.

199. *Early Piety.* C. M.

(See verses 1, 2, in the music.)

3 By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away.

4 And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age
May shake the soul with sorrow's pow'r,
And stormy passion's rage.

5 O Thou, whose infancy was found
With heavenly rays to shine,
Whose years with changeless virtue crown'd,
Were all alike divine;

6 Dependent on thy bounteous breath,
We seek thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, and in death,
To keep us still thy own. Bishop Heber.

200. *An Evening Song.* C. M.

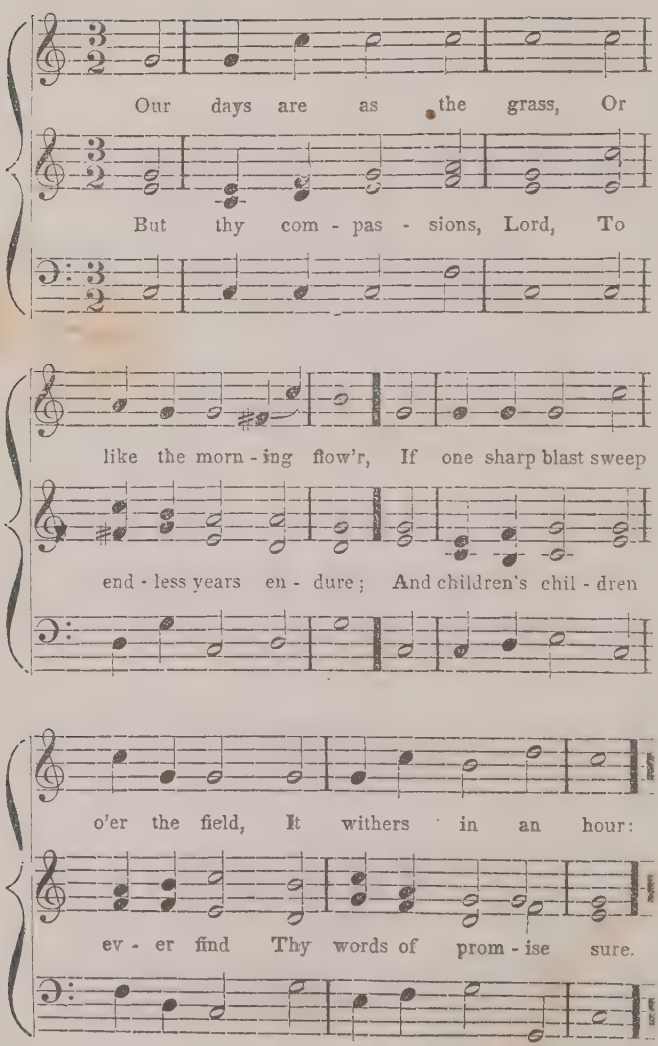
1 Lord, thou wilt hear me when I pray;
I am for ever thine;
I fear before thee all the day,
Nor would I dare to sin.

2 And while I rest my weary head,
From cares and business free,
'Tis sweet conversing on my bed
With my own heart and thee.

3 I pay this evening sacrifice;
And when my work is done,
Great God! my faith and hope relies
Upon thy grace alone.

4 Thus, with my thoughts compos'd to peace,
I'll give mine eyes to sleep:
Thy hand in safety keeps my days,
And will my slumbers keep. Watts.

BOYLSTON. S. M. L. MASON.


Our days are as the grass, Or
But thy com - pas - sions, Lord, To
like the morn - ing flow'r, If one sharp blast sweep
end - less years en - dure; And children's chil - dren
o'er the field, It withers in an hour:
ev - er find Thy words of prom - ise sure.

201. *On Going to Rest.* S. M.

1 The day is past and gone,
The evening shades appear;
Oh, may we all remember well
The night of death draws near.

2 We lay our garments by,
Upon our beds to rest;
So death will soon disrobe us all
Of what is here possess'd.

3 Lord, keep us safe this night,
Secure from all our fears;
May angels guard us while we sleep,
Till morning light appears.

4 And when we early rise,
And view the unwearied sun,
May we set out to win the prize,
And after glory run.

5 And when our days are past,
And we from time remove,
O may we in thy bosom rest,
The bosom of thy love.

202. *Affliction Blessed.* S. M.

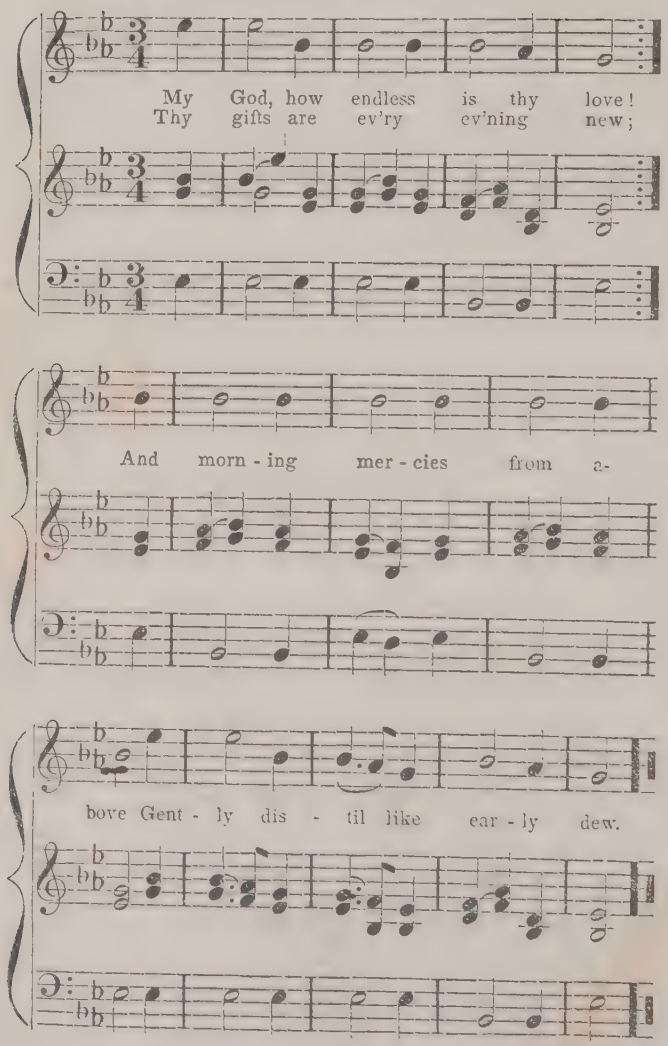
1 How tender is thy hand,
O thou beloved Lord!
Afflictions come at thy command,
And leave us at thy word.

2 How gentle was the rod
That chasten'd us for sin!
How soon we found a smiling God
Where deep distress had been!

3 A Father's hand we felt,
A Father's heart we knew;
Mid tears of penitence we knelt,
And found his word was true.

4 Now we will bless the Lord,
And in his strength confide;
For ever be his name ador'd,
For there is none beside. Mother's H. Book.

GRATITUDE. L. M. BOST.



203. *Song for Morning or Evening.* L. M.

1 My God, how endless is thy love!
Thy gifts are ev'ry evening new;
And morning mercies from above
Gently distil like early dew.

2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours;
Thy sovereign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers.

3 I yield my powers to thy command;
To thee I consecrate my days;
Perpetual blessings from thy hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise. Watts.

204. *Delight in Worship.* L. M.

1 Great God, indulge my humble claim,
Thou art my hope, my joy, my rest;
The glories that compose thy name
Stand all engaged to make me blest.

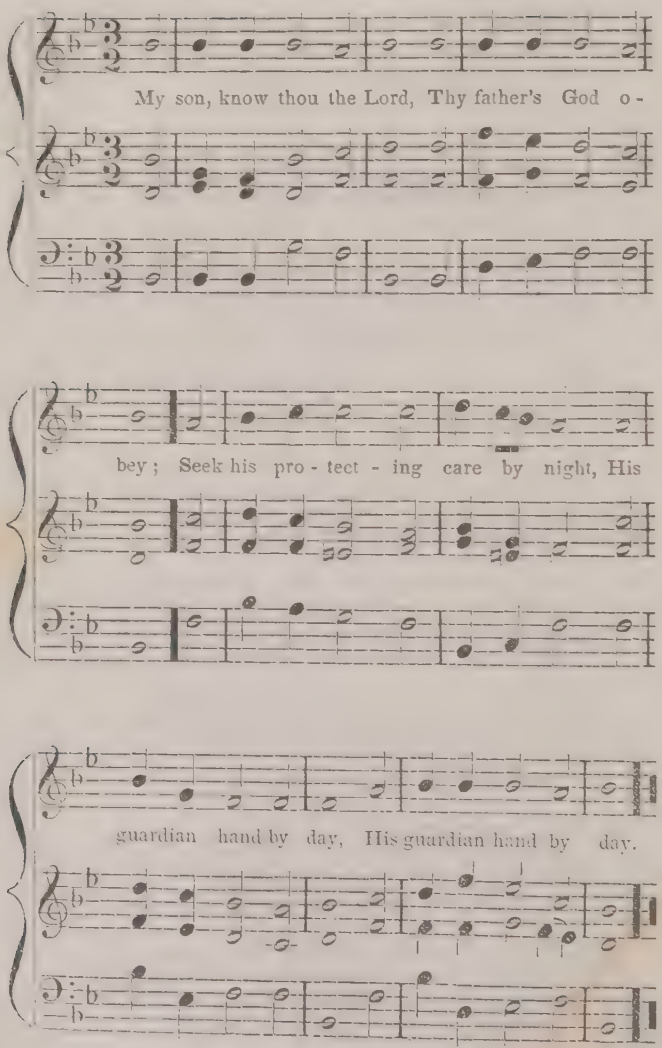
2 Thou great and good, thou just and wise,
Thou art my Father and my God;
And I am thine by sacred ties,
Thy son, thy servant, bought with blood.

3 With heart, and eyes, and lifted hands,
For thee I long, to thee I look;
As travellers in thirsty lands
Pant for the cooling water brook.

4 With early feet I love t' appear
Among thy saints, and seek thy face;
Oft have I seen thy glory there,
And felt the power of sovereign grace.

5 I'll lift my hands, I'll raise my voice,
While I have breath to pray or praise;
This work shall make my heart rejoice,
And spend the remnant of my days. Watts.

TILLOTSON. S. M. GUIL. FRANK.


My son, know thou the Lord, Thy father's God o -
bey; Seek his pro - tect - ing care by night, His
guardian hand by day, His guardian hand by day.

205. *Early Piety.* S. M.

1 My son, know thou the Lord,
Thy father's God obey;
Seek his protecting care by night,
His guardian hand by day.

2 Call, while he may be found,
And seek him while he's near;
Serve him with all thy heart and mind,
And worship him with fear.

3 If thou wilt seek his face,
His ear will hear thy cry;
Then shalt thou find his mercy sure,
His grace for ever nigh.

4 But if thou leave thy God,
Nor choose the path to heav'n;
Then shalt thou perish in thy sins,
And never be forgiv'n. Village Hymns.

206. *Union and Peace.* S. M.

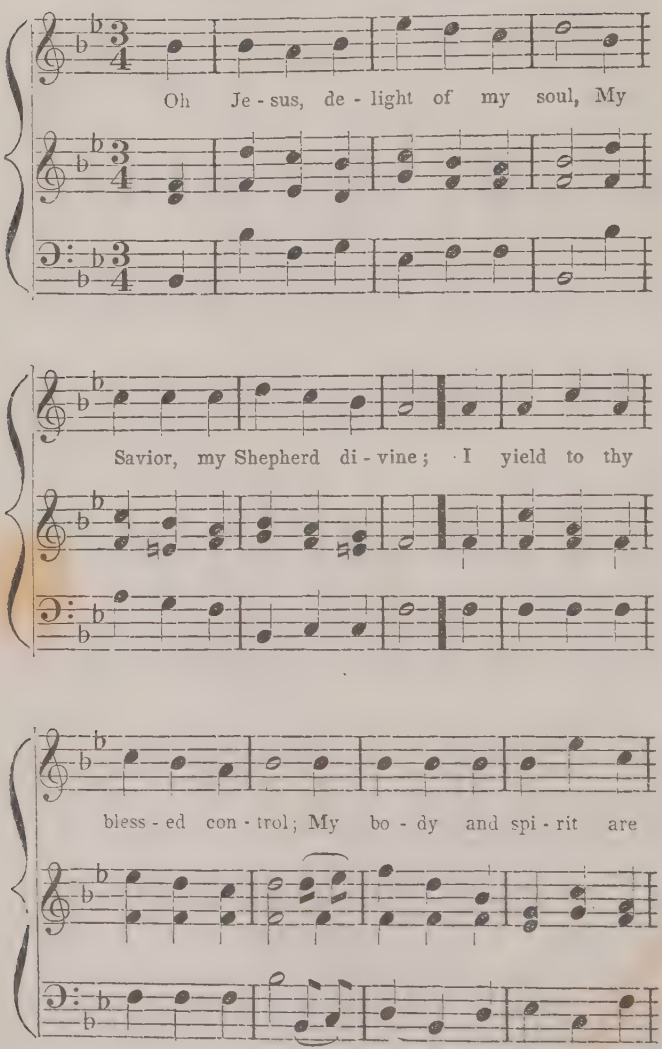
1 Blest are the sons of peace,
Whose hearts and hopes are one;
Whose kind designs to serve and please
Through all their actions run.

2 Blest is the pious house
Where zeal and friendship meet;
Their songs of praise, their mingled vows,
Make their communion sweet.

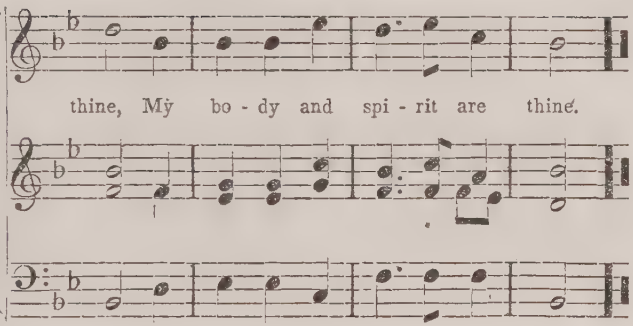
3 Thus, when on Aaron's head
They pour'd the rich perfume,
The oil through all his raiment spread,
And pleasure fill'd the room.

4 Thus, on the heav'nly hills,
The saints are blest above;
Where joy like morning dew distils,
And all the air is love. Watts.

PAYSON. 8's. Single. H.



PAYSON.—CONTINUED.



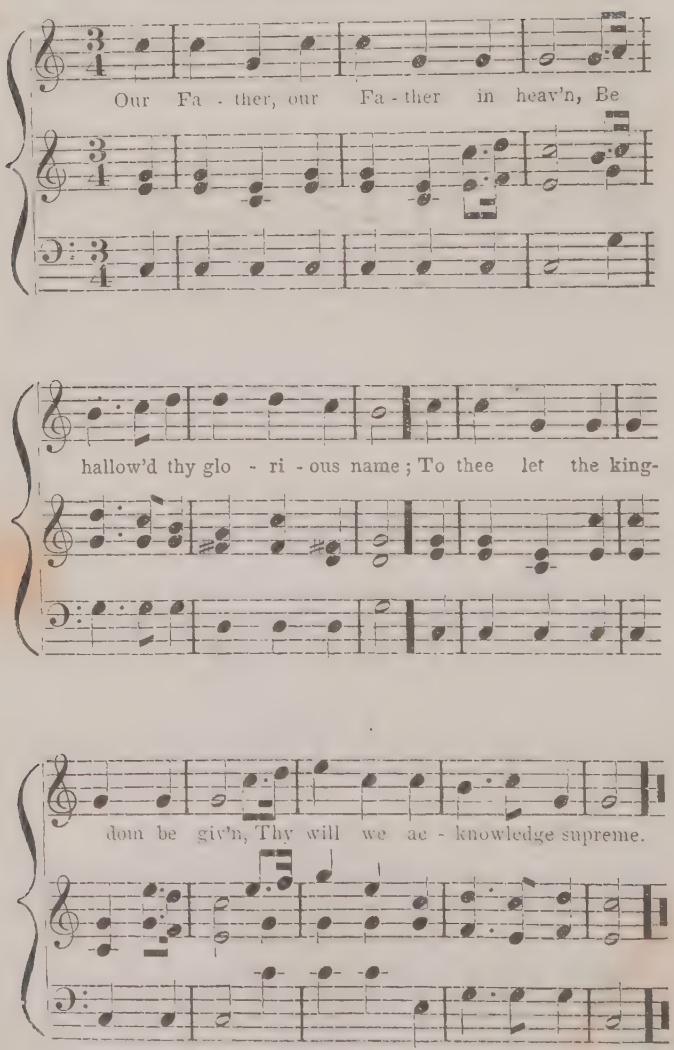
207. *Self-Dedication of a Child.* S's.

1 Oh Jesus, delight of my soul,
My Savior, my Shepherd divine;
I yield to thy blessed control;
My body and spirit are thine:
Thy love I can never deserve,
That bids me be happy in thee;
My God and my King I will serve,
Whose favor is heaven to me.

2 How can I thy goodness repay,
By nature so weak and defil'd?
Myself I have given away;
O call me thy own little child:
And art thou my Father above?
Will Jesus abide in my heart?
O bind me so fast with thy love
That I never from thee shall depart.

Union Minstrel.

LORD'S PRAYER. S's. Single. H.


Our Fa - ther, our Fa - ther in heav'n, Be
hallow'd thy glo - ri - ous name; To thee let the king-
dom be giv'n, Thy will we ac - knowledge supreme.

208. *The Lord's Prayer.* 8's.

1 Our Father, our Father in heav'n,
Be hallow'd thy glorious name;
To thee let the kingdom be giv'n,
Thy will we acknowledge supreme.

2 We would by thy bounty be fed,
By infinite mercy forgiv'n,
Nor into temptation be led,
Nor into sad evils be driv'n.

3 For thine is the kingdom, O Lord,
The pow'r and the glory are thine;
Be for ever and ever ador'd,
On earth as in heaven divine.

209. *Our God for ever and ever.* 8's.

1 This God is the God we adore,
Our faithful, unchangeable FRIEND;
Whose love is as large as his power,
And neither knows measure nor end.

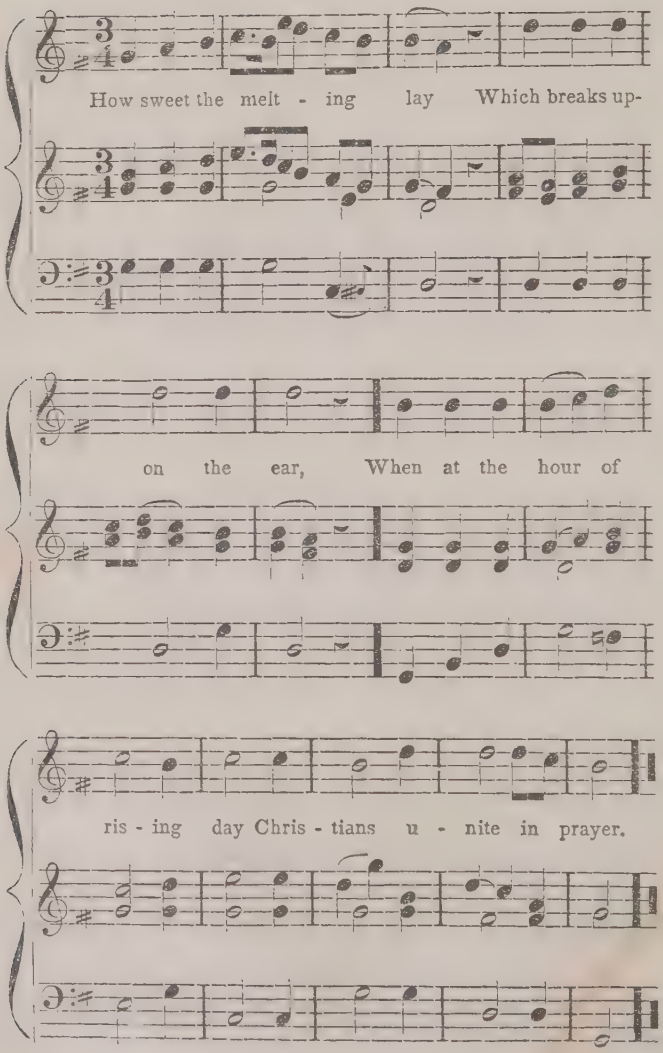
2 'Tis Jesus, the FIRST and the LAST,
Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home;
We'll praise him for all that is past,
And trust him for all that's to come. Hart.

210. *Heavenly Aspirations.* 8's.

1 In darkness and sorrow I mourn,
No comfort the world can afford;
I sigh for thy gracious return;
How long art thou absent, my Lord!

2 O Jesus, my Savior and God,
Now visit my desolate heart,
And make it thy Spirit's abode,
Life, comfort and peace to impart.

BRAZIL. S. M. PORTUGUESE.



SOCIAL WORSHIP.

211. *Morning Prayer-Meeting.* S. M.

1 How sweet the melting lay
Which breaks upon the ear
When at the hour of rising day
Christians unite in prayer.

2 The breezes waft their cries
Up to Jehovah's throne;
He listens to their heaving sighs,
And sends his blessings down.

3 So Jesus rose to pray
Before the morning light;
Or on the chilling mount did stay
And wrestle all the night.

4 Glory to God on high,
Who sends his blessings down
To rescue souls condemn'd to die,
And make his people one. S. Lyrics.

212. *Importunate Prayer.* S. M.

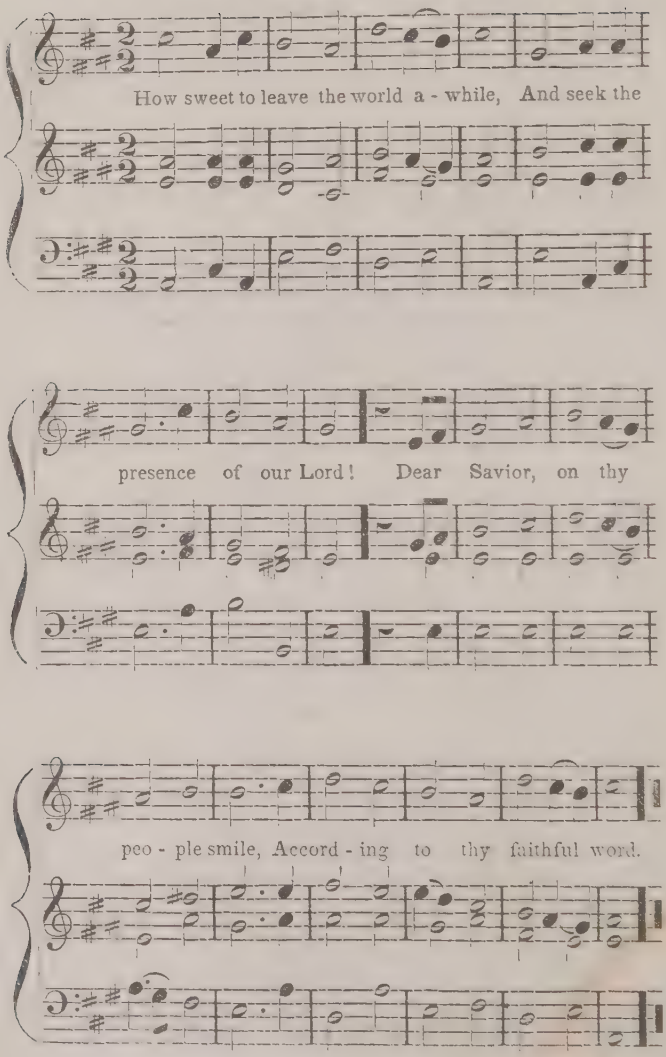
1 Jesus, who knows full well
The heart of every saint,
Invites us all our griefs to tell,
To pray, and never faint.

2 He bows his gracious ear—
We never plead in vain;
Then let us wait till he appear,
And pray, and pray again.

3 Though unbelief suggest,
"Why should we longer wait?"
He bids us never give him rest,
But knock at mercy's gate.

4 Then let us earnest cry,
And never faint in pray'r;
He sees, he hears, and from on high
Will make our cause his care. Newton.

HAVRE. L. M.


How sweet to leave the world a - while, And seek the
presence of our Lord! Dear Savior, on thy
peo - ple smile, Accord - ing to thy faithful word.

213. *Pleasures of Social Worship.* L. M.

1 How sweet to leave the world awhile
And seek the presence of our Lord!
Dear Savior, on thy people smile,
According to thy faithful word.

2 From busy scenes we now retreat,
That we may here converse with thee:
O Lord, behold us at thy feet;
Let this the gate of heaven be.

3 "Chief of ten thousands," now appear,
That we, by faith, may view thy face:
Oh speak, that we thy voice may hear,
And let thy presence fill the place! Kelly.

214. *Love of Christ in the Heart.* L. M.

1 Come, dearest Lord, descend and dwell,
By faith and love, in every breast;
Then shall we know, and taste, and feel
The joys that cannot be expressed.

2 Come, fill our hearts with inward strength;
Make our enlarged souls possess,
And learn the height, and breadth, and length
Of thine unmeasurable grace.

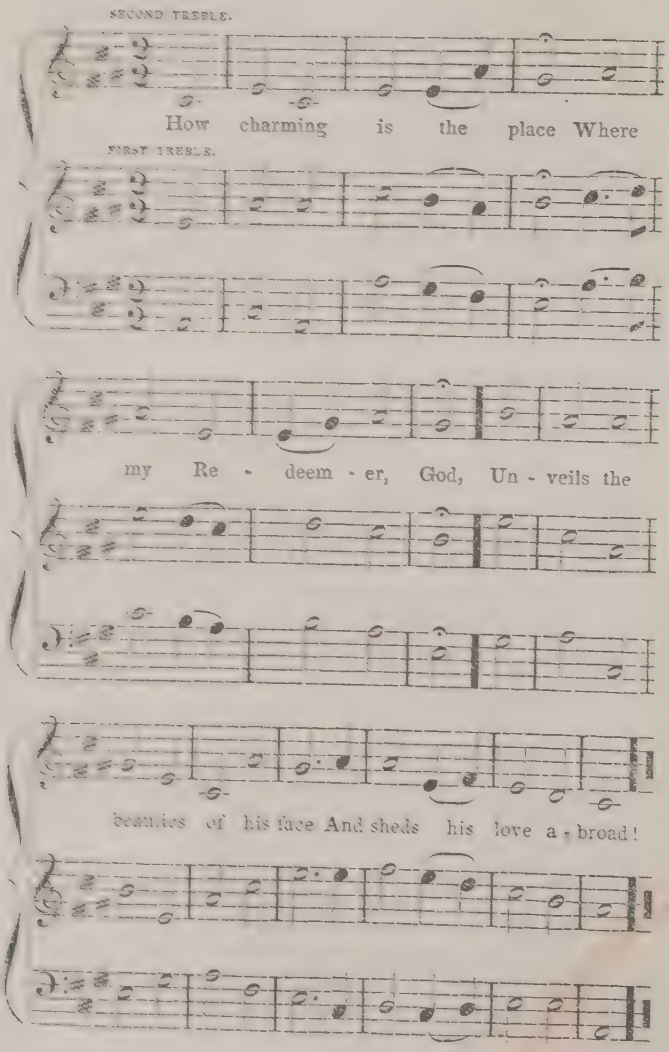
3 Now to the God whose power can do
More than our thoughts or wishes know,
Be everlasting honors done
By all the church, through Christ his Son.
Watts.

215. *A Blessing Invoked.* L. M.

1 Indulgent God of love and power,
Be with us at this solemn hour!
Smile on our souls; our plans approve,
By which we seek to spread thy love.

2 Let each discordant thought be gone,
And love unite our hearts in one;
Let all we *have* and *are* combine
To forward objects so divine.

ST. THOMAS. S. M. A. WILLIAMS.


SECOND TREBLE.
How charming is the place Where
FIRST TREBLE.
my Re - deem - er, God, Un - veils the
beauties of his face And sheds his love a - broad!

216. *Pleasures of Social Worship.* S. M.

1 How charming is the place
Where my Redeemer, God,
Unveils the beauties of his face
And sheds his love abroad!

2 Here, on the mercy-seat,
With radiant glory crown'd,
Our joyful eyes behold him sit,
And smile on all around.

3 Give me, O Lord, a place
Within thy blest abode,
Among the children of thy grace,
The servants of my God. Stennett.

217. *Daily Devotion.* S. M.

1 Let sinners take their course,
And choose the road to death;
But in the worship of my God
I'll spend my daily breath.

2 My thoughts address his throne
When morning brings the light;
I seek his blessing every noon,
And pay my vows at night.

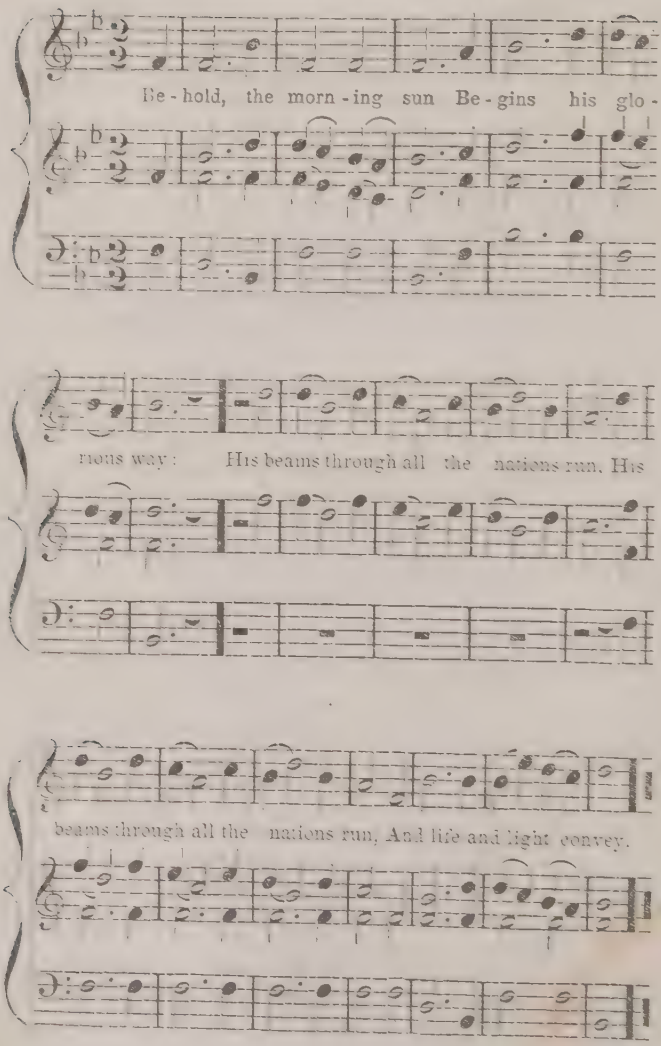
3 Thou wilt regard my cries,
O my eternal God!
While sinners perish in surprise
Beneath thine angry rod.

4 Because they dwell at ease,
And no sad changes feel;
They neither fear nor trust thy name,
Nor learn to do thy will.

5 But I with all my cares
Will lean upon the Lord;
I'll cast my burdens on his arm
And rest upon his word.

6 His arm shall well sustain
The children of his love
The ground on which their safety stands
No earthly power can move. Watts.

DARTMOUTH. S. M.


Be - hold, the morn - ing sun Be - gins his glo -
rious way: His beams through all the nations run, His
beams through all the nations run, And life and light convey.

218. *Excellence of the Gospel.* S. M.

1 Behold, the morning sun
Begins his glorious way:
His beams through all the nations run,
And life and light convey.

2 But where the Gospel comes
It spreads diviner light:
It calls dead sinners from their tombs
And gives the blind their sight.

3 I hear thy word with love,
And I would fain obey:
Send thy good Spirit from above,
To guide me, lest I stray.

4 O, who can ever find
The errors of his ways?
Yet, with a bold presumptuous mind,
I would not dare transgress.

5 Warn me of ev'ry sin;
Forgive my secret faults;
And cleanse this guilty soul of mine,
Whose crimes exceed my thoughts.

6 While with my heart and tongue
I spread thy praise abroad,
Accept the worship and the song,
My Savior and my God. Watts.

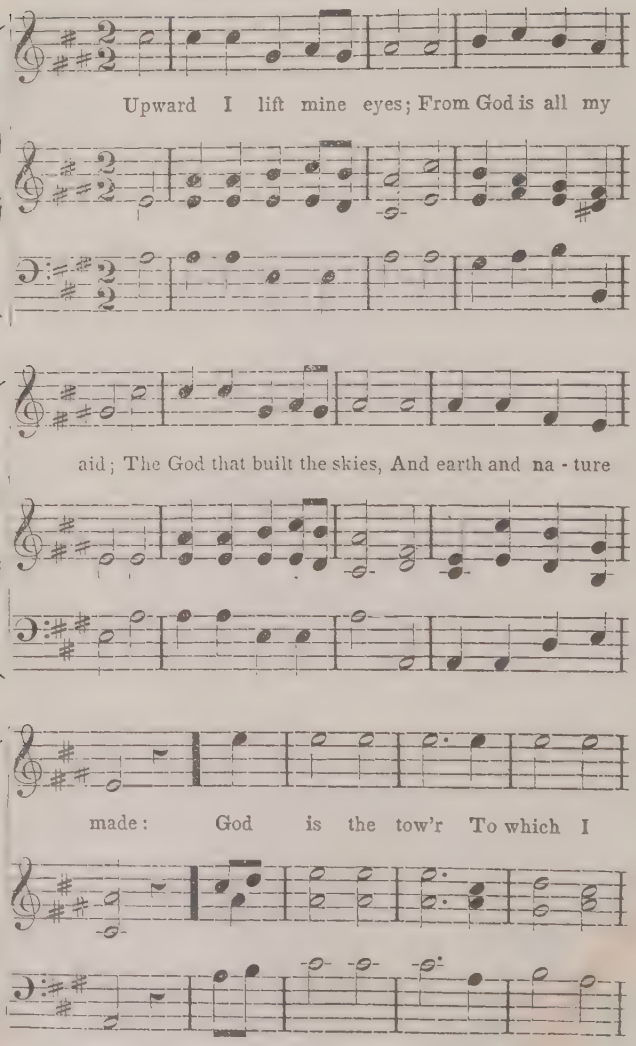
219. *Worship.* S. M.

1 Come, sound his praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing;
Jehovah is the sovereign God,
The universal King.

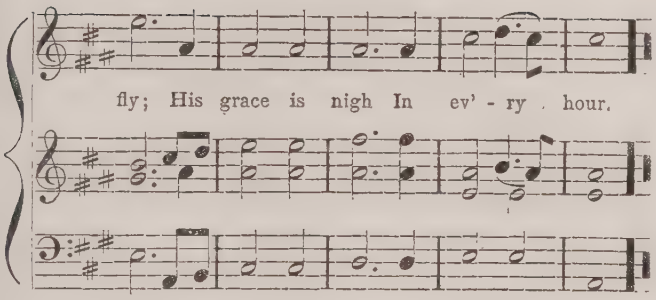
2 Come, worship at his throne,
Come, bow before the Lord;
We are his work, and not our own,
He form'd us by his word.

3 To-day attend his voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod;
Come, like the people of his choice,
And own your gracious God. Watts.

STAFFORD. H. M.


Upward I lift mine eyes; From God is all my
aid; The God that built the skies, And earth and na - ture
made: God is the tow'r To which I

STAFFORD.—CONTINUED.



220. *God our Preserver.* H. M.

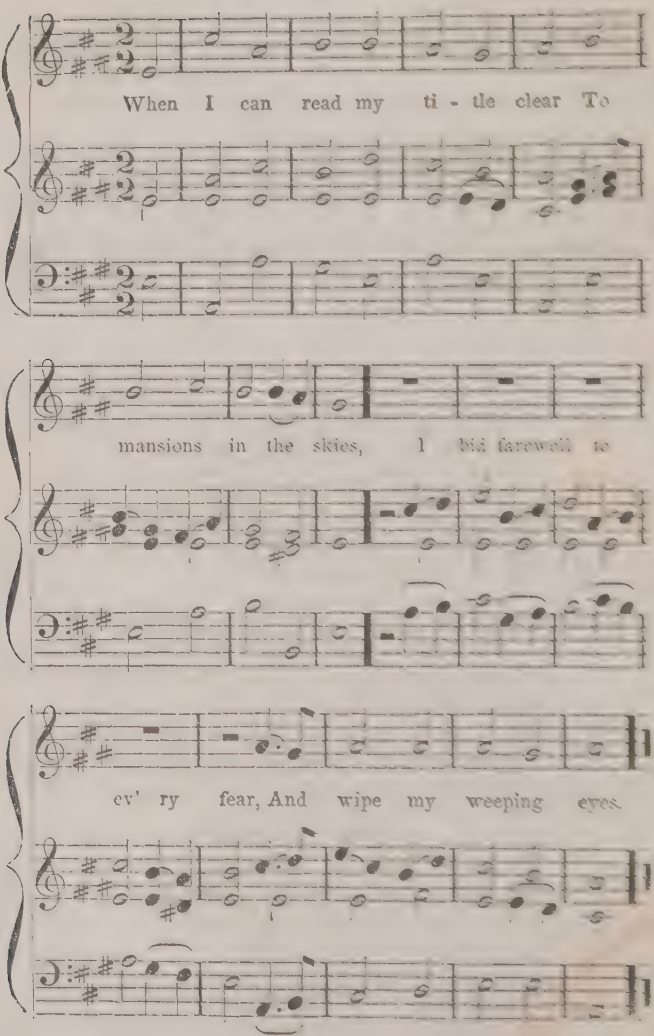
1 Upward I lift mine eyes;
From God is all my aid;
The God that built the skies,
And earth and nature made:
God is the tower To which I fly;
His grace is nigh In every hour.

2 My feet shall never slide
And fall in fatal snares,
Since God, my guard and guide,
Defends me from my fears.
Those wakeful eyes, That never sleep,
Shall Israel keep When dangers rise.

3 No burning heats by day,
Nor blasts of evening air
Shall take my health away,
If God be with me there:
Thou art my sun, And thou my shade,
To guard my head By night or noon.

4 Hast thou not giv'n thy word
To save my soul from death?
And I can trust my Lord
To keep my mortal breath:
I'll go and come, Nor fear to die,
Till from on high Thou call me home. Watts

MEDFIELD. C. M. WM. MATHER.



221. *Rest in Heaven.* C. M.

1 When I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

2 Should earth against my soul engage
And hellish darts be hurl'd,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares, like a wild deluge, come,
And storms of sorrow fall;
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all!

4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast. Watts.

222. *Reliance on God.* C. M.

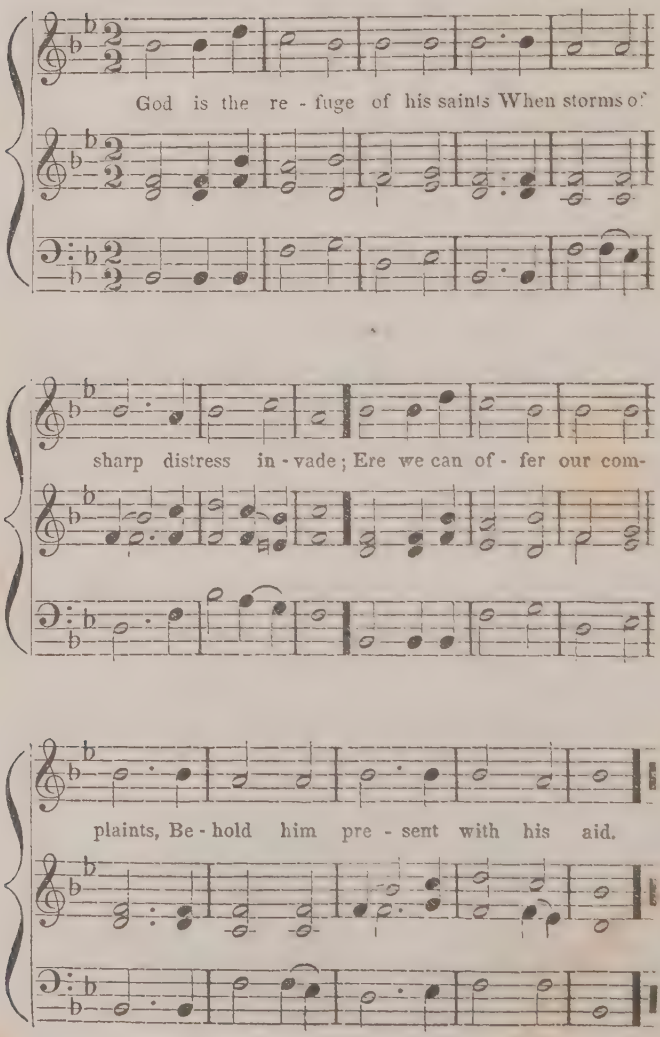
1 Through all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.

2 O magnify the Lord with me,
With me exalt his name;
When in distress to him I called,
He to my succor came.

3 O make but trial of his love—
Experience will decide
How blest are they, and only they,
Who in his truth confide.

4 Fear him, ye saints, and you will then
Have nothing else to fear;
Make you his service your delight,
He'll make your wants his care. Tate.

WARD. L. M. BOST. ACAD. COLL. By permission.


God is the re - fuge of his saints When storms of
sharp distress in - vade; Ere we can of - fer our com-
plaints, Be - hold him pre - sent with his aid.

223. *Safety in God.* L. M.

1 God is the refuge of his saints
When storms of sharp distress invade;
Ere we can offer our complaints,
Behold him present with his aid.

2 Let mountains from their seats be hurl'd
Down to the deep and buried there;
Convulsions shake the solid world;
Our faith shall never yield to fear.

3 There is a stream whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God;
Life, love and joy still gliding through,
And wat'ring our divine abode.

4 That sacred stream, thy holy word,
Our grief allays, our fear controls;
Sweet peace thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls

5 Zion enjoys her monarch's love,
Secure against a threat'ning hour;
Nor can her firm foundations move,
Built on his truth and arm'd with pow'r

Watts.

224. *Holiness and Grace.* L. M.

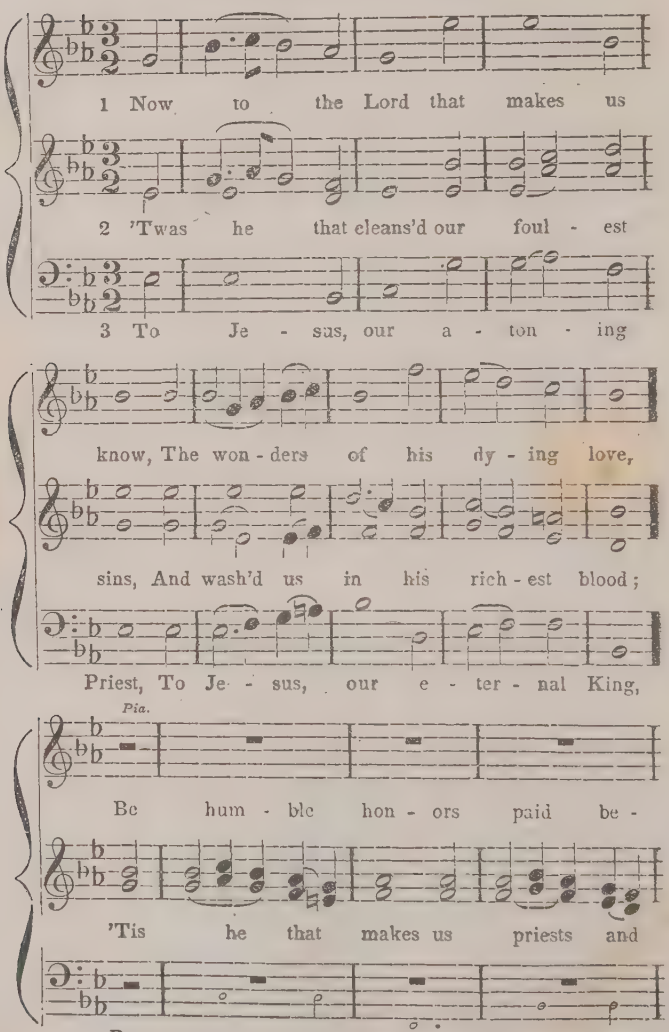
1 So let our lips and lives express
The holy Gospel we profess;
So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.

2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honors of our Savior God;
When his salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.

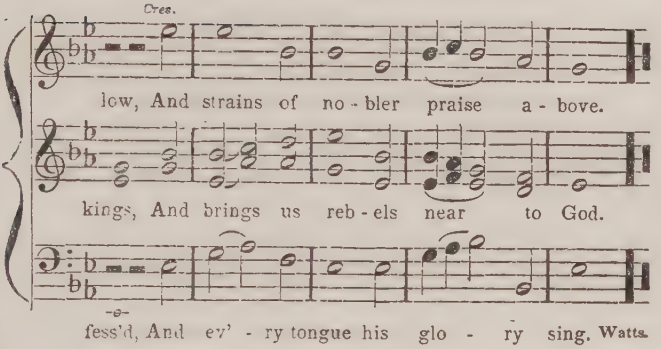
3 Our flesh and sense must be denied,
Passion and envy, lust and pride;
While justice, temperance, truth and love
Our inward piety approve.

4 Religion bears our spirits up
While we expect that blessed hope,
The bright appearance of the Lord,
And faith stands leaning on his word. Watts.

STONEFIELD. L. M. STANLEY.


1 Now to the Lord that makes us
2 'Twas he that cleans'd our foul - est
3 To Je - sus, our a - ton - ing
know, The won - ders of his dy - ing love,
sins, And wash'd us in his rich - est blood;
Priest, To Je - sus, our e - ter - nal King,
Pia.
Be hum - ble hon - ors paid be -
'Tis he that makes us priests and
Be ev - er - last - ing power con-

STONEFIELD.—CONTINUED.


Cres.
low, And strains of no - bler praise a - bove.
kings, And brings us reb - els near to God.
fess'd, And ev' - ry tongue his glo - ry sing. Watts.

226. *Grace and Glory in Christ.* L. M.

1 Now to the Lord a noble song!
Awake, my soul, awake, my tongue;
Hosanna to the eternal name,
And all his boundless love proclaim.

2 See where it shines in Jesus' face,
The brightest image of his grace;
God, in the person of his Son,
Has all his mightiest works outdone.

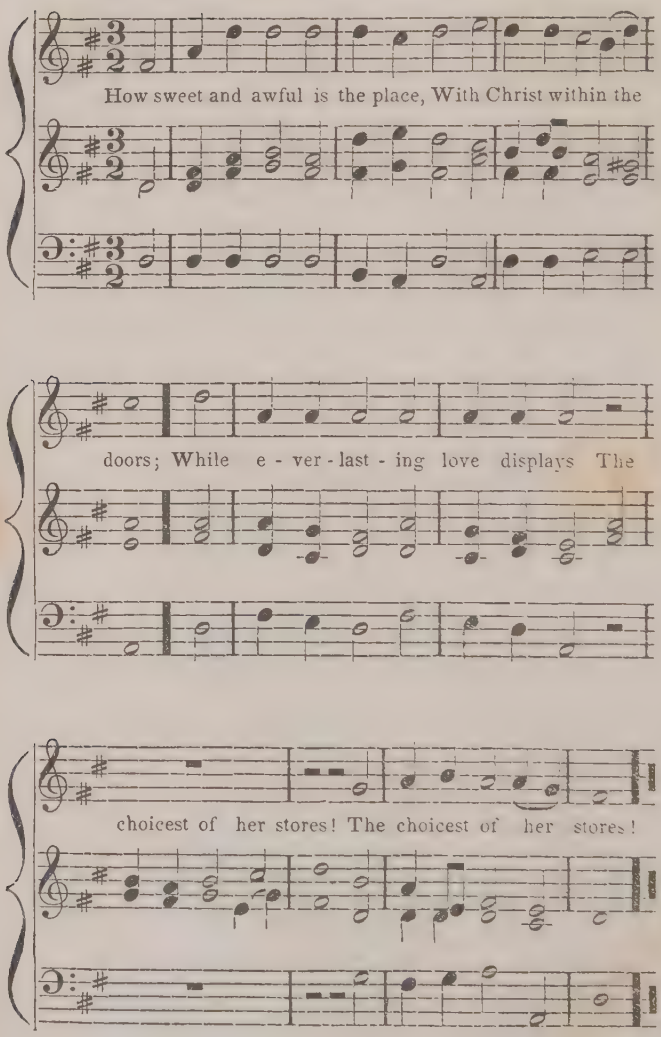
3 The spacious earth and spreading flood
Proclaim the wise and powerful God;
And thy rich glories from afar
Sparkle in every rolling star.

4 But in his looks a glory stands,
The noblest labor of thine hands:
The pleasing lustre of his eyes
Outshines the wonders of the skies.

5 Grace! 'tis a sweet, a charming theme;
My thoughts rejoice at Jesus' name!
Ye angels, dwell upon the sound!
Ye heavens, reflect it to the ground!

6 O may I live to reach the place
Where he unveils his lovely face!
Where all his beauties you behold,
And sing his name to harps of gold! Watts.

CROWNINGSHIELD. C. M. ENGLISH.


How sweet and awful is the place, With Christ within the
doors; While e - ver - last - ing love displays The
choicest of her stores! The choicest of her stores!

227. *Christ at his Supper.* C. M.

1 How sweet and awful is the place,
With Christ within the doors;
While everlasting love displays
The choicest of her stores!

2 While all our hearts and all our songs
Join to admire the feast,
Each of us cry, with thankful tongues,
"Lord, why was I a guest?

3 "Why was I made to hear thy voice
"And enter while there's room,
"When thousands make a wretched choice,
"And rather starve than come?"

4 'Twas the same love that spread the feast
That sweetly forc'd us in;
Else *we* had still refus'd to taste,
And perish'd in our sin.

5 Pity the nations, O our God,
Constrain the earth to come;
Send thy victorious word abroad
And bring the strangers home. Watts.

228. *Glorying in the Cross.* C. M.

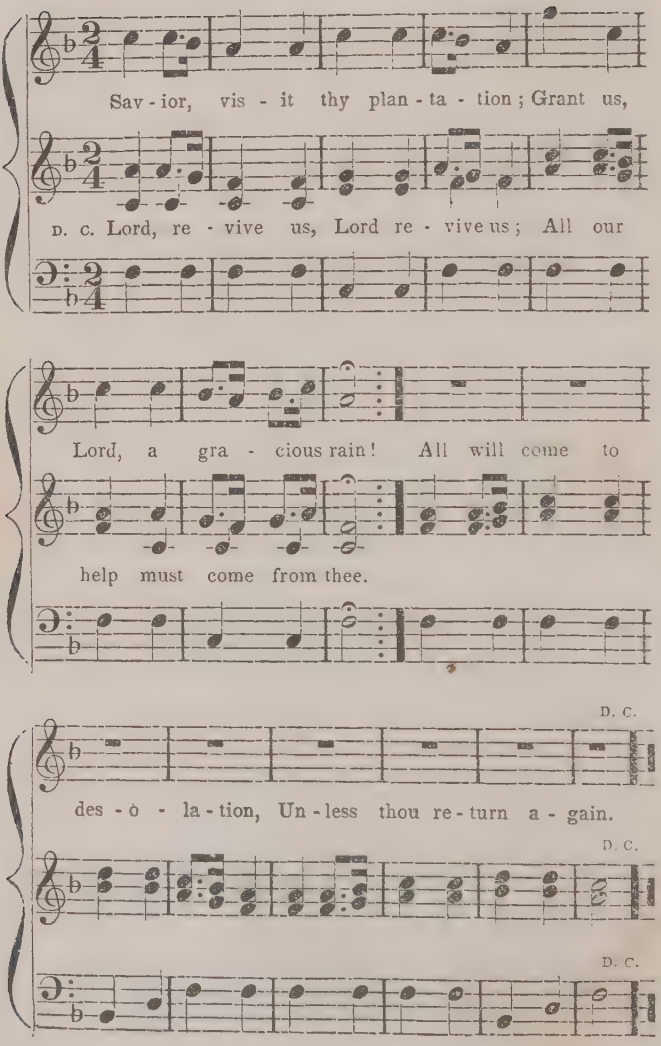
1 Christ and his cross is all our theme;
The myst'ries that we speak
Are scandal in the Jews' esteem,
And folly to the Greek.

2 But souls, enlighten'd from above,
With joy receive the word;
They see what wisdom, pow'r and love,
Shine in their dying Lord.

3 The vital savor of his name
Restores their fainting breath;
But unbelief perverts the same
To guilt, despair, and death.

4 Till God diffuse his graces down,
Like show'rs of heav'nly rain,
In vain Apollos sows the ground,
And Paul may plant in vain. Watts.

GREENVILLE. 8, 7, 4.


Sav - ior, vis - it thy plan - ta - tion; Grant us,
D. C. Lord, re - vive us, Lord re - vive us; All our
Lord, a gra - cious rain! All will come to
help must come from thee.
D. C.
des - o - la - tion, Un - less thou re - turn a - gain.
D. C.
D. C.

229. *Prayer for a Revival.* 8, 7, 4.

1 Savior, visit thy plantation;
Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain!
All will come to desolation
Unless thou return again.
Lord, revive us;
All our help must come from thee.

2 Keep no longer at a distance;
Shine upon us from on high,
Lest, for want of thine assistance,
Every plant should droop and die.
Lord, revive us;
All our help must come from thee.

3 Let our mutual love be fervent,
Make us prevalent in pray'rs;
Let each one esteem'd thy servant,
Shun the world's bewitching snares.
Lord, revive us;
All our help must come from thee.

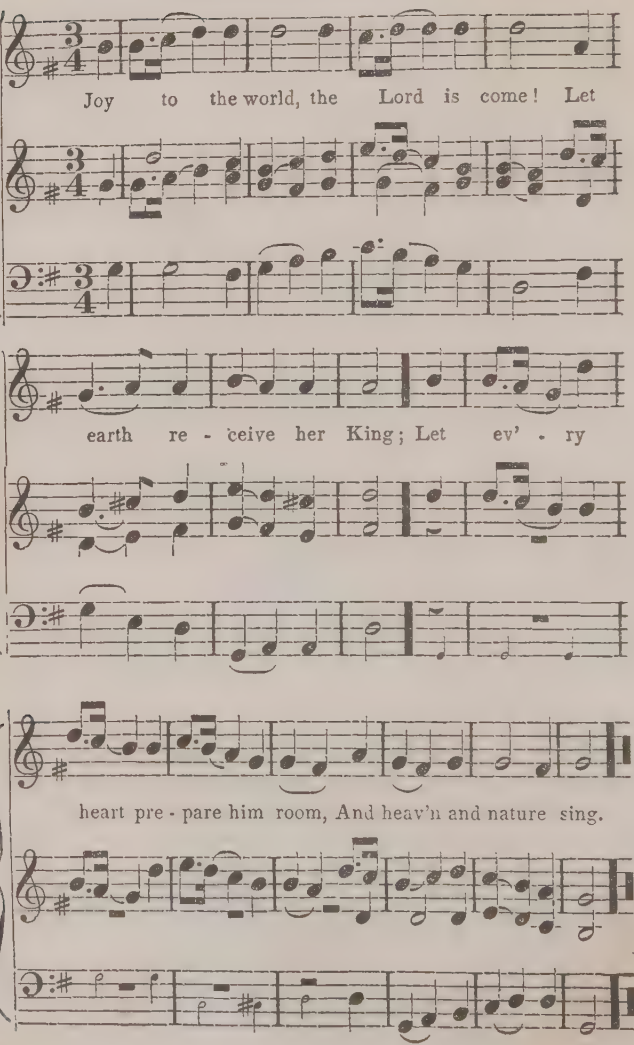
4 Break the tempter's fatal power;
Turn the stony heart to flesh;
And begin from this good hour
To revive thy work afresh.
Lord, revive us;
All our help must come from thee. Newton

230. *Hope Encouraged.* 8, 7, 4.

1 O my soul, what means this sadness?
Wherefore art thou thus cast down?
Let thy griefs be turned to gladness;
Bid thy restless fears be gone:
Look to Jesus,
And rejoice in his dear name.

2 Though distresses now attend thee,
And thou tread'st the thorny road;
His right hand shall still defend thee;
Soon he'll bring thee home to God!
Therefore praise him—
Praise the great Redeemer's name. Fawcett.

HANOVER. C. M. ENGLISH.



231. *Christ's Coming and Kingdom.* C. M.

1 Joy to the world, the Lord is come!
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing.

2 Joy to the earth, the Savior reigns!
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground:
He comes to make his blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love. Watts.

232. *Salvation.* C. M.

1 Salvation! O the joyful sound!
'Tis pleasure to our ears;
A sovereign balm for ev'ry wound,
A cordial for our fears.

2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay;
But we arise, by grace divine,
To see a heav'nly day.

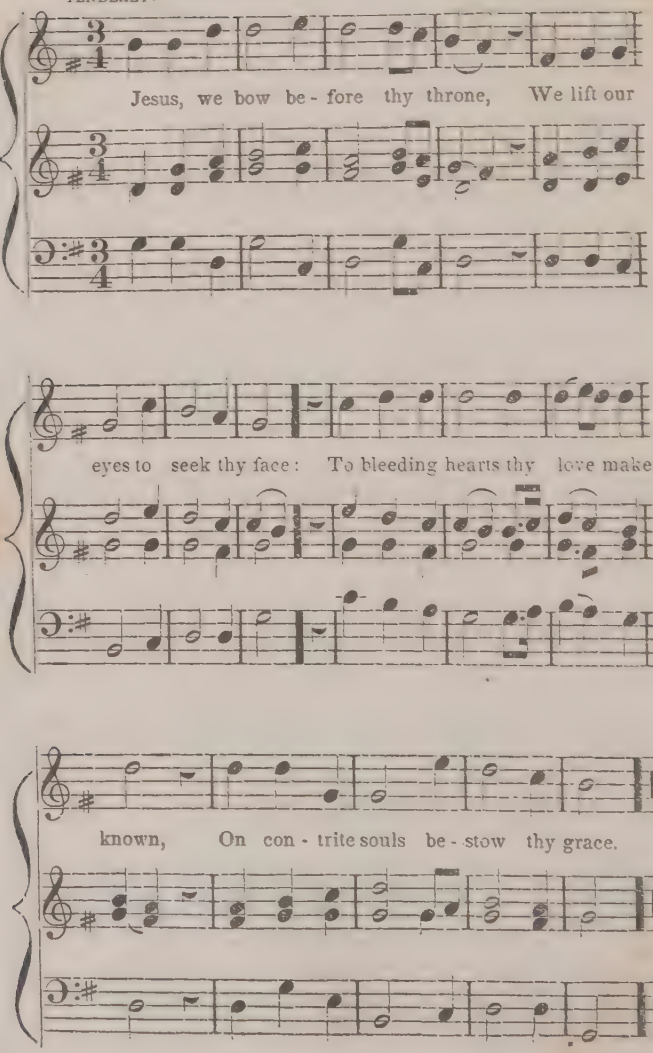
3 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around;
While all the armies of the sky,
Conspire to raise the sound. Watts.

Doxology.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

PHENICE. L. M. MALAN.

TENDERLY.


Jesus, we bow be - fore thy throne, We lift our
eyes to seek thy face: To bleeding hearts thy love make
known, On con - trite souls be - stow thy grace.

SPREAD OF THE GOSPEL.

233. *Prayer for the Spread of the Gospel.* L. M.

1 Jesus, we bow before thy throne,
We lift our eyes to seek thy face:
To bleeding hearts thy love make known,
On contrite souls bestow thy grace.

2 See, spread beneath thy gracious eye,
A world o'erwhelm'd in guilt and tears;
Where deathless souls in ruin lie,
And no kind voice dispels their fears.

3 Lord, arm thy truth with pow'r divine,
Its conquests spread from shore to shore;
Till suns and stars forget to shine,
And earth and skies shall be no more.

4 O rise, ye ransom'd captives, rise,
Peal the loud anthem here below;
Let earth reflect it to the skies,
And heav'n with new-born rapture glow.

S. Lyrics.

234. *Concert of Prayer.* L. M.

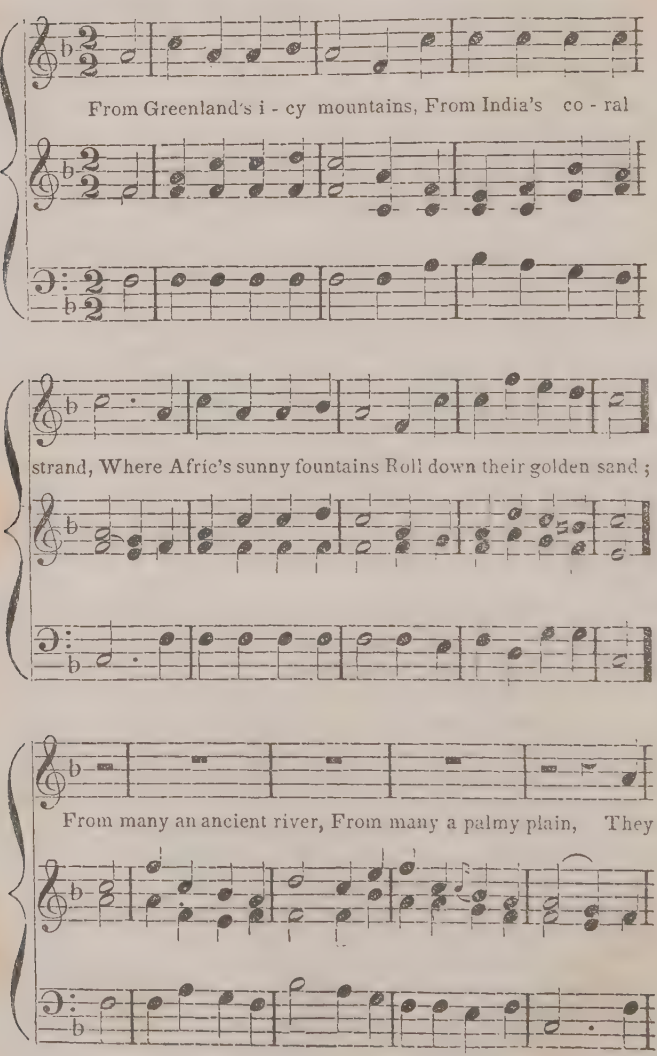
1 Thy people, Lord, who trust thy word,
And wait the smilings of thy face,
Assemble round thy mercy-seat,
And plead the promise of thy grace.

2 We consecrate these hours to thee,
Thy sovereign mercy to entreat;
And feel some animating hope,
We shall divine acceptance meet.

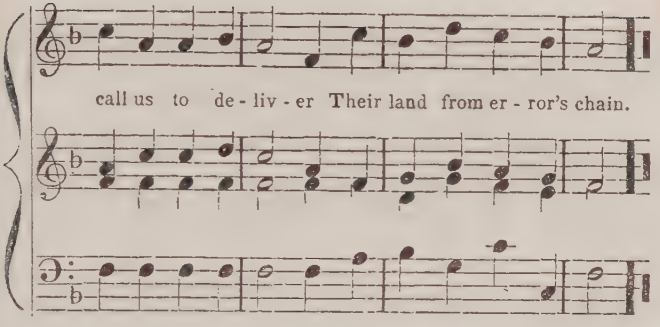
3 Hast thou not promis'd to thy Son,
That his dominion shall extend
Till ev'ry tongue shall call him Lord,
And ev'ry knee before him bend?

4 Now let the happy time appear,
The time to favor Zion come;
Send forth thy heralds far and near,
To call thy banish'd people home. Voke.

MISSIONARY HYMN. 7 & 6. Peculiar. L. MASON


From Greenland's i - cy mountains, From India's co - ral
strand, Where Afric's sunny fountains Roll down their golden sand ;
From many an ancient river, From many a palmy plain, They

MISSIONARY HYMN.—CONTINUED.



235. *Missionary Hymn.* 7 & 6

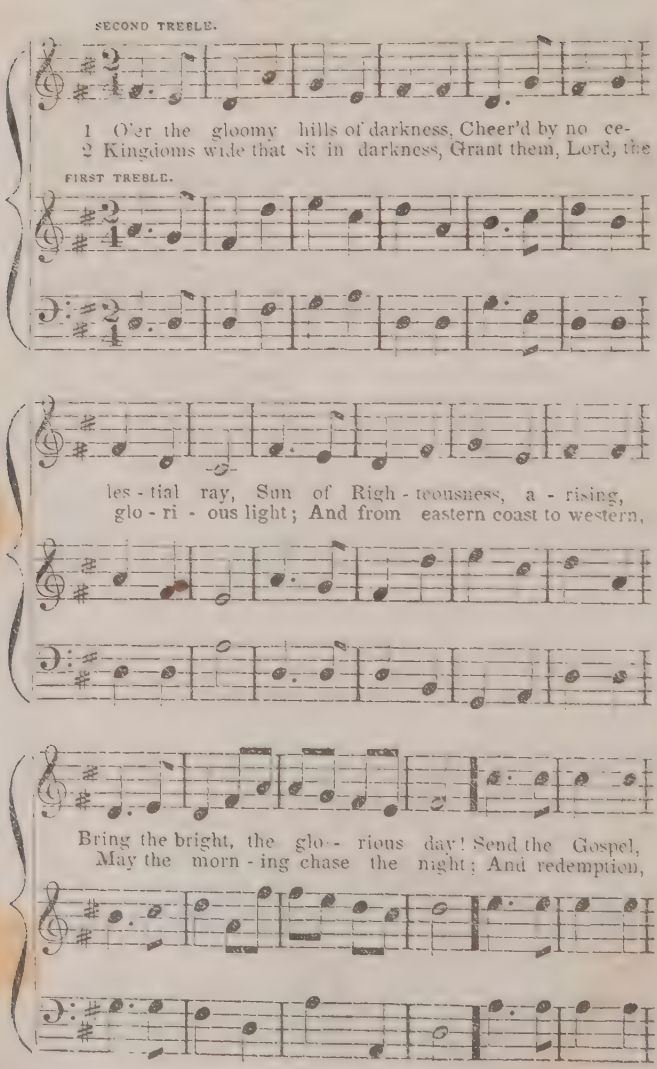
(See verse 1, in the music.)

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile;
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen, in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

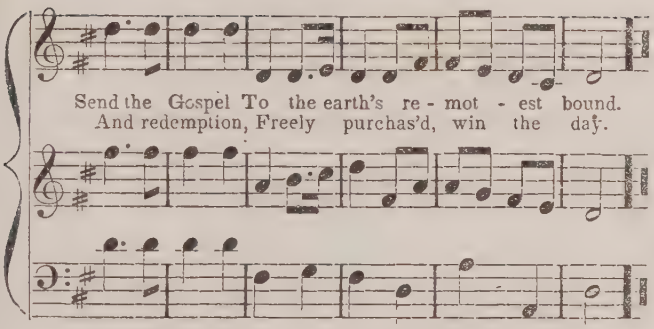
3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we, to men benighted,
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learn'd Messiah's name!

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransom'd nature
The Lamb, for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign. Bishop Heber.

HERALD. 8, 7, & 4. S. B. FOND.


SECOND TREBLE.
1 O'er the gloomy hills of darkness, Cheer'd by no ce-
2 Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness, Grant them, Lord, the
FIRST TREBLE.
les - tial ray, Sun of Righ - teousness, a - rising,
glo - ri - ous light; And from eastern coast to western,
Bring the bright, the glo - - rious day! Send the Gospel,
May the morn - ing chase the night; And redemption,

HERALD.—CONTINUED.



236. *Success of the Gospel.* 8, 7, 4.

(See verses 1, 2, in the music.)

3 Fly abroad, thou mighty Gospel;
Win and conquer, never cease:
May thy lasting, wide dominions
Multiply and still increase:
Sway thy sceptre,
Savior, all the world around.

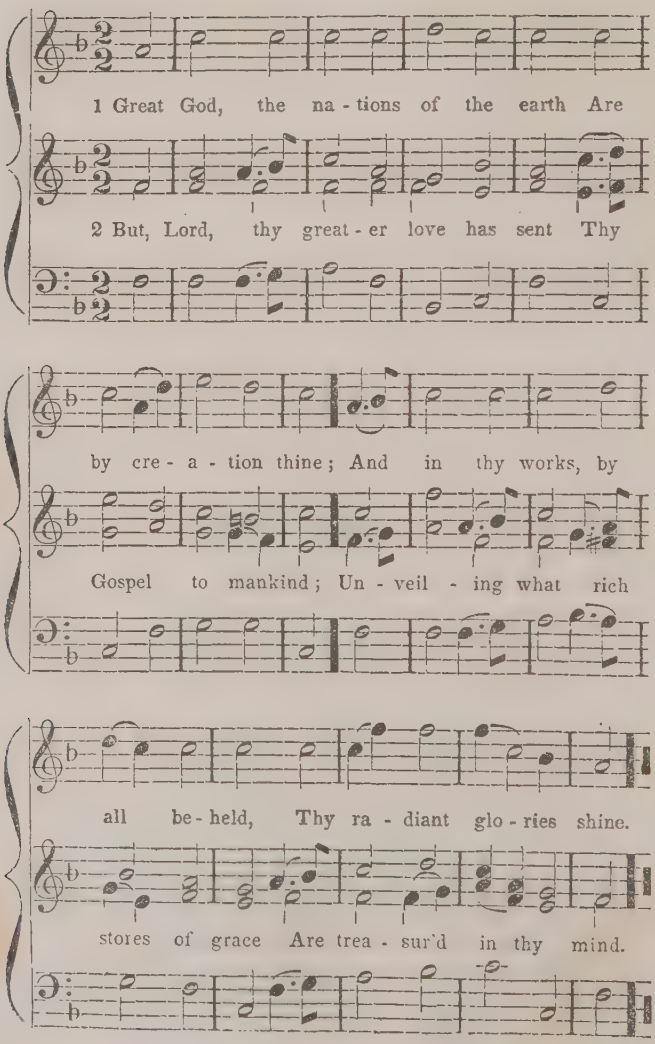
237. *The Promised Spirit.* 8, 7, 4.

1 Who but thou, Almighty Spirit,
Can the heathen world reclaim?
Men may preach, but till thou favor,
Heathens will be still the same:
Mighty Spirit!
Witness to the Savior's name.

2 Thou hast promis'd by the prophets
Glorious light in latter days:
Come, and bless bewilder'd nations,
Change our pray'rs and tears to praise;
Promis'd Spirit!
Round the world diffuse thy rays.

3 All our hopes, and pray'rs, and labors
Must be vain without thine aid:
But thou wilt not disappoint us—
All is true that thou hast said:
Faithful Spirit!
O'er the world thy influence shed.

LITCHFIELD. C. M. L. MASON.


1 Great God, the na - tions of the earth Are
2 But, Lord, thy great - er love has sent Thy
by cre - a - tion thine; And in thy works, by
Gospel to mankind; Un - veil - ing what rich
all be - held, Thy ra - diant glo - ries shine.
stores of grace Are trea - sur'd in thy mind.

238. *Spread of the Glad Tidings.* C. M.

(See verses 1, 2, in the music.)

3 Lord, when shall these glad tidings spread
The spacious earth around,
Till every tribe and every soul
Shall hear the joyful sound?

4 O when shall Afric's sable sons
Enjoy the heavenly word;
And vassals, long enslaved, become
The freemen of the Lord?

5 When shall th' untutored heathen tribes,
A dark bewilder'd race,
Sit down at our Emmanuel's feet,
And learn and see his grace?

6 Smile, Lord, on each divine attempt
To spread the Gospel's rays;
And build, on sin's demolished throne,
The temples of thy praise. Gibbons.

239. *Charity.* C. M.

1 Father of mercies, send thy grace,
All-powerful from above,
To form in our obedient souls
The image of thy love.

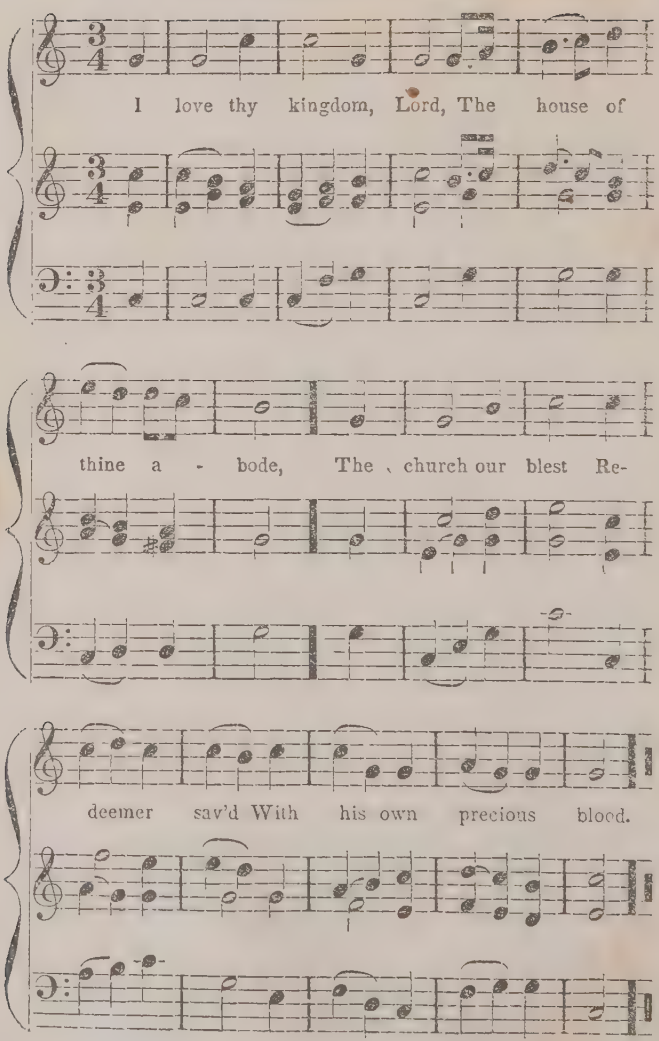
2 O may our sympathizing breasts
That generous pleasure know,
Kindly to share in others' joy,
And weep for others' wo.

3 When the most helpless sons of grief
In low distress are laid,
Soft be our hearts their pains to feel,
And swift our hands to aid.

4 So Jesus look'd on dying men,
When thron'd above the skies;
And 'midst the embraces of thy love
He felt compassion rise.

5 On wings of love the Savior flew,
To raise us from the ground;
And gave the richest of his blood
A balm for every wound. Doddridge.

OXFORD. S. M.


I love thy kingdom, Lord, The house of
thine a - bode, The church our blest Re-
deemer sav'd With his own precious blood.

240. *Love to the Church.* S. M.*

1 I love thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of thine abode,
The church our blest Redeemer sav'd
With his own precious blood.

2 If e'er, to bless thy sons,
My voice or hands deny,
These hands let useful skill forsake,
This voice in silence die.

3 If e'er my heart forget
Her welfare or her wo,
Let every joy this heart forsake,
And every grief o'erflow.

4 For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end. Dwight.

241. *Diffusion of the Gospel.* S. M.

1 O Lord our God arise,
The cause of truth maintain,
And wide o'er all the peopled world,
Extend her blessed reign.

2 Thou Prince of Life arise,
Nor let thy glory cease;
Far spread the conquest of thy grace,
And bless the earth with peace.

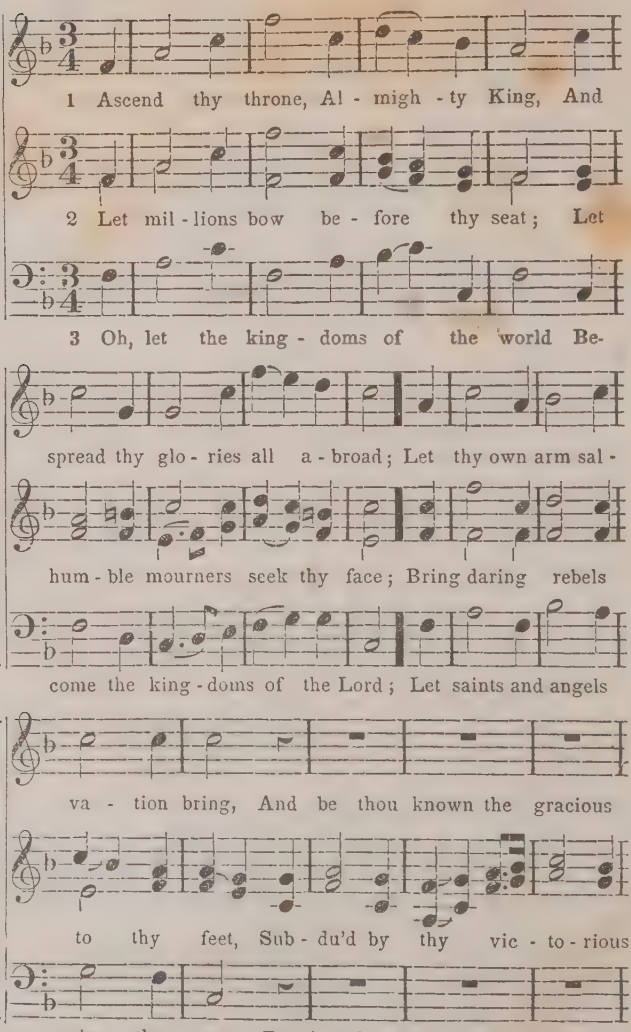
3 Spirit of grace arise,
Extend thy healing wing,
And o'er a dark and ruin'd world
Let light and order spring.

4 Let all on earth arise,
To God the Savior sing;
From shore to shore, from earth to heav'n,
Let echoing anthems ring.

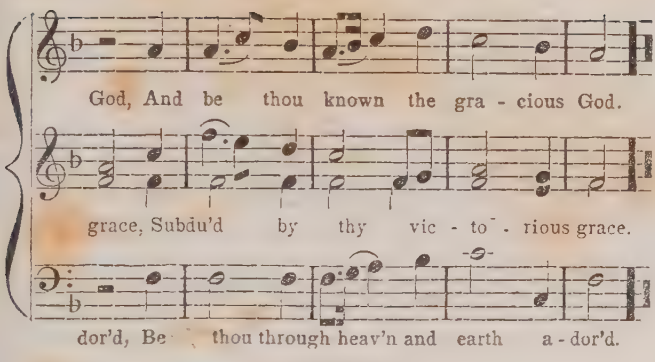
* See also the tune WATCHMAN, page 11.

ROTHWELL. L. M.

Arranged by L. MASON.


1 Ascend thy throne, Al - migh - ty King, And
2 Let mil - lions bow be - fore thy seat; Let
3 Oh, let the king - doms of the world Be-
spread thy glo - ries all a - broad; Let thy own arm sal -
hum - ble mourners seek thy face; Bring daring rebels
come the king - doms of the Lord; Let saints and angels
va - tion bring, And be thou known the gracious
to thy feet, Sub - du'd by thy vic - to - rious
praise thy name; Be thou through heaven and earth a -

ROTHWELL.—CONTINUED.



243. *Kingdom of Christ.* L. M.

1 Great God, whose universal sway
The known and unknown worlds obey,
Now give the kingdom to thy Son;
Extend his pow'r, exalt his throne.

2 Thy sceptre well becomes his hands;
All heav'n submits to his commands;
His justice shall avenge the poor,
And pride and rage prevail no more.

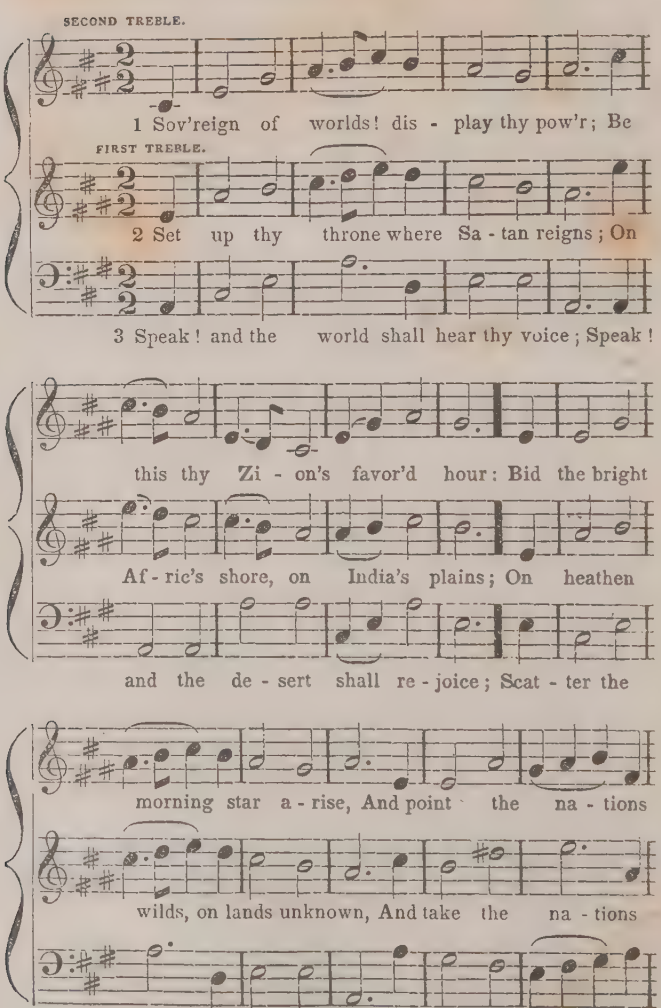
3 With pow'r he vindicates the just,
And treads th' oppressor in the dust;
His worship and his fear shall last
Till hours, and years, and time be past.

4 As rain on meadows newly mown,
So shall he send his influence down;
His grace on fainting souls distils,
Like heav'nly dew on thirsty hills.

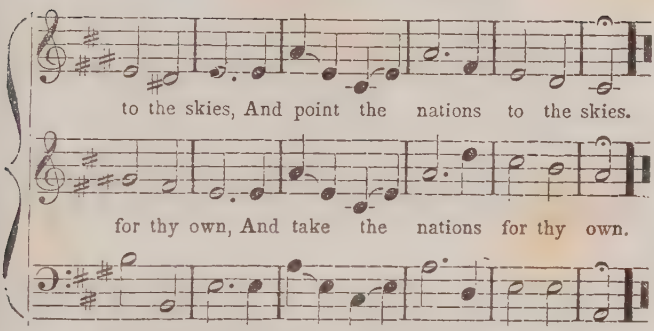
5 The heathen lands, that lie beneath
The shades of overspreading death,
Revive at his first dawning light,
And deserts blossom at the sight.

6 The saints shall flourish in his days,
Drest in the robes of joy and praise;
Peace, like a river, from his throne
Shall flow to nations yet unknown. Watts.

LEYDEN. L. M. COSTELLOW.


SECOND TREBLE.
1 Sov'reign of worlds! dis - play thy pow'r; Be
FIRST TREBLE.
2 Set up thy throne where Sa - tan reigns; On
3 Speak! and the world shall hear thy voice; Speak!
this thy Zi - on's favor'd hour: Bid the bright
Af - ric's shore, on India's plains; On heathen
and the de - sert shall re - joice; Scat - ter the
morning star a - rise, And point the na - tions
wilds, on lands unknown, And take the na - tions
gloom of heathen night, And bid all na - tions

LEYDEN.—CONTINUED.


to the skies, And point the nations to the skies.
for thy own, And take the nations for thy own.
hail the light, And bid all nations hail the light.

245. *Jesus shall Reign.* L. M.

1 Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journies run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 For him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown his head;
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

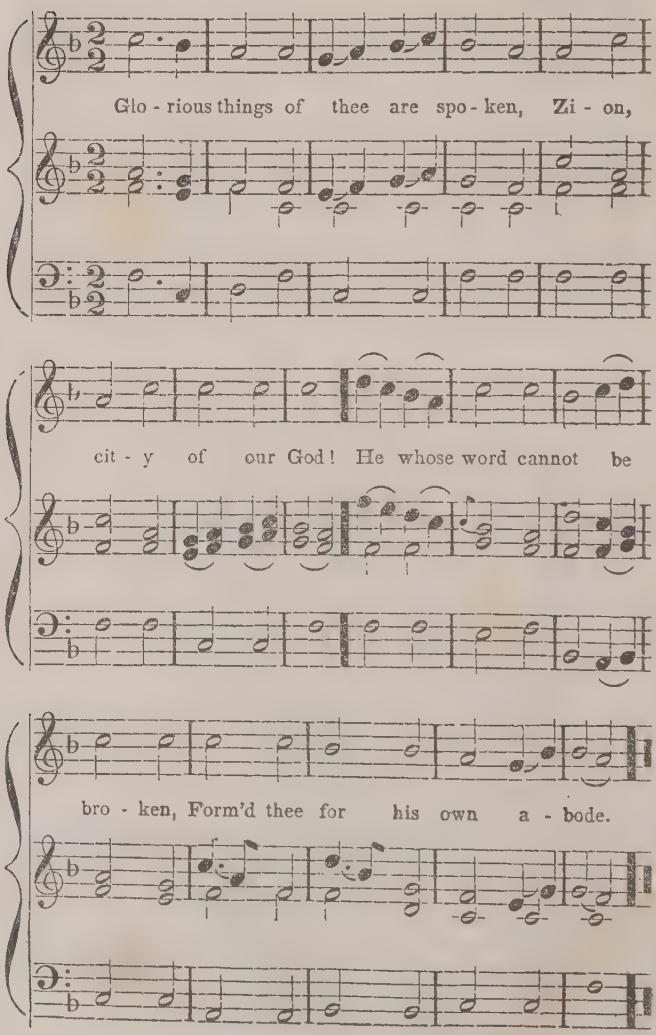
3 People and realms, of every tongue,
Dwell on his love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

4 Blessings abound where'er he reigns;
The pris'ner leaps to loose his chains;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

5 Where he displays his healing power,
Death and the curse are known no more;
In him the tribes of Adam boast
More blessings than their father lost.

6 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud, Amen. Watts

WORTHING. S & 7. Single. BOST. ACAD. COLL.
By permission.



246. *Zion's Strength and Security.* 8, 7.

1 Glorious things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God!
He whose word cannot be broken,
Form'd thee for his own abode:
On the Rock of ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

2 See the streams of living waters
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove:
Who can faint while such a river
Ever flows their thirst t' assuage?
Grace which, like the Lord, the giver,
Never fails from age to age.

3 Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear,
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near.
Thus deriving from their banner,
Light by night and shade by day;
Safe they feed upon the manna
Which he gives them when they pray.

Newton

247. *Zion Comforted.* 8, 7.

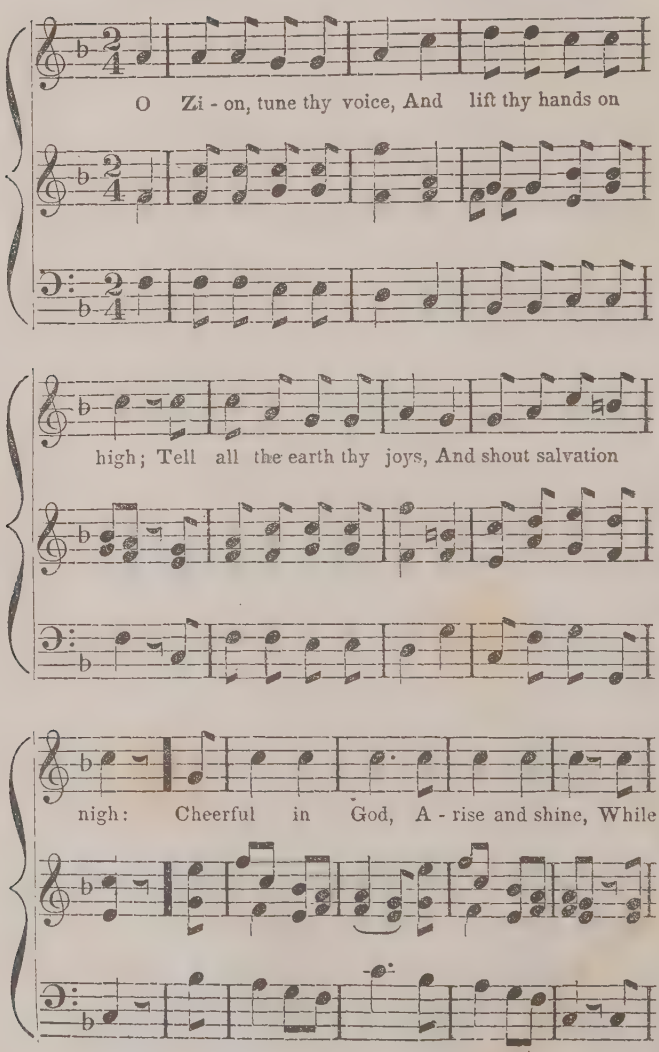
1 Zion, dreary and in anguish,
In the desert hast thou stray'd!
O, thou weary, cease to languish;
Jesus shall lift up thy head.

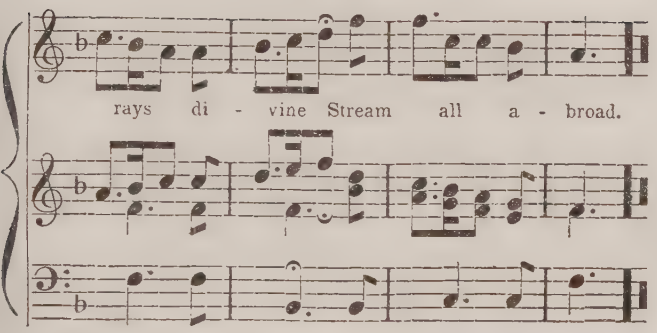
2 Still lamenting and bemoaning
Mid thy follies and thy woes!
Soon repenting and returning,
All thy solitude shall close.

3 Though benighted and forsaken,
Though afflicted and distress'd;
His almighty arm shall waken;
Zion's King shall give thee rest.

S. Songs.

NEWBURY. H. M. MICHAEL HAYDN.


O Zi - on, tune thy voice, And lift thy hands on
high; Tell all the earth thy joys, And shout salvation
nigh: Cheerful in God, A - rise and shine, While

NEWBURY.—CONTINUED.

248. *Blessings on Zion.* H. M.

1 O Zion, tune thy voice,
And lift thy hands on high;
Tell all the earth thy joys,
And shout salvation nigh:
Cheerful in God, Arise and shine,
While rays divine Stream all abroad.

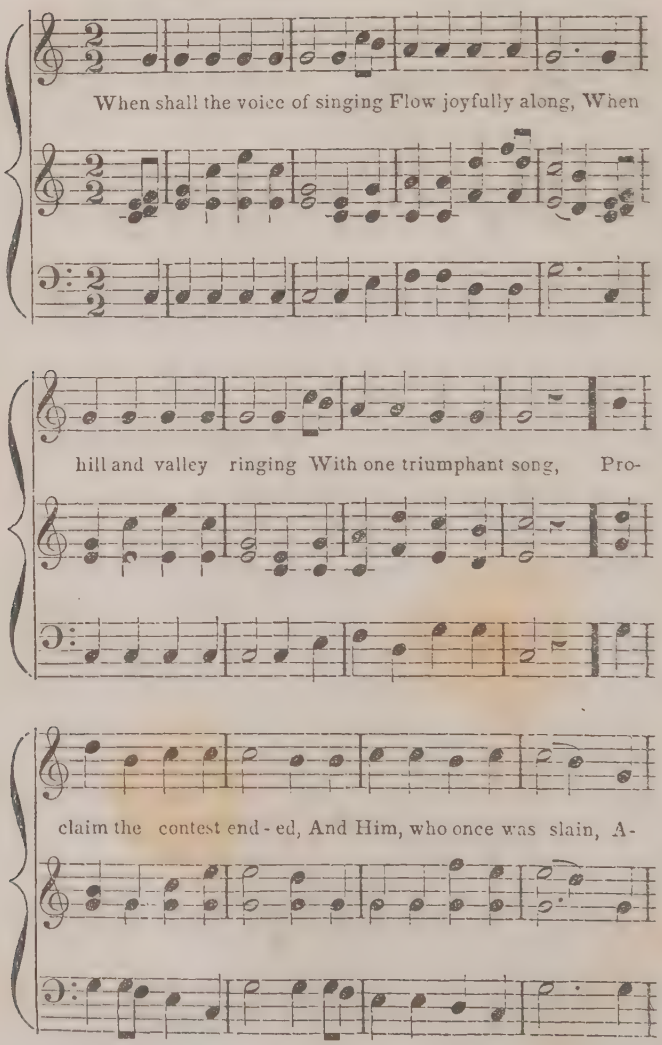
2 He gilds thy mourning face
With beams that cannot fade,
His all-resplendent grace
He pours around thy head.
The nations round Thy form thall view,
With lustre new Divinely crown'd.

3 In honor to his name
Reflect that sacred light,
And loud that grace proclaim
Which makes thy darkness bright:
Pursue his praise Till sovereign love,
In worlds above, Thy glory raise.

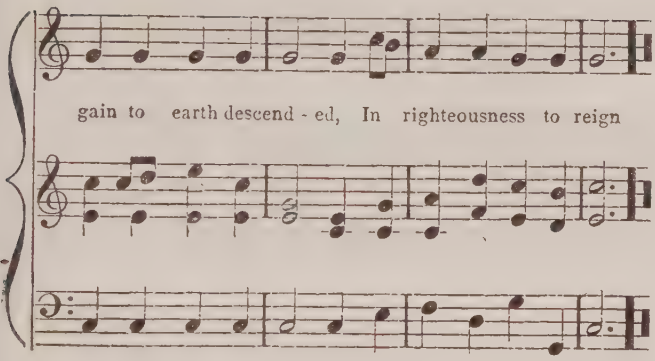
4 There, on his holy hill,
A brighter sun shall rise,
And with his radiance fill
Those fairer, purer skies;
While round his throne Ten thousand stars,
In nobler spheres, His influence own.

Doddridge.

LEXINGTON. 7 & 6. Peculiar. MANHATTAN COLL.


When shall the voice of singing Flow joyfully along, When
hill and valley ringing With one triumphant song, Pro-
claim the contest end - ed, And Him, who once was slain, A-

LEXINGTON.—CONTINUED.

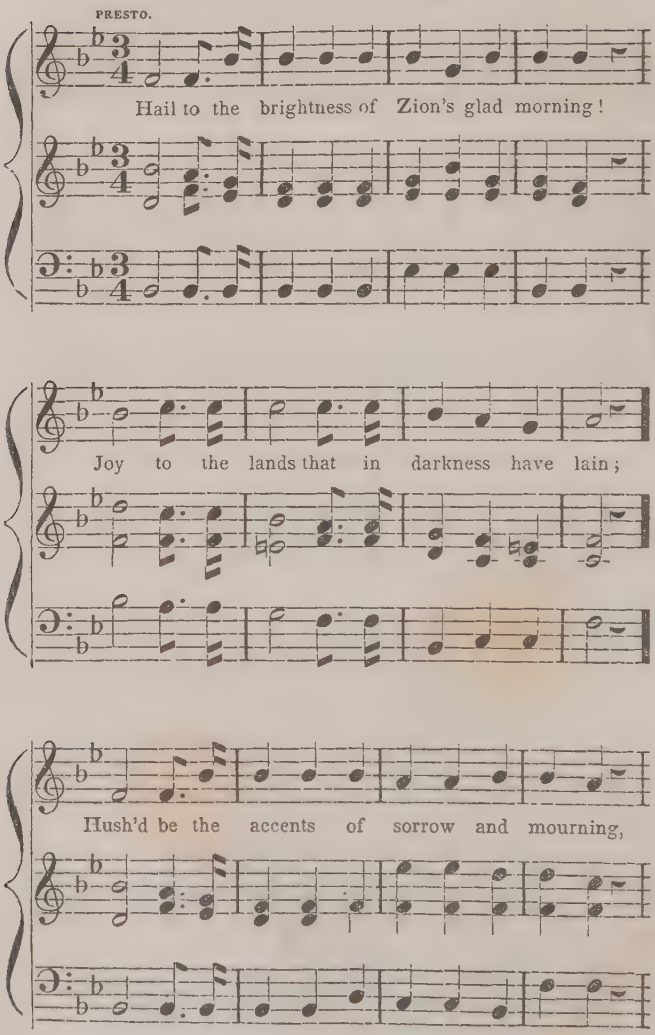


249. *Reign of Christ on Earth.* 7, 6.

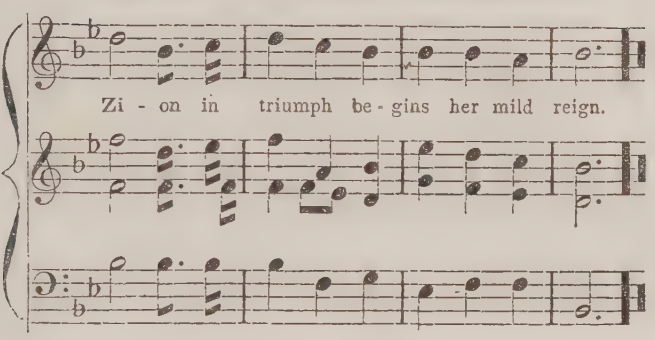
1 When shall the voice of singing
Flow joyfully along,
When hill and valley ringing
With one triumphant song
Proclaim the contest ended,
And Him, who once was slain,
Again to earth descended,
In righteousness to reign?

2 Then from the lofty mountains
The sacred shout shall fly,
And shady vales and fountains
Shall echo the reply;
High tow'r and lowly dwelling
Shall send the chorus round,
All, hallelujah swelling,
In one eternal sound. Pratt's Col

"HAIL TO THE BRIGHTNESS." 11 & 10. L. MASON.


PRESTO.
Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning!
Joy to the lands that in darkness have lain;
Hush'd be the accents of sorrow and mourning,

"HAIL TO THE BRIGHTNESS."—CONTINUED.



250. *Dawn of the Millennium.* 11, 10.

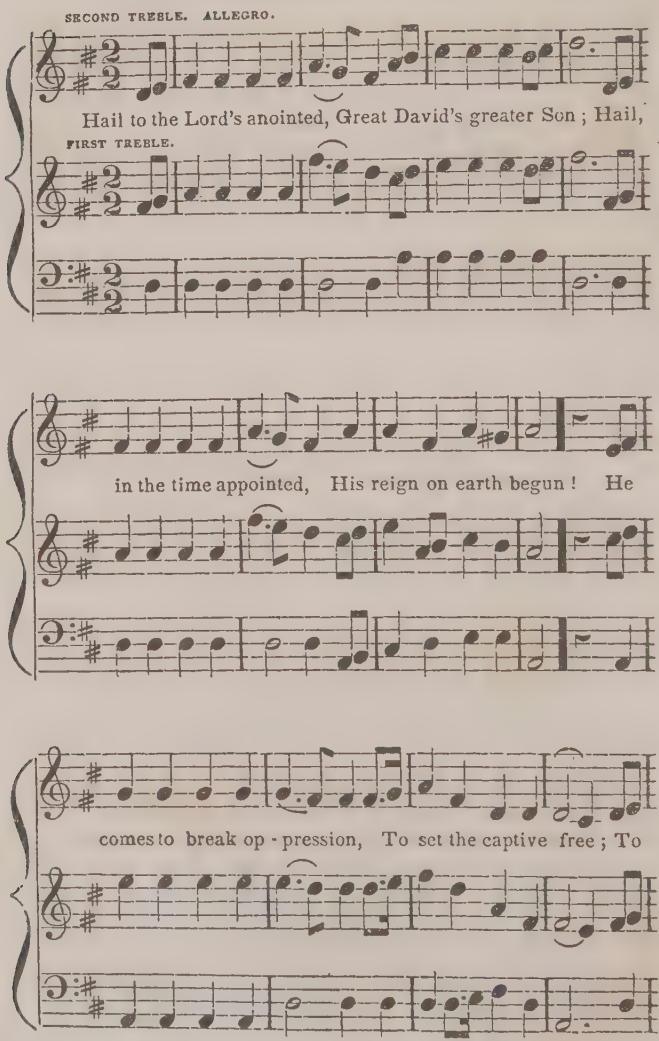
1 Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning!
Joy to the lands that in darkness have lain;
Hush'd be the accents of sorrow and mourning,
Zion in triumph begins her mild reign.

2 Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning,
Long by the prophets of Israel foretold;
Hail to the millions from bondage returning,
Gentiles and Jews the blest vision behold.

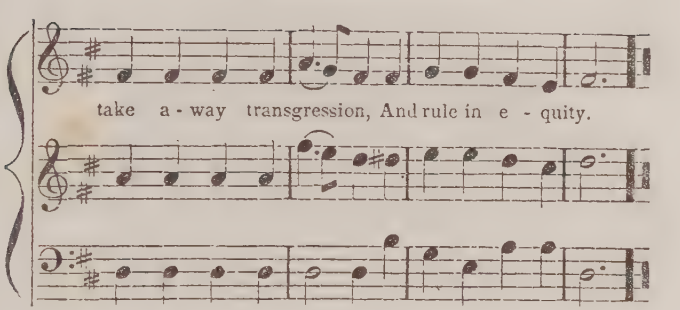
3 Lo, in the desert rich flowers are springing,
Streams ever copious are gliding along;
Loud from the mountain-tops echoes are ringing,
Wastes rise in verdure and mingle in song.

4 See from all lands—from the isles of the ocean,
Praise to Jehovah ascending on high;
Fall'n are the engines of war and commotion,
Shouts of salvation are rending the sky.

HOREB. 7 & 6. Peculiar. WOLFF, of Switzerland.


SECOND TREBLE. ALLEGRO.
Hail to the Lord's anointed, Great David's greater Son; Hail,
FIRST TREBLE.
in the time appointed, His reign on earth begun! He
comes to break op-pression, To set the captive free; To

HOREB.—CONTINUED.



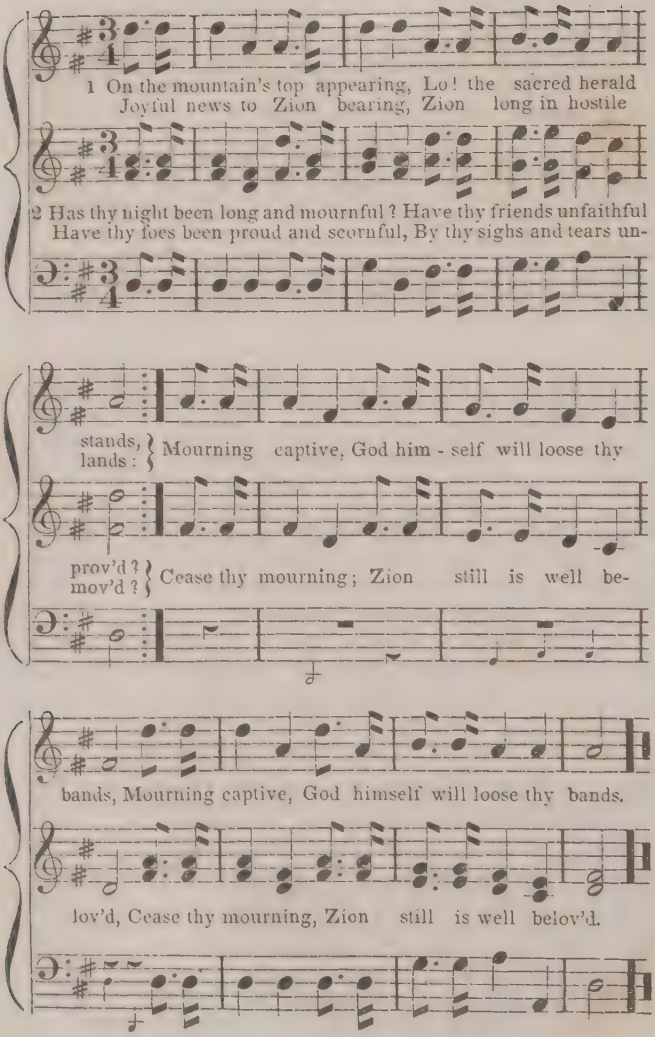
251. *Christ's Reign upon Earth.* 7 & 6.

1 Hail to the Lord's anointed,
Great David's greater Son;
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free;
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

2 He comes with succor speedy
To those who suffer wrong;
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong;
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls, condemn'd and dying,
Were precious in his sight.

3 For him shall prayer unceasing
And daily vows ascend;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end:
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His name shall stand for ever,
That name to us is LOVE. Montgomery.

ZION. 8, 7, 4. II.


1 On the mountain's top appearing, Lo! the sacred herald
Joyful news to Zion bearing, Zion long in hostile
2 Has thy night been long and mournful? Have thy friends unfaithful
Have thy foes been proud and scornful, By thy sighs and tears un-
stands, lands: Mourning captive, God him - self will loose thy
prov'd? mov'd? Cease thy mourning; Zion still is well be-
bands, Mourning captive, God himself will loose thy bands.
lov'd, Cease thy mourning, Zion still is well belov'd.

252. *Gospel Proclaimed.* 8, 7, 4.

(See verses 1, 2, in the music.)

3 God, thy God, will soon restore thee;
He himself appears thy friend;
All thy foes shall flee before thee,
Here their boasts and triumphs end:
Great deliv'rance
Zion's King will surely send.

4 Peace and joy shall now attend thee,
All thy warfare now be past;
God thy Savior will defend thee,
Victory is thine at last:
All thy conflicts
End in everlasting rest. Kelly.

253. *Missionaries' Farewell.* 8, 7, 4.

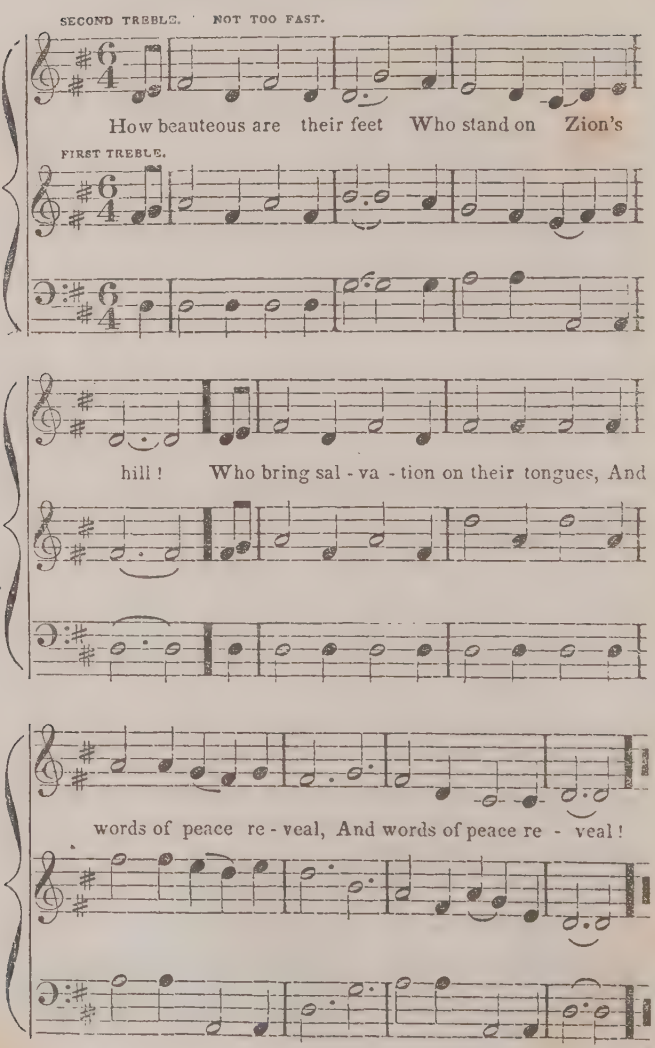
1 Yes, my native land, I love thee;
All thy scenes, I love them well;
Friends, connections, happy country!
Can I bid you all farewell?
Can I leave you,
Far in heathen lands to dwell?

2 Yes, I hasten from you gladly,
From the scenes I loved so well—
Far away, ye billows, bear me;
Lovely native land, farewell!
Pleased I leave thee,
Far in heathen lands to dwell.

3 In the desert let me labor,
On the mountains let me tell
How he died—the blessed Savior—
To redeem a world from hell!
Let me hasten
Far in heathen lands to dwell.

4 Bear me on, thou restless ocean;
Let the winds my canvass swell—
Heaves my heart with warm emotion,
While I go far hence to dwell.
Glad I bid thee,
Native land—*Farewell—Farewell.* S. F. Smith.

MOUNT ZION. S. M.


SECOND TREBLE.
NOT TOO FAST.
How beauteous are their feet Who stand on Zion's
FIRST TREBLE.
hill! Who bring sal - va - tion on their tongues, And
words of peace re - veal, And words of peace re - veal!

254. *Heralds of the Gospel.* S. M.

1 How beauteous are their feet
Who stand on Zion's hill!
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal!

2 How charming is their voice!
How sweet the tidings are!
"Zion, behold thy Savior King;
"He reigns and triumphs here."

3 How happy are our ears,
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found!

4 How blessed are our eyes,
That see this heavenly light;
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight!

5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.

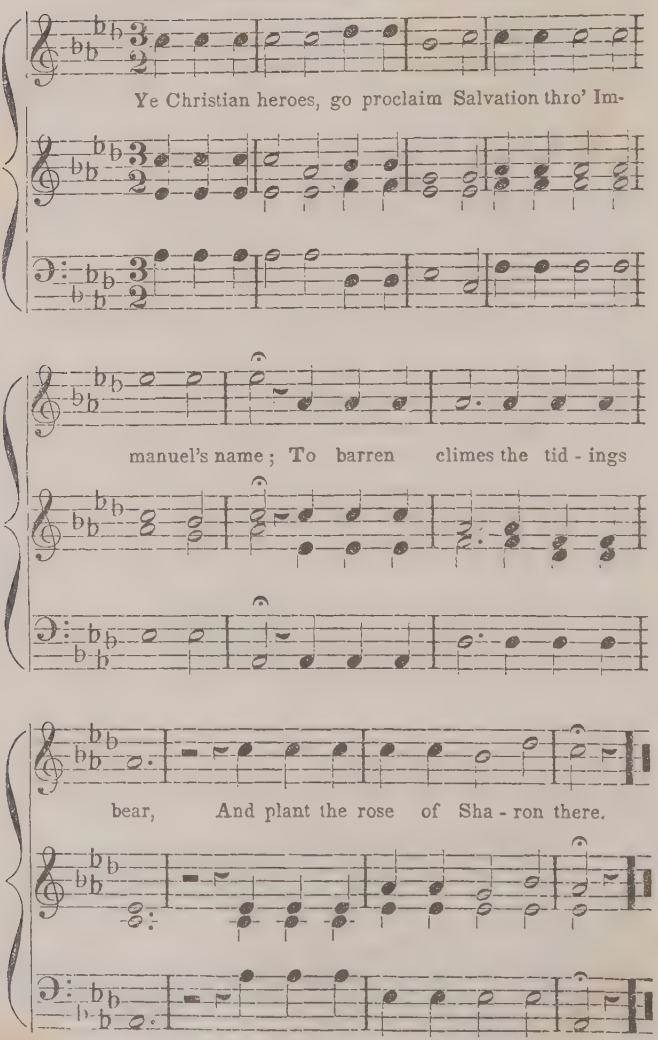
6 The Lord makes bare his arm
Through all the earth abroad;
Let every nation now behold
Their Savior and their God. Watts.

255. *Praise from all Nations.* S. M.

1 Thy name, almighty Lord,
Shall sound through distant lands:
Great is thy grace and sure thy word;
Thy truth for ever stands.

2 Far be thine honor spread,
And long thy praise endure,
Till morning light and evening shade
Shall be exchanged no more. Watts.

MISSIONARY CHANT. L. M. ZEUNER.


Ye Christian heroes, go proclaim Salvation thro' Im-
manuel's name; To barren climes the tid - ings
bear, And plant the rose of Sha - ron there.

256. *Departure of Missionaries.* L. M.

1 Ye christian heroes, go proclaim
Salvation through Immanuel's name;
To barren climes the tidings bear,
And plant the rose of Sharon there.

2 He'll shield you with a wall of fire,
With flaming zeal your breasts inspire,
Bid raging winds their fury cease,
And hush the tempest into peace.

3 And when our labors all are o'er,
Then we shall meet to part no more;
Meet with the blood-bought throng to fall
And crown our Jesus Lord of all. Pratt's Coll.

257. *Prayer for Zion's Increase.* L. M.

1 Arm of the Lord, awake, awake!
Put on thy strength—the nations shake!
And let the world, adoring, see
Triumphs of mercy wrought by thee.

2 Say to the heathen from thy throne,
"I am Jehovah—God alone!"
Thy voice their idols shall confound,
And cast their altars to the ground.

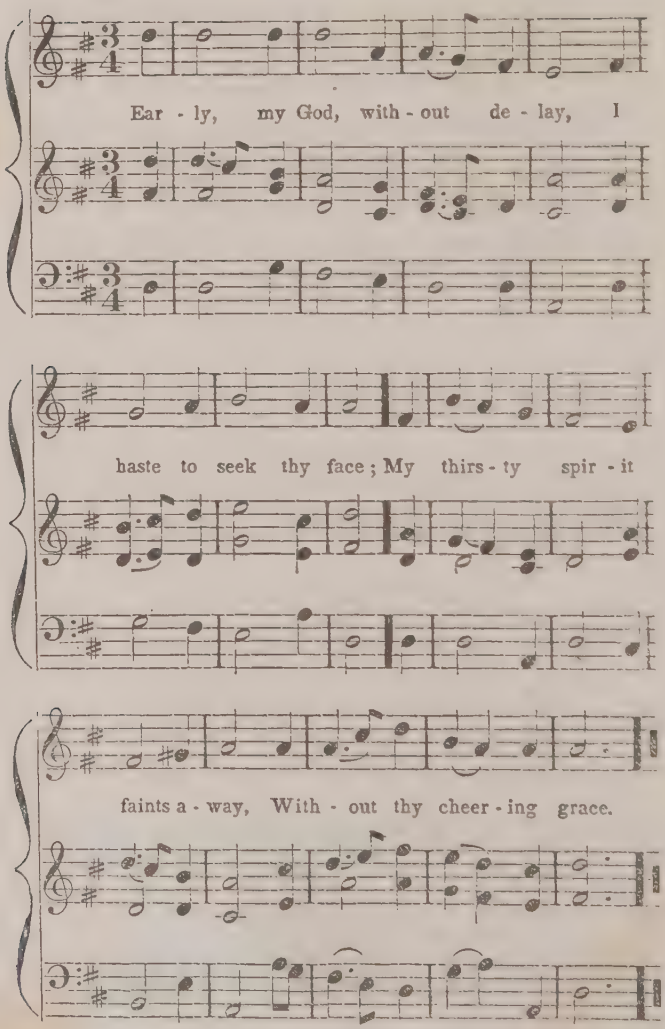
3 No more let human blood be spilt—
Vain sacrifice for human guilt!
But to each conscience be applied
The blood that flow'd from Jesus' side.

4 Let Zion's time of favor come;
O bring the tribes of Israel home;
And let our wondering eyes behold
Gentiles and Jews in Christ's one fold.

5 Almighty God, thy grace proclaim
In every land of every name;
Let adverse powers before thee fall,
And crown the Savior—LORD OF ALL.

Burder's Coll.

COLCHESTER. C. M.



THE LORD'S DAY.

258. *Lord's Day Morning.* C. M.

1 Early, my God, without delay,
I haste to seek thy face;
My thirsty spirit faints away,
Without thy cheering grace.

2 So pilgrims on the scorching sand,
Beneath a burning sky,
Long for a cooling stream at hand,
And they must drink or die.

3 I've seen thy glory and thy power
Through all thy temple shine;
My God, repeat that heavenly hour,
That vision so divine! Watts.

259. *Lord's Day Morning.* C. M.

1 Lord, in the morning thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high;
To thee will I direct my prayer,
To thee lift up mine eye.

2 Up to the hills where Christ is gone,
To plead for all his saints,
Presenting at his Father's throne
Our songs and our complaints.

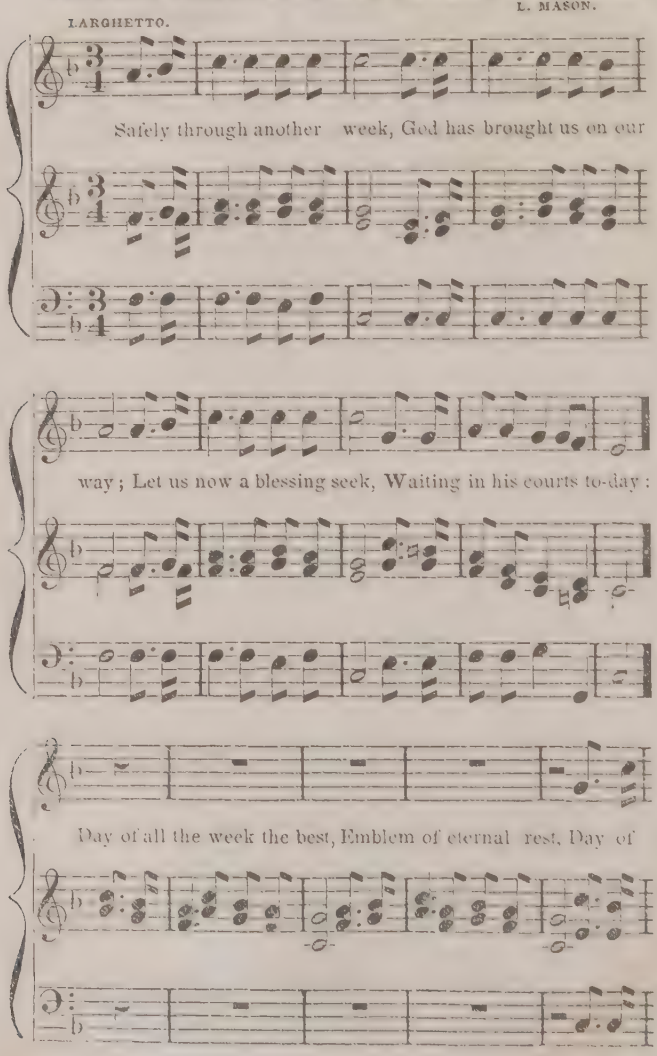
3 Thou art a God, before whose sight
The wicked shall not stand;
Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,
Nor dwell at thy right hand.

4 But to thy house will I resort,
To taste thy mercies there;
I will frequent thy holy court,
And worship in thy fear.

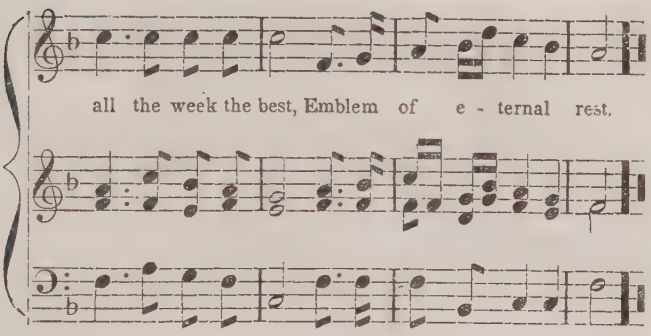
5 O may thy Spirit guide my feet
In ways of righteousness!
Make every path of duty straight,
And plain before my face. Watts.

"SAFELY THRO' ANOTHER WEEK." 7's. 6 lines.

L. MASON.


LARGHETTO.
Safely through another week, God has brought us on our
way; Let us now a blessing seek, Waiting in his courts to-day:
Day of all the week the best, Emblem of eternal rest, Day of

"SAFELY THRO' ANOTHER WEEK."—CONTINUED.



260. *Sabbath Morning.* 7's.

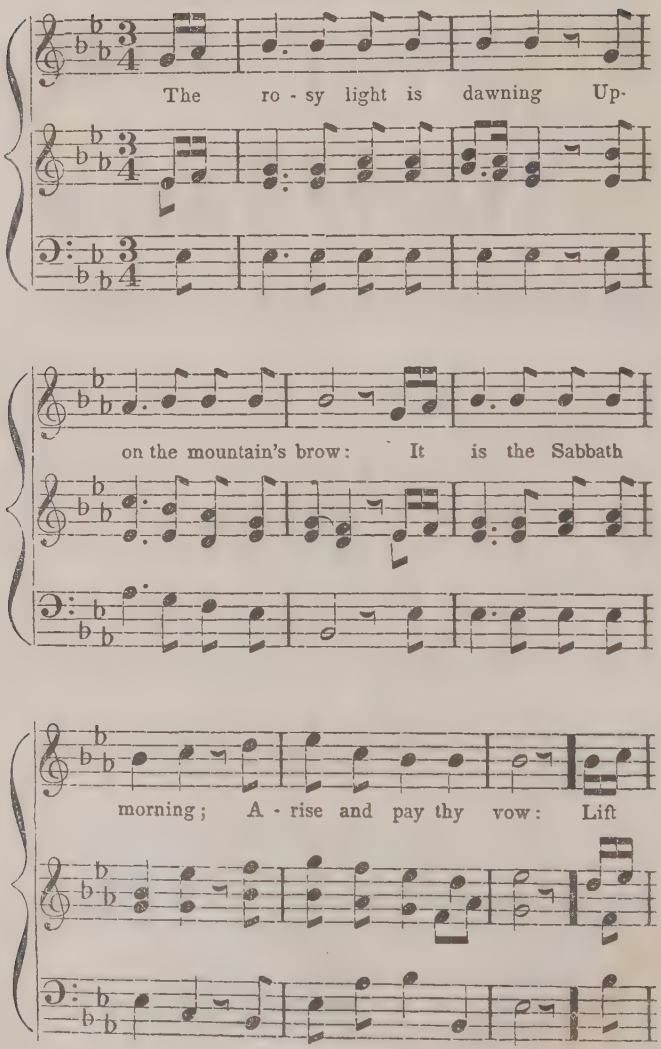
1 Safely through another week,
God has brought us on our way;
Let us now a blessing seek,
Waiting in his courts to-day:
Day of all the week the best;
Emblem of eternal rest.

2 While we seek supplies of grace,
Through the dear Redeemer's name,
Show thy reconciled face;
Take away our sin and shame:
From our worldly cares set free,
May we rest this day in thee.

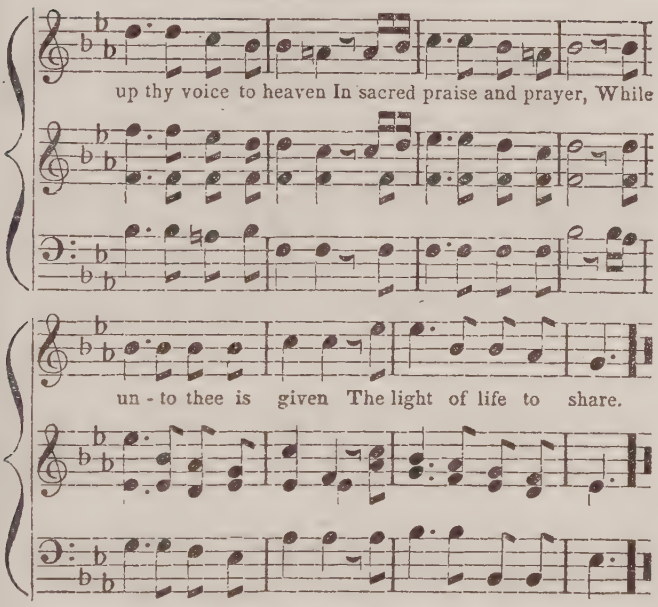
3 When we meet, thy name to praise,
Let us feel thy presence near:
May thy glory meet our eyes
While we in thy house appear;
There afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast.

4 May the Gospel's joyful sound
Conquer sinners, comfort saints;
Make the fruits of grace abound;
Bring relief from all complaints:
Thus let all our Sabbaths prove,
Till we join the church above. Newton.

YORKVILLE. 7 & 6. Peculiar. H.



YORKVILLE.—CONTINUED.



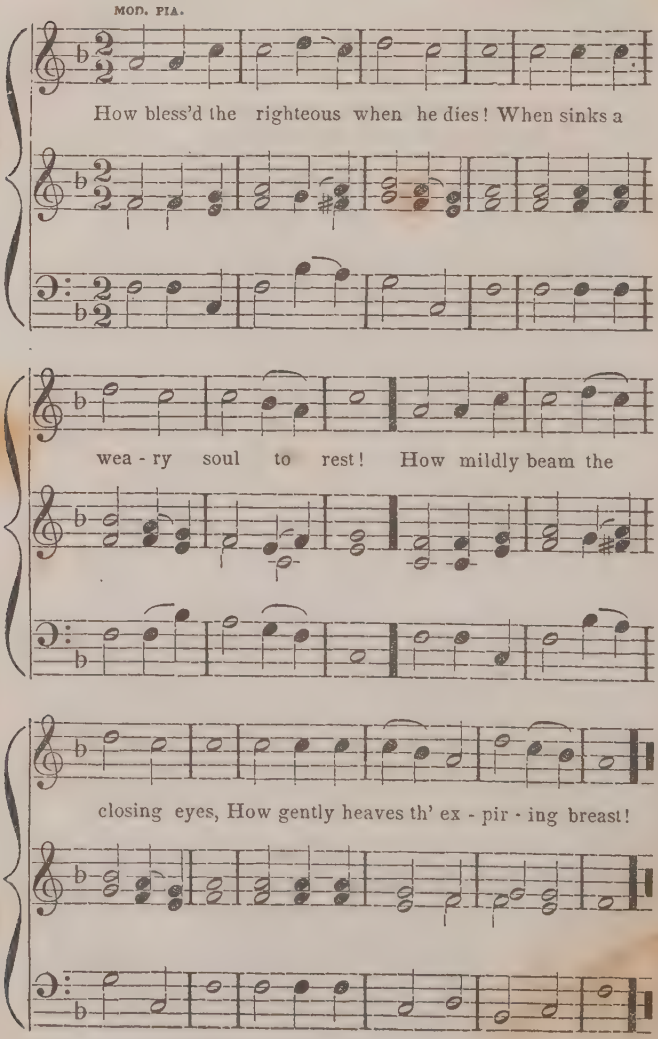
261. *A Sabbath Morning.* 7 & 6.

(See verse 1, in the music.)

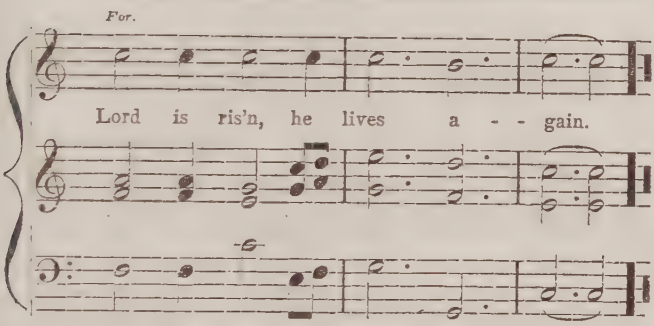
2 The landscape, lately shrouded
By evening's paler ray,
Smiles beauteous and unclouded
Before the eye of day:
So let our souls, benighted
Too long in folly's shade,
By thy kind smiles be lighted
To joys that never fade.

3 O see those waters, streaming
In crystal purity;
While earth, with verdure teeming,
Gives rapture to the eye:
Let rivers of salvation
In larger currents flow,
Till ev'ry tribe and nation
Their healing virtues know. Mother's H. Book.

HAMBURGH. L. M. Arranged from a Gregorian Chant, by L. Mason.


MOD. PIA.
How bless'd the righteous when he dies! When sinks a
wea - ry soul to rest! How mildly beam the
closing eyes, How gently heaves th' ex - pir - ing breast!

"HOW CALM AND BEAUTIFUL."—CONTINUED.



262. *The Lord is Risen.* C. M. L.

(See verse 1, in the music.)

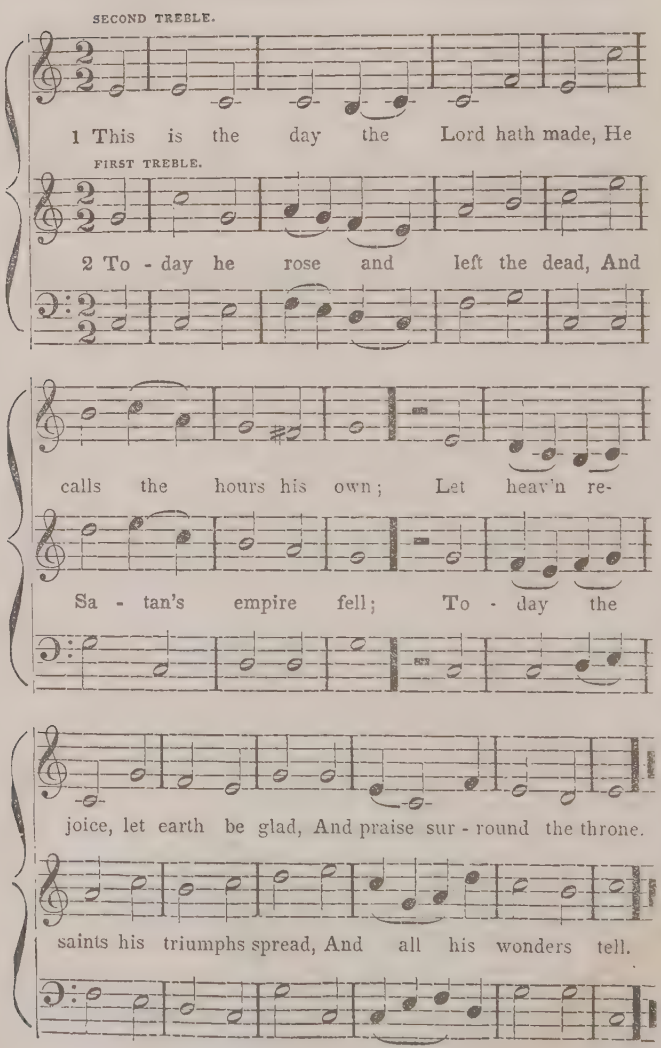
2 Ye mourning saints, dry every tear
For your departed Lord,
"Behold the place—he is not there,"
The tomb is all unbarr'd:
The gates of death were clos'd in vain;
The Lord is ris'n—he lives again.

3 Now cheerful to the house of pray'r
Your early footsteps bend,
The Savior will himself be there,
Your Advocate and Friend:
Once by the law your hopes were slain,
But now in Christ ye live again.

4 How tranquil now the rising day!
'Tis Jesus still appears,
A risen Lord, to chase away
Your unbelieving fears:
O, weep no more your comforts slain,
The Lord is ris'n—he lives again.

5 And when the shades of evening fall
When life's last hour draws nigh,
If Jesus shines upon the soul,
How blissful then to die!
Since he has ris'n that once was slain,
Ye die in Christ to live again. S. Songs.

BETHEL. C. M. ENGLISH THEME.


SECOND TREBLE.
1 This is the day the Lord hath made, He
FIRST TREBLE.
2 To - day he rose and left the dead, And
calls the hours his own; Let heav'n re-
Sa - tan's empire fell; To - day the
joice, let earth be glad, And praise sur - round the throne.
saints his triumphs spread, And all his wonders tell.

263. *Christ's Resurrection* C. M.

(See verses 1, 2, in the music.)

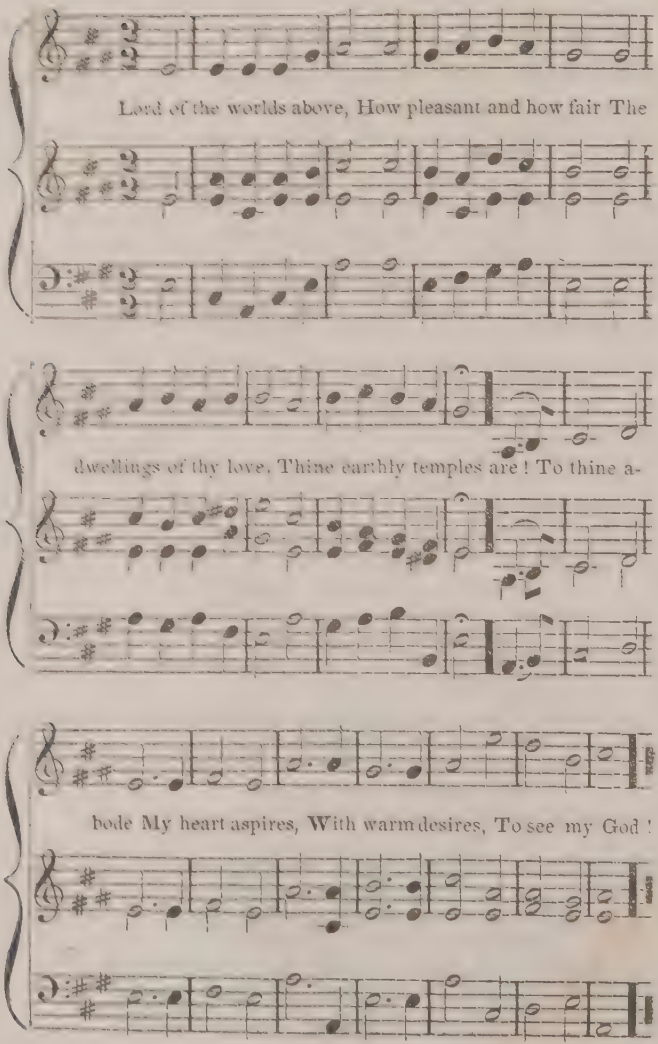
3 Hosanna to the anointed King,
To David's holy Son!
Help us, O Lord; descend and bring
Salvation from thy throne.
4 Blest be the Lord, who comes to men
With messages of grace;
Who comes in God, his Father's name,
To save our sinful race.
5 Hosanna in the highest strains
The church on earth can raise;
The highest heavens in which he reigns
Shall give him nobler praise. Watts

264. *Going to Church.* C. M.*

1 How did my heart rejoice to hear
My friends devoutly say,
"In Zion let us all appear,
"And keep the solemn day!"
2 I love her gates, I love the road!
The church, adorn'd with grace,
Stands like a palace built for God,
To show his milder face.
3 Up to her courts, with joys unknown,
The holy tribes repair;
The Son of David holds his throne,
And sits in judgment there.
4 He hears our praises and complaints,
And, while his awful voice
Divides the sinners from the saints,
We tremble, and rejoice!
5 Peace be within this sacred place,
And joy a constant guest!
With holy gifts and heav'nly grace
Be her attendants blest.
6 My soul shall pray for Zion still,
While life or breath remains;
Here my best friends, my kindred dwell,
Here God my Savior reigns. Watts.

* See also COLCHESTER, page 258.

STOWE. H. M. Arranged from an English tune, by L. MASON.


Lord of the worlds above, How pleasant and how fair The
dwellings of thy love, Thine earthly temples are! To thine a-
bode My heart aspires, With warm desires, To see my God!

265. *Public Worship.* H. M.

(See verse 1, in the music.)

2 O happy souls, that pray
Where God appoints to hear!
O happy men, that pay
Their constant service there!
They praise thee still; And happy they
That love the way To Zion's hill!

3 They go from strength to strength,
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heaven appears:
O glorious seat, When God our King
Shall thither bring Our willing feet!

4 To spend one sacred day
Where God and saints abide,
Affords diviner joy
Than thousand days beside:
Where God resorts, I love it more
To keep the door, Than shine in courts.

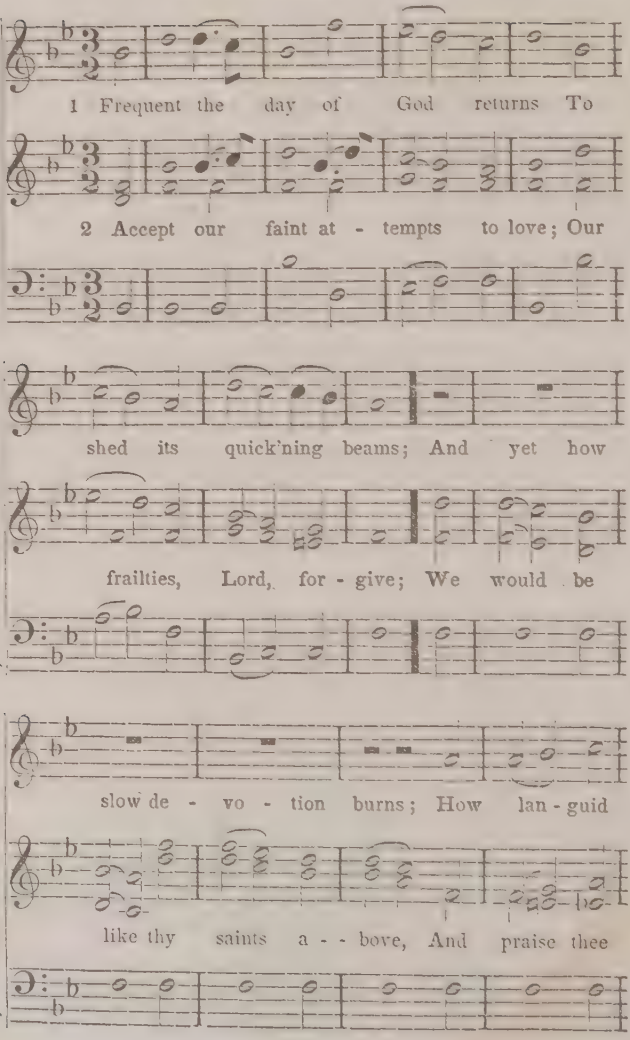
Watts.

266. *Sabbath Morning.* H. M.

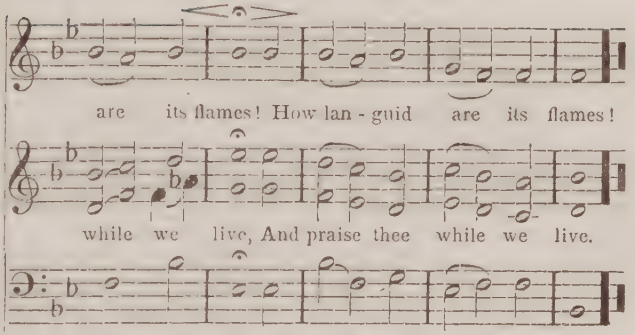
1 Welcome, delightful morn,
Thou day of sacred rest;
I hail thy kind return—
Lord, make these moments blest:
From the low train of mortal toys
I soar to reach immortal joys.

2 Now may the King descend,
And fill his throne of grace:
Thy sceptre, Lord, extend,
While saints address thy face:
Let sinners feel thy quickening word,
And learn to know and fear the Lord.

3 Descend, celestial Dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Disclose a Savior's love,
And bless the sacred hours:
Then shall my soul new life obtain,
Nor Sabbaths be indulg'd in vain. Hayward.

SWANWICK. C. M. J. LUCAS.

1 Frequent the day of God returns To
2 Accept our faint at - tempts to love; Our
shed its quick'ning beams; And yet how
frailties, Lord, for - give; We would be
slow de - vo - tion burns; How lan - guid
like thy saints a - - bove, And praise thee

SWANWICK.—CONTINUED.



267. *Lord's Day Evening.* C. M.

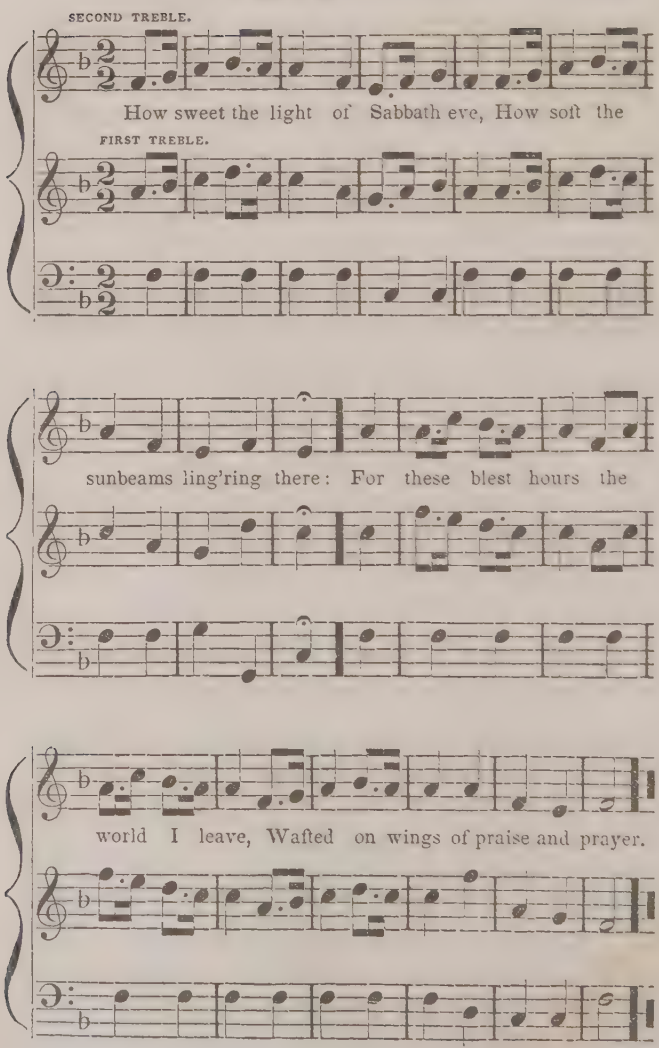
(See verses 1, 2, in the music.)

3 Increase, O Lord, our faith and hope,
And fit us to ascend
Where the assembly ne'er breaks up,
The Sabbath ne'er shall end:
4 Where we shall breathe in heavenly air,
With heavenly lustre shine;
Before the throne of God appear,
And feast on love divine. Brown.

268. *God Present in his Churches.* C. M.

1 My soul, how lovely is the place
To which thy God resorts!
'Tis heav'n to see his smiling face,
Though in his earthly courts.
2 To sit one day beneath thine eye
And hear thy gracious voice,
Exceeds a whole eternity
Employ'd in carnal joys.
3 Lord, at thy threshold I would wait
While Jesus is within,
Rather than fill a throne of state,
Or live in tents of sin.
4 Could I command the spacious land
And the more boundless sea,
For one blest hour at thy right hand
I'd give them both away. Watts.

ORFORD. L. M. L. MASON.


SECOND TREBLE.
How sweet the light of Sabbath eve, How soft the
FIRST TREBLE.
sunbeams ling'ring there: For these blest hours the
world I leave, Wafted on wings of praise and prayer.

269. *The Sabbath Evening.* L. M.

1 How sweet the light of Sabbath eve,
How soft the sunbeams ling'ring there:
For these blest hours, the world I leave,
Wafted on wings of praise and prayer.

2 The time how lovely and how still!
Peace shines and smiles on all below;
The plain, the stream, the wood, the hill,
All fair with evening's setting glow.

3 Season of rest! the tranquil soul
Feels the sweet calm, and melts to love,
And while these sacred moments roll,
Faith sees a smiling heav'n above.

4 Nor will our days of toil be long,
Our pilgrimage will soon be trod;
And we shall join the ceaseless song,
The endless Sabbath of our God. Edmeston.

270. *The Divine Presence.* L. M.

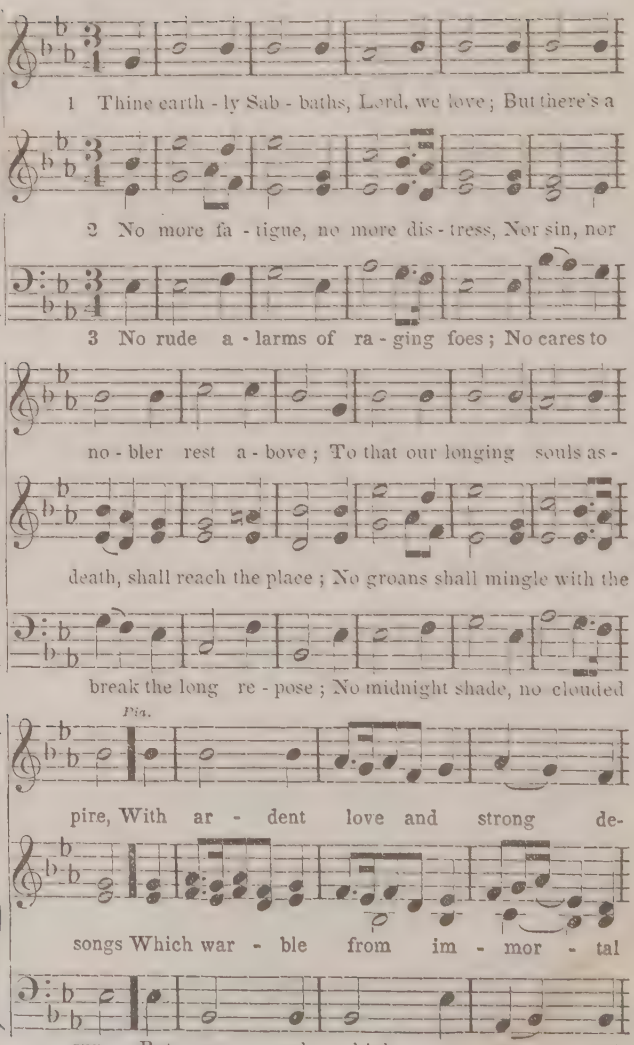
1 Jesus, where'er thy people meet,
There they behold thy mercy-seat;
Where'er they seek thee, thou art found;
And every place is hallow'd ground.

2 Dear Shepherd of thy chosen few,
Thy former mercies here renew;
Here to our waiting hearts proclaim
The sweetness of thy saving name.

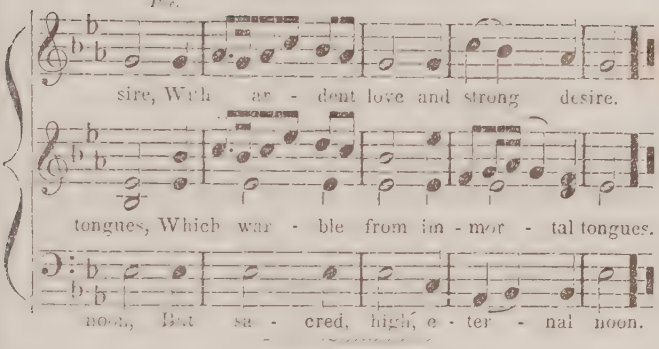
3 Here may we prove the pow'r of pray'r,
To strengthen faith and banish care;
To teach our faint desires to rise
To things unseen, beyond the skies.

4 Lord, we are few, but thou art near;
Nor short thine arm, nor deaf thine ear;
O, rend the heav'ns this favor'd hour,
Let thousands feel thy saving pow'r. Cowper

REPOSE. L. M. COSTELLOW.


1 Thine earth - ly Sab - baths, Lord, we love; But there's a
2 No more fa - tigue, no more dis - tress, Nor sin, nor
3 No rude a - larms of ra - ging foes; No cares to
no - bler rest a - bove; To that our longing souls as -
death, shall reach the place; No groans shall mingle with the
break the long re - pose; No midnight shade, no clouded
Pia.
pire, With ar - dent love and strong de-
songs Which war - ble from im - mor - tal
sun, But sa - cred, high, e - ter - nal

REPOSE.—CONTINUED.


Duo.
sire, With ar - dent love and strong de-sire.
tongues, Which war - ble from im - mor - tal tongues.
noon, But sa - cred, high, e - ter - nal noon.

271. *The Eternal Sabbath.* L. M.

(See verses 1, 2, 3, in the music.)

4 O long-expected day, begin!
Dawn on this world of wo and sin:
Fain would we leave this weary road,
To sleep in death, and rest in God. Doddridge.

272. *The Sabbath.* L. M.

1 Another six days' work is done,
Another Sabbath is begun;
Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest,
Improve the day thy God has bless'd.

2 Come, bless the Lord, whose love assigns
So sweet a rest to wearied minds;
Provides an antepast of heav'n,
And gives, this day, the food of seven.

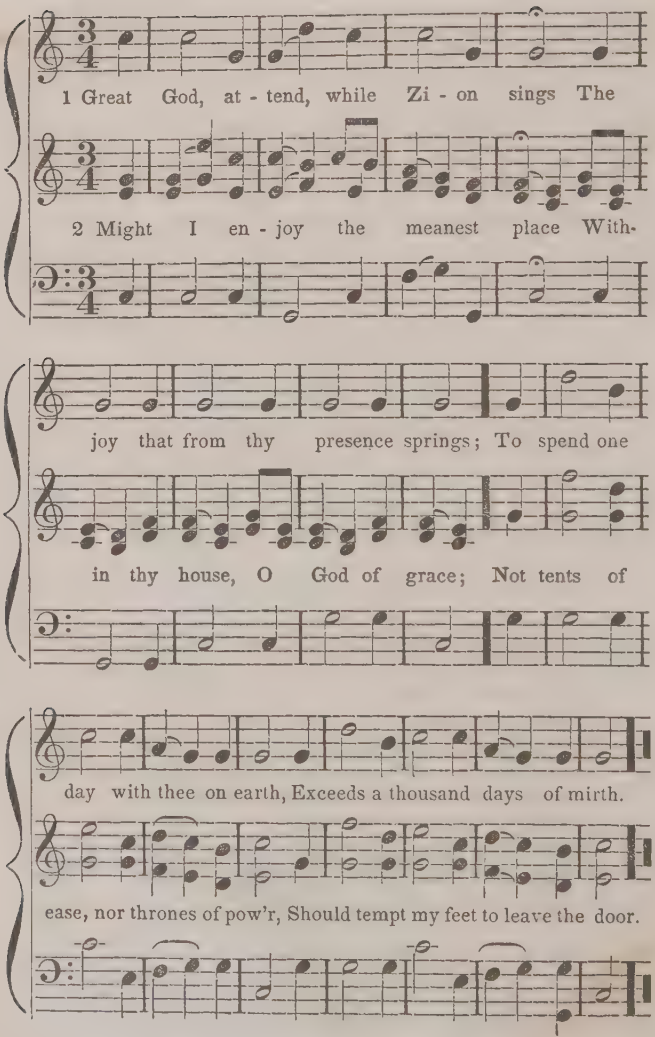
3 O that our thoughts and thanks may rise
As grateful incense to the skies;
And draw from heav'n that sweet repose
Which none but he that feels it knows.

4 This heav'nly calm within the breast
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest,
Which for the church of God remains,
The end of cares, the end of pains.

5 In holy duties, let the day,
In holy pleasures pass away;
How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end! Stennett.

ANDELUSIA. L. M.

GERMAN.
Arranged by H.


1 Great God, at - tend, while Zi - on sings The
2 Might I en - joy the meanest place With-
joy that from thy presence springs; To spend one
in thy house, O God of grace; Not tents of
day with thee on earth, Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.
ease, nor thrones of pow'r, Should tempt my feet to leave the door.

273. *God and his Church.* L. M.

(See verses 1, 2, in the music.)

3 God is our Sun, he makes our day;
God is our Shield, he guards our way
From all th' assaults of hell and sin,
From foes without and foes within.

4 All needful grace will God bestow,
And crown that grace with glory too;
He gives us all things, and withholds
No real good from upright souls.

5 O God our King, whose sovereign sway
The glorious host of heaven obey,
And devils at thy presence flee,—
Blest is the man who trusts in thee. Watts.

274. *A Psalm for the Sabbath.** L. M

1 Sweet is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks and sing;
To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth at night.

2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest;
No mortal cares shall seize my breast;
O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound!

3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless his works and bless his word;
Thy works of grace how bright they shine!
How deep thy counsels! how divine!

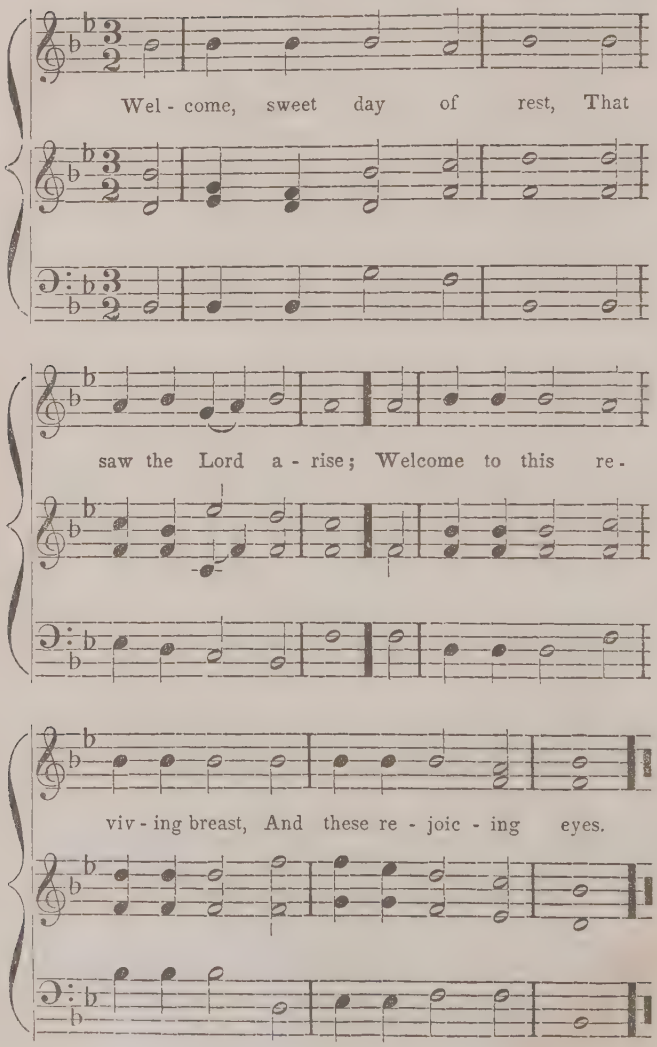
4 Fools never raise their thoughts so high;
Like brutes they live, like brutes they die:
Like grass they flourish, till thy breath
Blast them in everlasting death.

5 But I shall share a glorious part,
When grace hath well refined my heart,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.

6 Then shall I see, and hear, and know
All I desired or wished below;
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy. Watts.

* See also HEBRON and ILLINOIS, pp. 195, 193.

LISBON. S. M. See Mason's Sac. Harp.



275. *The Lord's Day.* S. M.

1 Welcome, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes!

2 The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day;
Here we may sit, and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

3 One day amidst the place
Where my dear God has been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.

4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss. Watts.

276. *The Worship of the Sabbath.* S. M.

1 Sweet is the work, O Lord,
Thy glorious name to sing;
To praise and pray—to hear thy word,
And grateful off'rings bring.

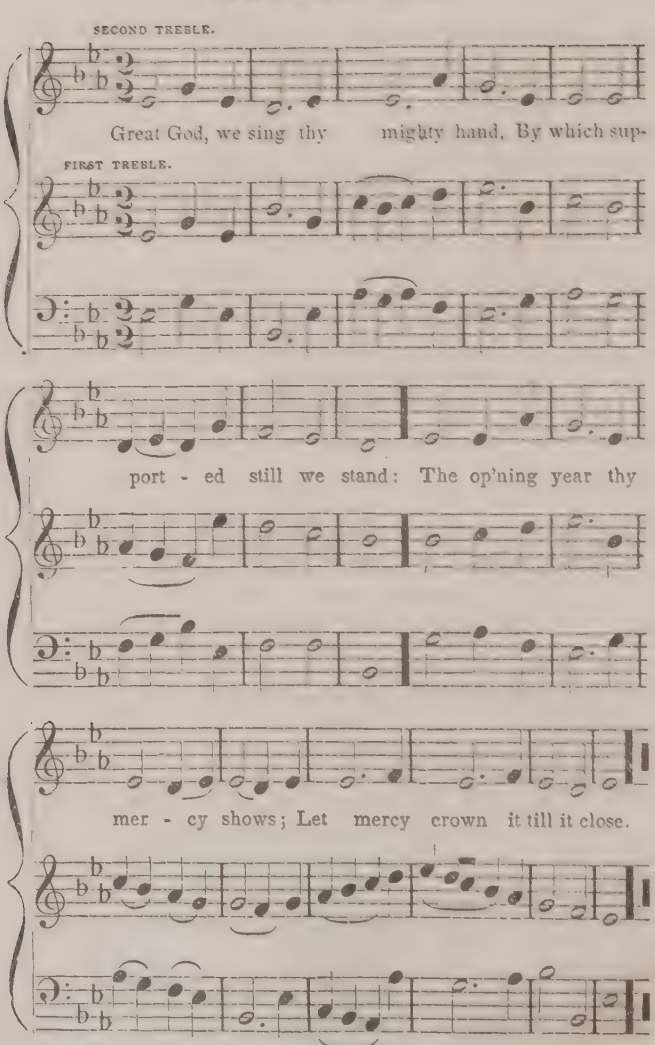
2 Sweet, on this day of rest,
To join, in heart and voice,
With those who love and serve thee best,
And in thy name rejoice.

3 To songs of praise and joy
Be every Sabbath giv'n,
That such may be our blest employ
Eternally in heav'n. Spirit of the Psalms.

Doxology.

Ye angels round the throne,
And saints who dwell below,
Worship the Father, praise the Son,
And bless the Spirit too.

BREWER. L. M.


SECOND TREBLE.
Great God, we sing thy mighty hand, By which sup-
FIRST TREBLE.
port - ed still we stand: The op'ning year thy
mer - cy shows; Let mercy crown it till it close.

TIMES AND SEASONS.

277. *The Opening Year.* L. M.

1 Great God, we sing thy mighty hand,
By which supported still we stand:
The opening year thy mercy shows;
Let mercy crown it till it close.

2 By day, by night, at home, abroad,
Still we are guarded by our God;
By his incessant bounty fed,
By his unerring counsel led.

3 With grateful hearts the past we own:
The future, all to us unknown,
We to thy guardian care commit,
And peaceful leave before thy feet.

4 In scenes exalted, or depress'd,
Be thou our joy, and thou our rest;
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
Ador'd through all our changing days.

5 When death shall interrupt these songs,
And seal in silence mortal tongues,
Our helper, God, in whom we trust,
In better worlds our souls shall boast. Doddridge.

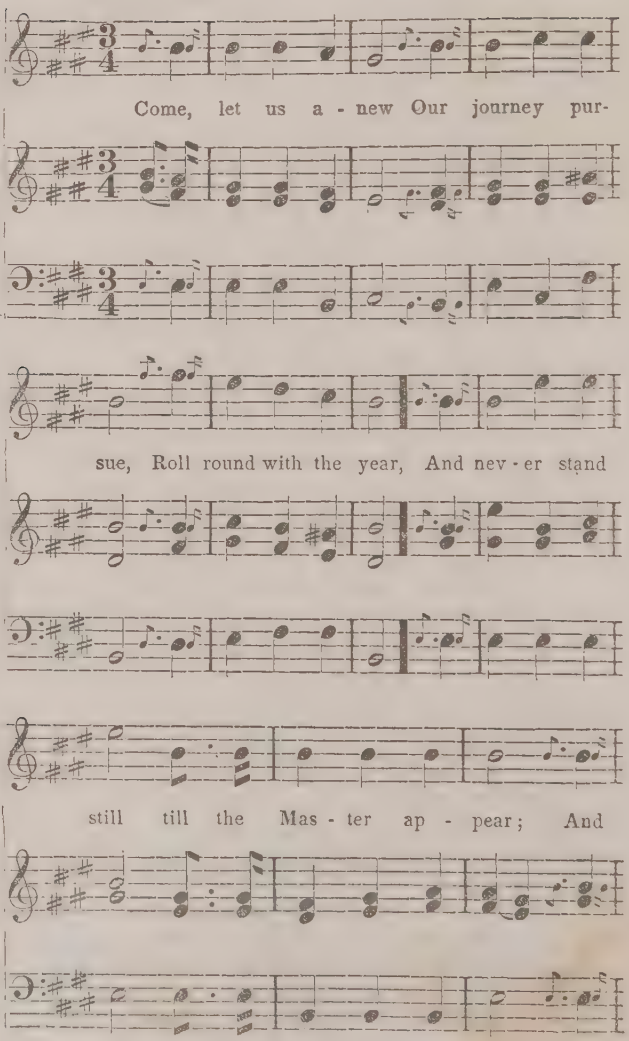
278. *Sanctified Afflictions.* L. M.

1 Father, I bless thy gentle hand;
How kind was thy chastising rod,
That forced my conscience to a stand,
And brought my wand'ring soul to God!

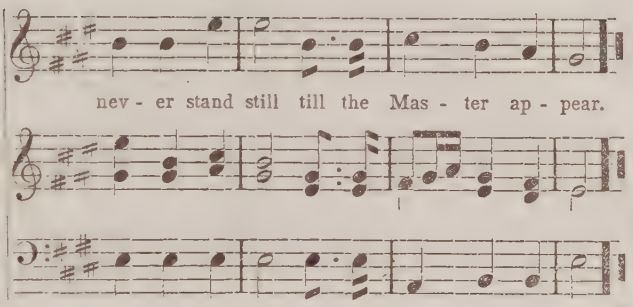
2 Foolish and vain, I went astray
Ere I had felt thy scourges, Lord;
I left my guide, and lost my way;
But now I love and keep thy word.

3 'Tis good for me to wear the yoke,
For pride is apt to rise and swell;
'Tis good to bear my Father's stroke,
That I might learn his statutes well. Watts.

GROTON. 5 & 11.


Come, let us a - new Our journey pur-
sue, Roll round with the year, And nev - er stand
still till the Mas - ter ap - pear; And

GROTON.—CONTINUED.



279. *The New Year.* 5 & 11.

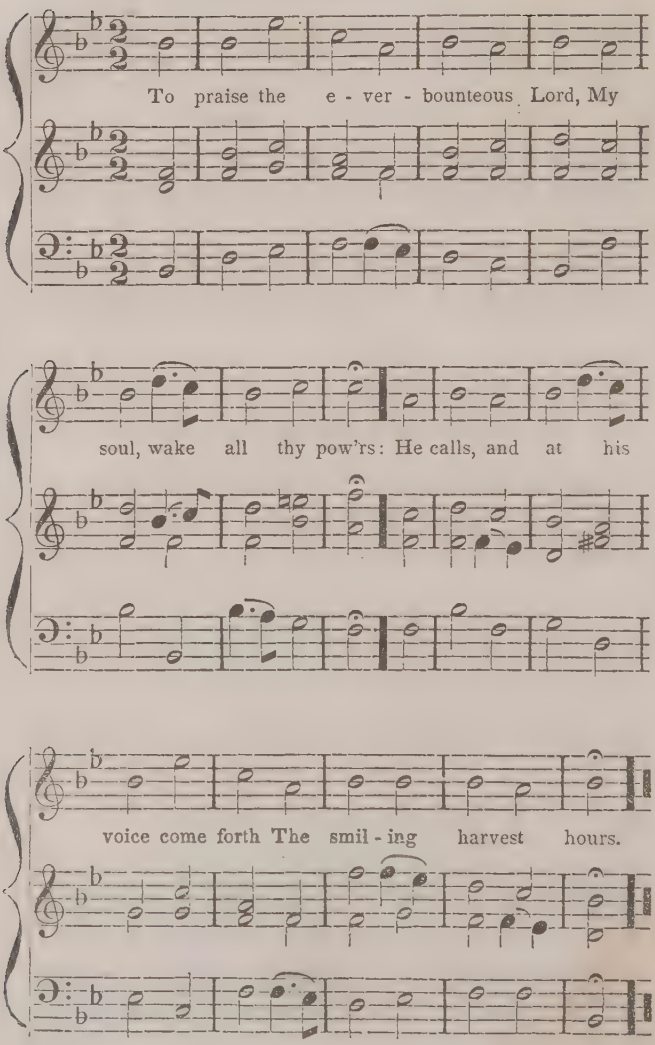
1 Come, let us anew
Our journey pursue,
Roll round with the year,
And never stand still till the Master appear:
His adorable will
Let us gladly fulfil,
And our talents improve
By the patience of hope and the labor of love.

2 Our life is a dream;
Our time, as a stream,
Glides swiftly away;
And the fugitive moment refuses to stay:
The arrow is flown,
The moment is gone,
The millennial year
Rushes on to our view, and eternity 's here.

3 Oh, that each in the day
Of his coming may say,
"I have fought my way through,
"I have finish'd the work thou didst give me to do!'
O that each from his Lord
May receive the glad word,
"Well and faithfully done,
"Enter into my joy and sit down on my throne!"

Har. Sacra.

NOTTINGHAM. C. M. CLARKE.


To praise the e - ver - bounteous Lord, My
soul, wake all thy pow'rs: He calls, and at his
voice come forth The smil - ing harvest hours.

280. *Summer: a Harvest Hymn.* C. M.

(See verse 1, in the music.)

2 His covenant with the earth he keeps;
My tongue, his goodness sing;
Summer and winter know their time,
His harvest crowns the spring.

3 Well pleased the toiling swains behold
The waving yellow crop;
With joy they bear the sheaves away,
And sow again in hope.

4 Thus teach me, gracious God, to sow
The seed of righteousness;
Smile on my soul, and with thy beams
The ripening harvest bless. Rippon.

281. *For Mariners.* C. M.

1 When o'er the mighty deep we rode,
By winds and storms assail'd;
We call'd upon the ocean's God,
Whose mercy never fail'd.

2 The raging tempest heard thy voice,
The winds obey'd thy will;
The elements withheld their noise,
And all the floods were still.

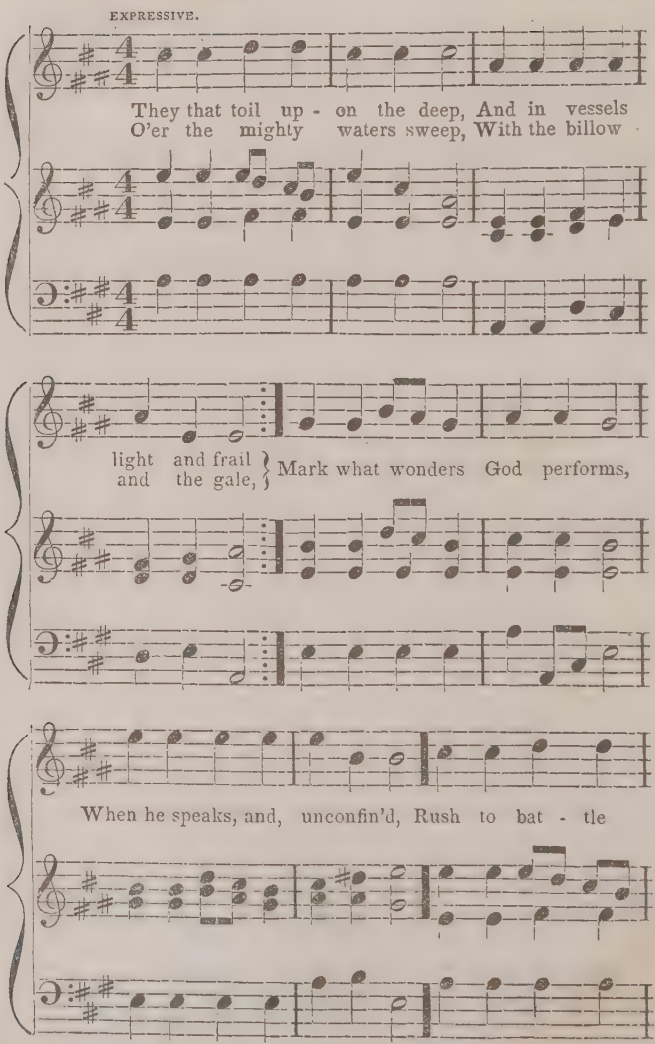
3 With joy we hail'd the distant shore,
And safe the vessel moor'd:
With grateful hearts, that happy hour,
We prais'd the ocean's Lord.

4 Thus, while o'er floods and seas we roam,
Thy goodness still we see;
Though distant from our native home,
We are not far from thee.

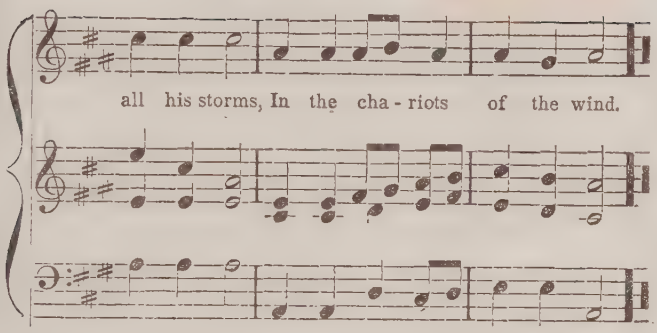
5 And when life's voyages are past,
And we are call'd to die;
Oh may we see thy face at last,
In realms beyond the sky.

6 Then as we join th' ethereal bands
Beyond the swelling wave,
We'll praise thee with uplifted hands,
And sing thy pow'r to save.

WESLEY. 7's. Double. MANHATTAN COLL.


EXPRESSIVE.
They that toil up - on the deep, And in vessels
O'er the mighty waters sweep, With the billow
light and frail
and the gale,
Mark what wonders God performs,
When he speaks, and, unconfin'd, Rush to bat - tle

WESLEY.—CONTINUED.



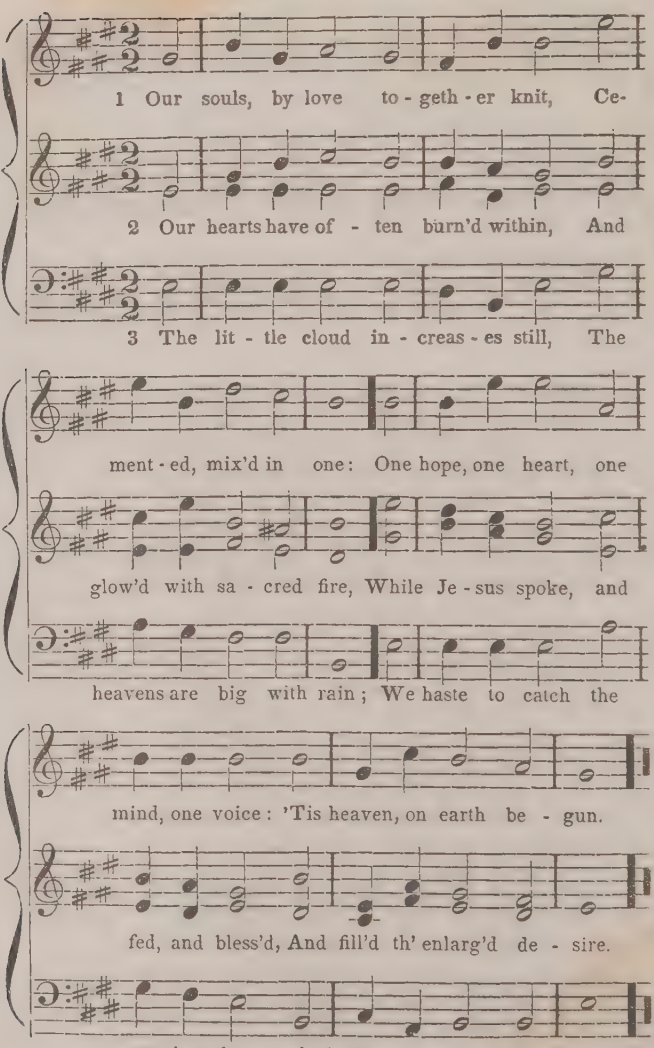
282. *God's Protection to Mariners.* 7's.

1 They that toil upon the deep,
  And in vessels light and frail
O'er the mighty waters sweep,
  With the billow and the gale,
Mark what wonders God performs,
  When he speaks, and, unconfin'd,
Rush to battle all his storms,
  In the chariots of the wind.

2 Up to heav'n their bark is whirl'd,
  On the mountain of the wave,
Downward suddenly 'tis hurl'd
  To th' abysses of the grave;
Mid the tempest now they roll,
  As intoxicate with wine;
Terrors paralyze their soul,
  Helm they quit and hope resign.

3 Then unto the Lord they cry:
  He inclines a gracious ear;
Sends deliv'rance from on high,
  Rescues them from all their fear.
O that men would praise the Lord
  For his goodness to their race,
For the wonders of his word,
  And the riches of his grace. Montgomery

DOWNS. C. M. L. MASON.


1 Our souls, by love to - geth - er knit, Ce-
2 Our hearts have of - ten burn'd within, And
3 The lit - tle cloud in - creas - es still, The
ment - ed, mix'd in one: One hope, one heart, one
glow'd with sa - cred fire, While Je - sus spoke, and
heavens are big with rain; We haste to catch the
mind, one voice: 'Tis heaven, on earth be - gun.
fed, and bless'd, And fill'd th' enlarg'd de - sire.
teem - ing shower, And all its mois - ture drain.

283. *Fellowship.* C. M.

(See verses 1, 2, 3, in the music.)

4 A rill, a stream, a torrent flows!
Lord, pour a mighty flood;
Oh! sweep the nations, shake the earth,
Till all proclaim thee God.

5 And when thou mak'st thy jewels up,
And set'st thy starry crown;
When all thy sparkling gems shall shine,
Proclaim'd by thee thine own;

6 May we, a little band of love,
We sinners, sav'd by grace,
From glory unto glory chang'd,
Behold thee face to face. Miller.

284. *God's Protection to Mariners.* C. M.

1 How are thy servants bless'd, O Lord!
How sure is their defence!
Eternal wisdom is their guide,
Their help, Omnipotence.

2 In foreign realms and lands remote,
Supported by thy care,
Through burning climes they pass unhurt,
And breathe in tainted air.

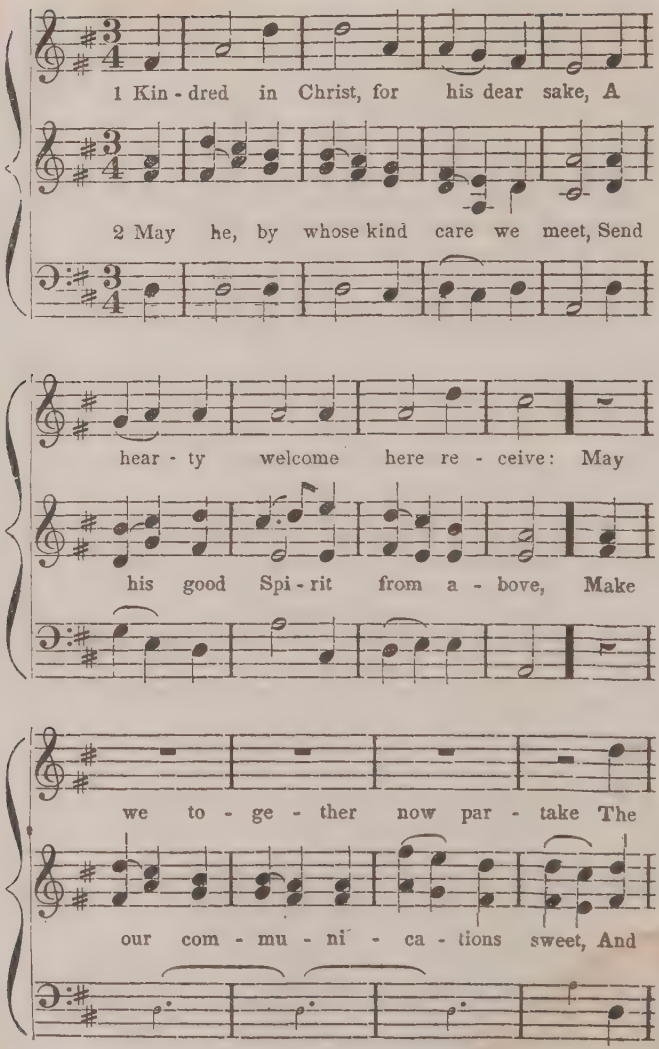
3 When by the dreadful tempest borne
High on the broken wave,
They know thou art not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.

4 The storm is laid; the winds retire,
Obedient to thy will;
The sea, that roars at thy command,
At thy command is still.

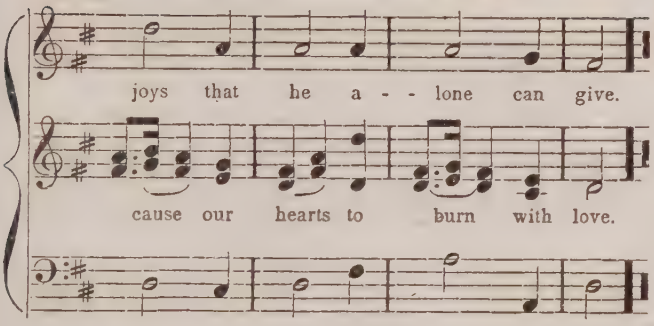
5 In midst of danger, fear, and death,
Thy goodness we'll adore;
We'll praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

6 Our life, while thou preserv'st that life,
Thy sacrifice shall be;
And death, when death shall be our lot,
Shall join our souls to thee. Addison.

HILLSWORTH. L. M. LINLEY.


1 Kin - dred in Christ, for his dear sake, A
2 May he, by whose kind care we meet, Send
hear - ty welcome here re - ceive: May
his good Spi - rit from a - bove, Make
we to - ge - ther now par - take The
our com - mu - ni - ca - tions sweet, And

HILLSWORTH.—CONTINUED.



285. *Meeting of Christian Friends.* L. M

(See verses 1, 2, in the music.)

3 Forgotten be each earthly theme,
When christians see each other thus;
We only wish to speak of HIM
Who lived, and died, and reigns, for us.

4 We'll talk of all he did and said,
And suffer'd for us here below;
The path he mark'd for us to tread,
And what he's doing for us now.

5 Thus, as the moments pass away,
We'll love, and wonder, and adore—
And hasten on the glorious day
When we shall meet, to part no more. Newton.

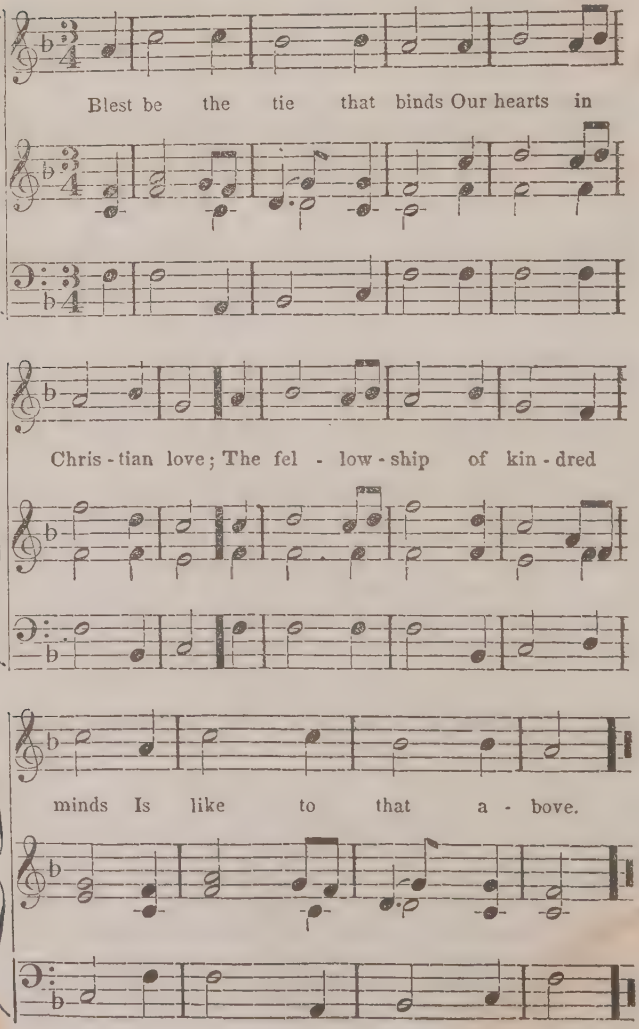
286. *Parting.* L. M.

1 Come, christian brethren! ere we part,
Join every voice and every heart;
One solemn hymn to God we raise,
One final song of grateful praise.

2 Christians, we here may meet no more;
But there is yet a happier shore;
And there, releas'd from toil and pain,
Dear brethren, we shall meet again. H. K. White.

GOLDEN HILL. S. M. WESTERN MELODY

BOST. ACAD. COLL. By permission.



287. *At Parting.* S. M.

1 Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be join'd in heart,
And hope to meet again.

5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin, we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity. Fawcett.

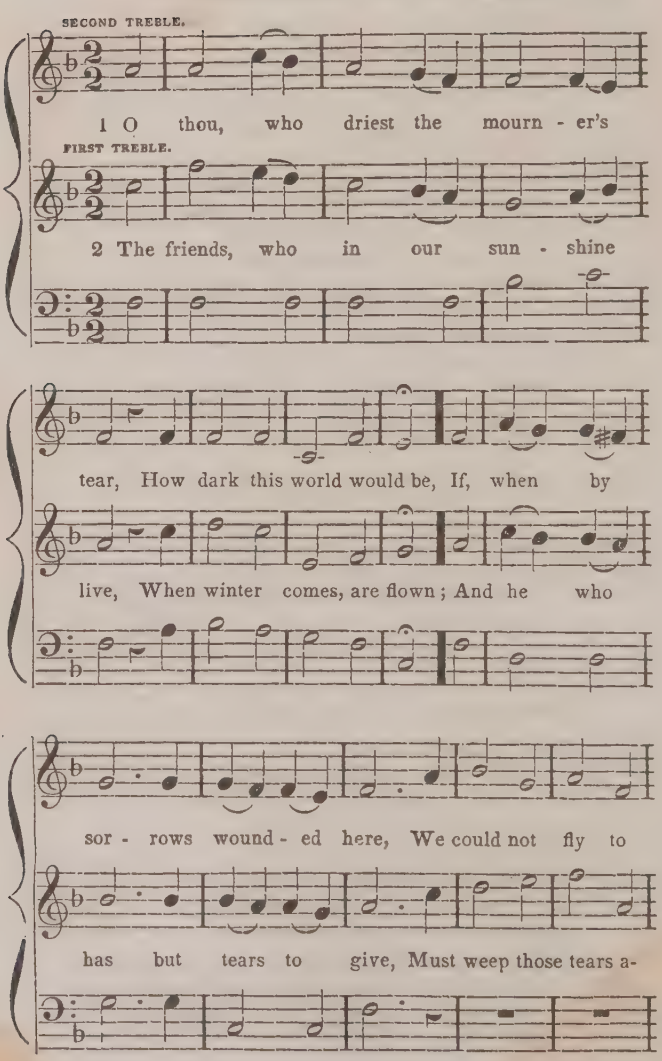
288. *Mercy to the Faithful.* S. M.

1 To God, in whom I trust,
I lift my heart and voice;
O! let me not be put to shame,
Nor let my foes rejoice.

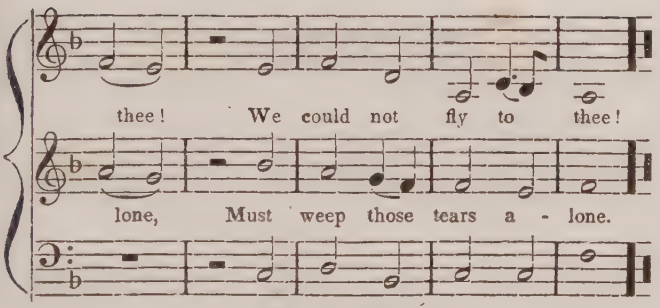
2 Thy mercies and thy love,
O Lord, recall to mind;
And graciously continue still,
As thou wert, ever kind.

3 His mercy and his truth
The righteous Lord displays;
In bringing wand'ring sinners home,
And teaching them his ways. Tate & Brady.

HARLOW. C. M. MANHATTAN COLL.


SECOND TREBLE.
1 O thou, who driest the mourn - er's
FIRST TREBLE.
2 The friends, who in our sun - shine
tear, How dark this world would be, If, when by
live, When winter comes, are flown; And he who
sor - rows wound - ed here, We could not fly to
has but tears to give, Must weep those tears a-

HARLOW.—CONTINUED.



289. *Light in Darkness.* C. M.

(See verses 1, 2, in the music.)

3 Oh! who could bear life's stormy doom,
Did not thy wing of love
Come brightly wafting, through the gloom,
Our peace-branch from above?

4 Then sorrow, touch'd by thee, grows bright,
With more than rapture's ray;
As darkness shows us worlds of light
We never saw by day. M.

290. *Submission.* C. M.

1 O Lord, my best desires fulfil,
And help me to resign
Life, health, and comfort to thy will,
And make thy pleasure mine.

2 Why should I shrink at thy command,
Whose love forbids my fears?
Or tremble at the gracious hand
That wipes away my tears?

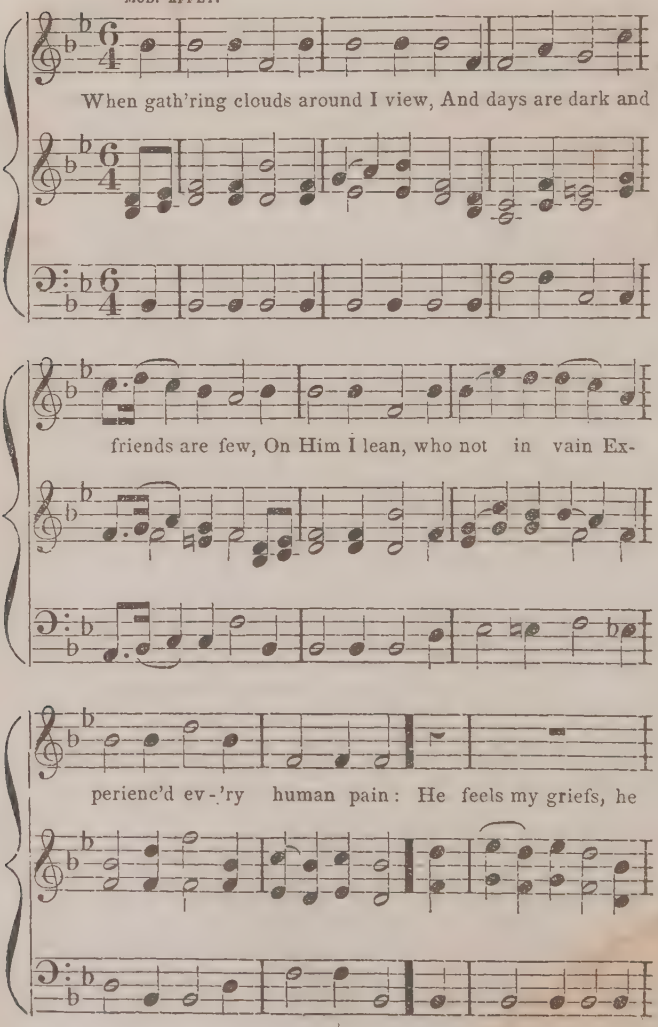
3 No—let me rather freely yield
What most I prize, to thee,
Who never hast a good withheld,
Or wilt withhold from me.

4 Thy favor, all my journey through,
Thou art engaged to grant;
What else I want, or think I do,
'Tis better still to want. Cowper.

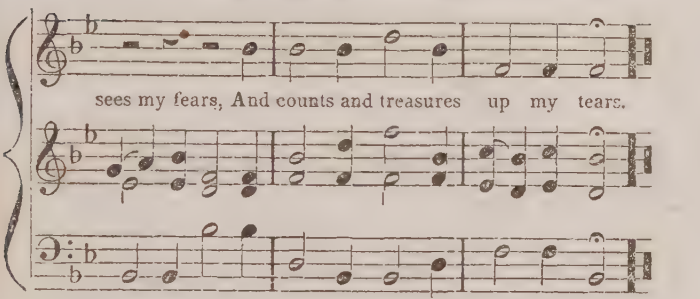
"WHEN GATH'RING CLOUDS." L. M. 6 Lines.

MUS. SACRA.

MOD. AFFET.


When gath'ring clouds around I view, And days are dark and
friends are few, On Him I lean, who not in vain Ex-
perienc'd ev-'ry human pain: He feels my griefs, he

"WHEN GATH'RING CLOUDS."—CONTINUED.



291. *Christ a Sympathizing Priest.* L. M.

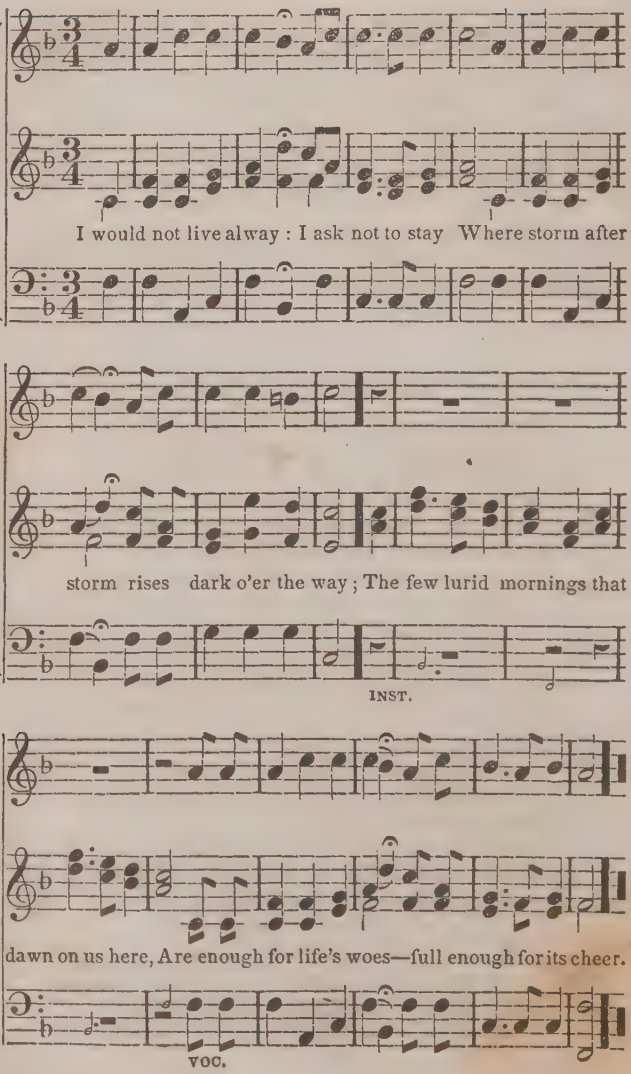
1 When gath'ring clouds around I view,
And days are dark, and friends are few,
On Him I lean, who not in vain
Experienc'd ev'ry human pain:
He feels my griefs, he sees my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.

2 If aught should tempt my soul to stray
From heav'nly wisdom's narrow way,
To fly the good I would pursue,
Or do the ill I would not do;
Still He who felt temptation's pow'r,
Shall guard me in that dang'rous hour.

3 When sorrowing o'er some stone I bend,
Which covers all that was a friend,
And from his voice, his hand, his smile,
Divides me for a little while;
Thou, Savior, seest the tears I shed,
For thou didst weep o'er Laz'rus dead.

4 And oh! when I have safely past
Through ev'ry conflict but the last;
Still, still unchanging watch beside
My bed of death; for thou hast died:
Then point to realms of endless day,
And wipe the latest tear away. Grant.

FREDERICK. 11's. KINGSLEY.
By permission.


I would not live alway : I ask not to stay Where storm after
storm rises dark o'er the way ; The few lurid mornings that
INST.
dawn on us here, Are enough for life's woes—full enough for its cheer.
VOC.

DEATH AND ETERNITY.

292. *Death Welcome.* 11's.

1 I would not live alway: I ask not to stay
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way;
The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here,
Are enough for life's woes—full enough for its cheer.

2 I would not live alway, thus fetter'd by sin;
Temptation without and corruption within:
E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears,
And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears.

3 I would not live alway; no—welcome the tomb,
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom;
There, sweet be my rest, till he bid me arise,
To hail him in triumph descending the skies.

4 Who, who would live alway, away from his God,
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns:

5 Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Savior and brethren transported to greet,
While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.

Episc. Coll.

293. *Thou art Gone to the Grave.* 11's.*

1 Thou art gone to the grave; but we will not deplore thee,
Though sorrow and darkness encompass the tomb:
The Savior hath pass'd through its portals before thee,
And the lamp of his love is thy guide through the gloom.

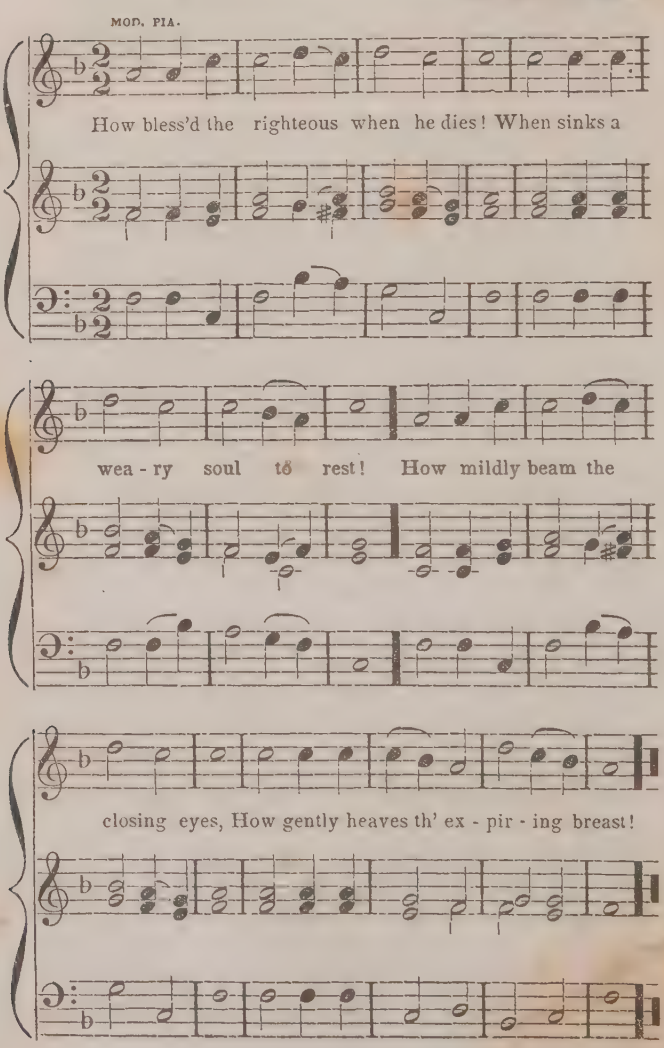
2 Thou art gone to the grave: we no longer behold thee,
Nor tread the rough paths of the world by thy side;
But the wide arms of mercy are spread to enfold thee;
And sinners may hope, since the Savior hath died.

3 Thou art gone to the grave: and its mansion forsaking,
Perchance thy weak spirit in doubt linger'd long;
But the sunshine of heaven beam'd bright on thy waking,
And the sound thou didst hear was the seraphim's song.

4 Thou art gone to the grave; but we will not deplore thee,
Since God was thy ransom, thy Guardian and Guide;
He gave thee, he took thee, and he will restore thee,
And death has no sting, since the Savior hath died. Heber

* See also the tune SCOTLAND, page 19.

HAMBURGH. L. M. Arranged from a Gregorian Chant, by L. Mason.


MOD. PIA.
How bless'd the righteous when he dies! When sinks a
wea - ry soul tō rest! How mildly beam the
closing eyes, How gently heaves th' ex - pir - ing breast!

294. *The Righteous Blessed in Death.* L. M.

1 How bless'd the righteous when he dies!
When sinks a weary soul to rest!
How mildly beam the closing eyes,
How gently heaves th' expiring breast!

2 So fades a summer cloud away;
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;
So gently shuts the eye of day;
So dies the wave along the shore.

3 A holy quiet reigns around,
A calm which life nor death destroys;
Nothing disturbs that peace profound
Which his unfetter'd soul enjoys.

4 Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,
Where lights and shades alternate dwell!
How bright th' unchanging morn appears!
Farewell, inconstant world, farewell!

5 Life's duty done, as sinks the clay,
Light from its load the spirit flies,
While heaven and earth combine to say,
"How bless'd the righteous when he dies!"

Barbauld.

295. *The Grave.* L. M.

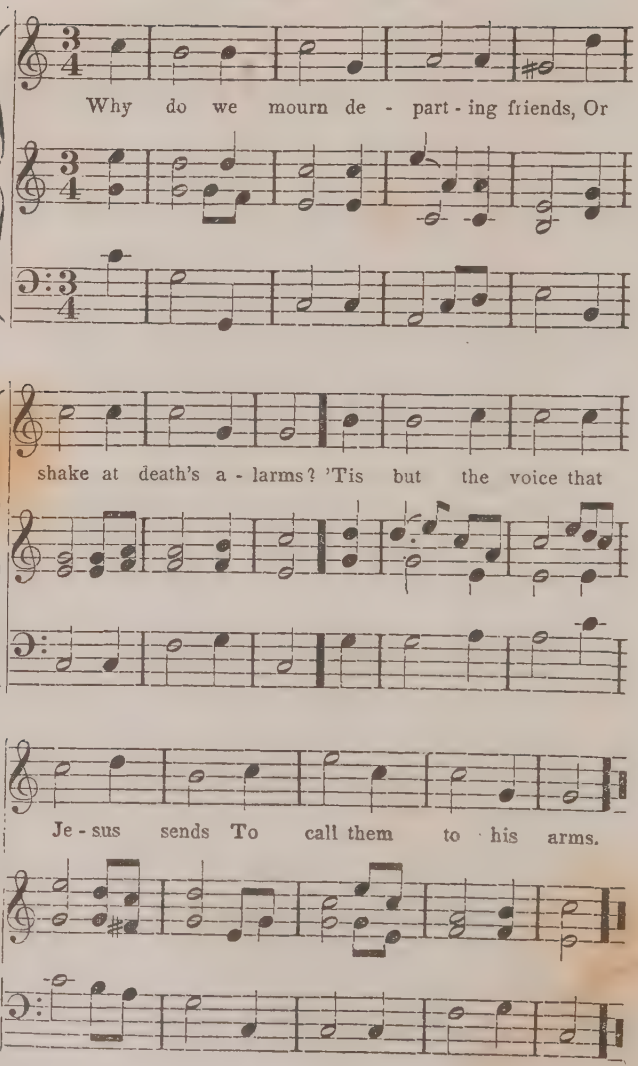
1 The grave is now a favor'd spot
To saints who sleep in Jesus bless'd,
For there the wicked trouble not,
And there the weary are at rest:

2 At rest in Jesus' faithful arms;
At rest, as in a peaceful bed;
Secure from all the dreadful storms
Which round this sinful world are spread.

3 Thrice happy souls, who 're gone before
To that inheritance divine!
They labor, sorrow, sigh no more,
But bright in endless glory shine.

4 Then let our mournful tears be dry,
Or in a gentle measure flow:
We hail them happy in the sky,
And joyful wait our call to go.

CHINA. C. M.


Why do we mourn de - part - ing friends, Or
shake at death's a - larms? 'Tis but the voice that
Je - sus sends To call them to his arms.

296. *Burial of Friends.* C. M.

1 Why do we mourn departing friends,
Or shake at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends
To call them to his arms.

2 Are we not tending upward too,
As fast as time can move?
Nor would we wish the hours more slow
To keep us from our love.

3 Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,
And left a long perfume.

4 The graves of all the saints he blest,
And soften'd every bed;
Where should the dying members rest,
But with their dying Head? Watts.

297. *Moment after Death.* C. M.

1 In vain my fancy strives to paint,
The moment after death,
The glories that surround a saint
When yielding up his breath.

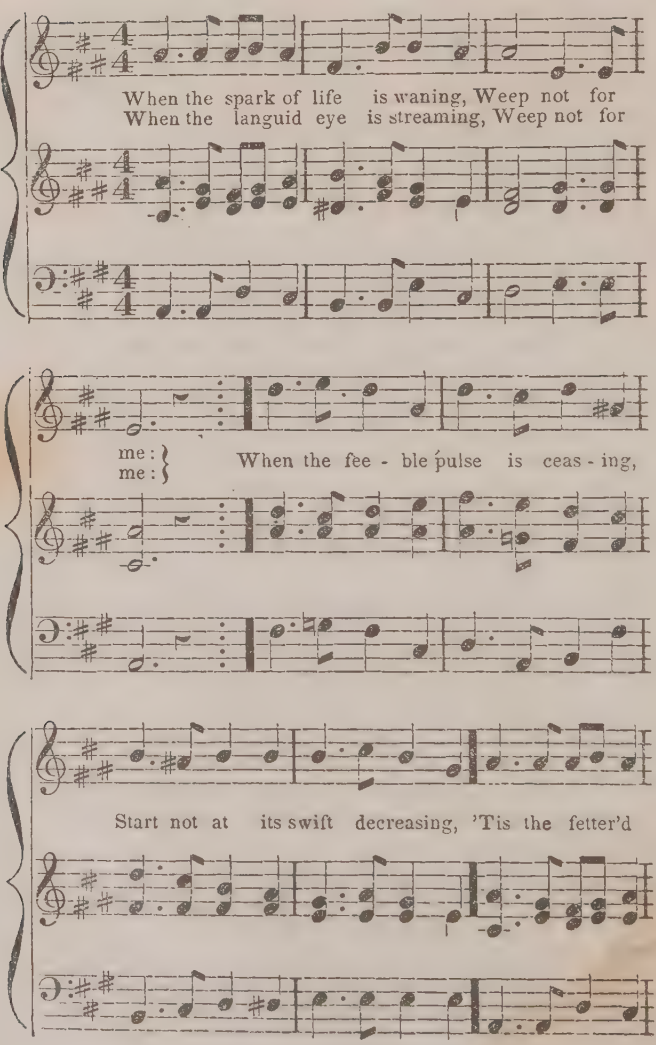
2 One gentle sigh his fetters breaks,
We scarce can say, "He's gone!"
Before the willing spirit takes
Its mansion near the throne.

3 Faith strives, but all its efforts fail,
To trace the spirit's flight;
No eye can pierce within the vail
Which hides the world of light.

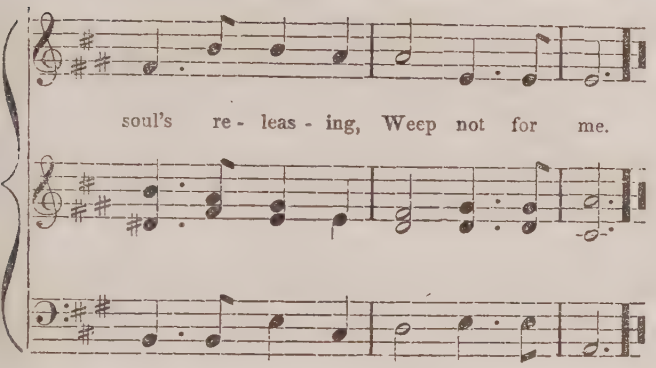
4 Thus much (and this is all) we know,
Saints are completely blest,
Have done with sin, and care, and wo,
And with their Savior rest:

5 On harps of gold they praise his name,
His face they always view;
Then let us followers be of them,
That we may praise him too. Newton.

"WHEN THE SPARK OF LIFE." (WELSH AIR.) CHOIR.


When the spark of life is waning, Weep not for
When the languid eye is streaming, Weep not for
me:
me:
When the fee - ble pulse is ceas - ing,
Start not at its swift decreasing, 'Tis the fetter'd

"WHEN THE SPARK OF LIFE."—CONTINUED.

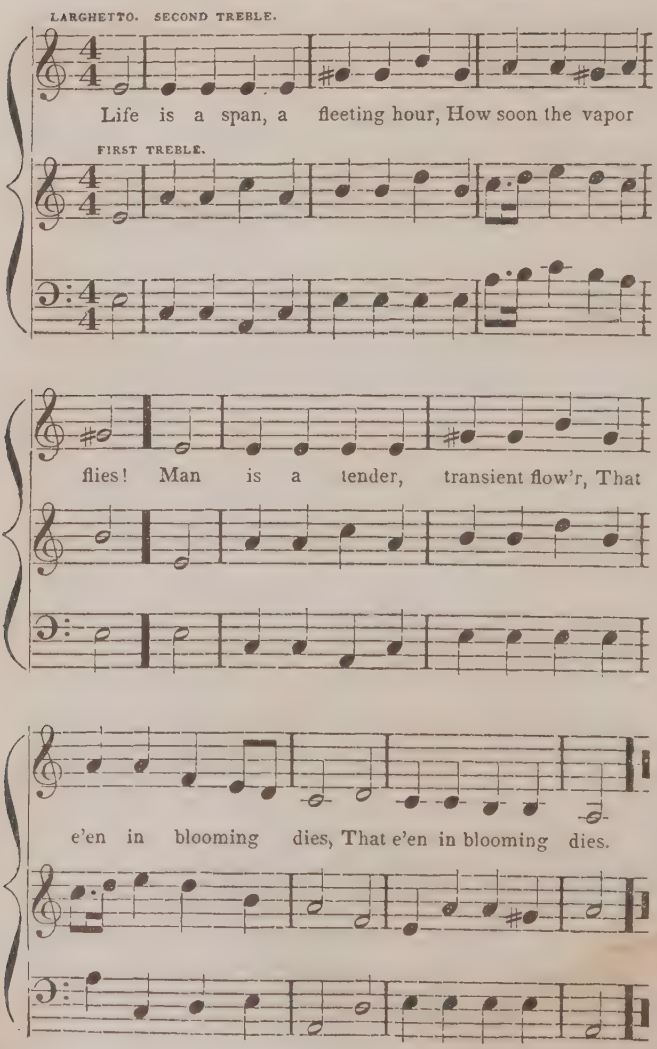


298. *Weep not for Me.*

1 When the spark of life is waning,
Weep not for me:
When the languid eye is streaming,
Weep not for me:
When the feeble pulse is ceasing,
Start not at its swift decreasing,
'Tis the fetter'd soul's releasing,
Weep not for me.

2 When the pangs of death assail me,
Weep not for me:
Christ is mine, he cannot fail me,
Weep not for me:
Yea, though sin and death endeavor
From his love my soul to sever,
Jesus is my strength for ever;
Weep not for me.

KÖNINGSBURGH. C. M. MANHATTAN COLL.


LARGHETTO. SECOND TREBLE.
Life is a span, a fleeting hour, How soon the vapor
FIRST TREBLE.
flies! Man is a tender, transient flow'r, That
e'en in blooming dies, That e'en in blooming dies.

299. *On the Death of a Child.* C. M.

1 Life is a span, a fleeting hour,
How soon the vapor flies!
Man is a tender, transient flow'r
That e'en in blooming dies.

2 Death spreads his with'ring, wintry arms,
And beauty smiles no more;
Ah! where are now those rising charms
Which pleas'd our eyes before?

3 That once-lov'd form, now cold and dead,
Each mournful thought employs;
And nature weeps her comforts fled,
And wither'd all her joys.

4 Hope looks beyond the bounds of time,
When what we now deplore
Shall rise in full immortal prime,
And bloom to fade no more.

5 Cease then, fond nature, cease thy tears:
The Savior dwells on high:
There everlasting spring appears,
There joys shall never die. Steele.

300. *Death of a Young Person.* C. M.

1 When blooming youth is snatch'd away
By death's resistless hand,
Our hearts the mournful tribute pay
Which pity must demand.

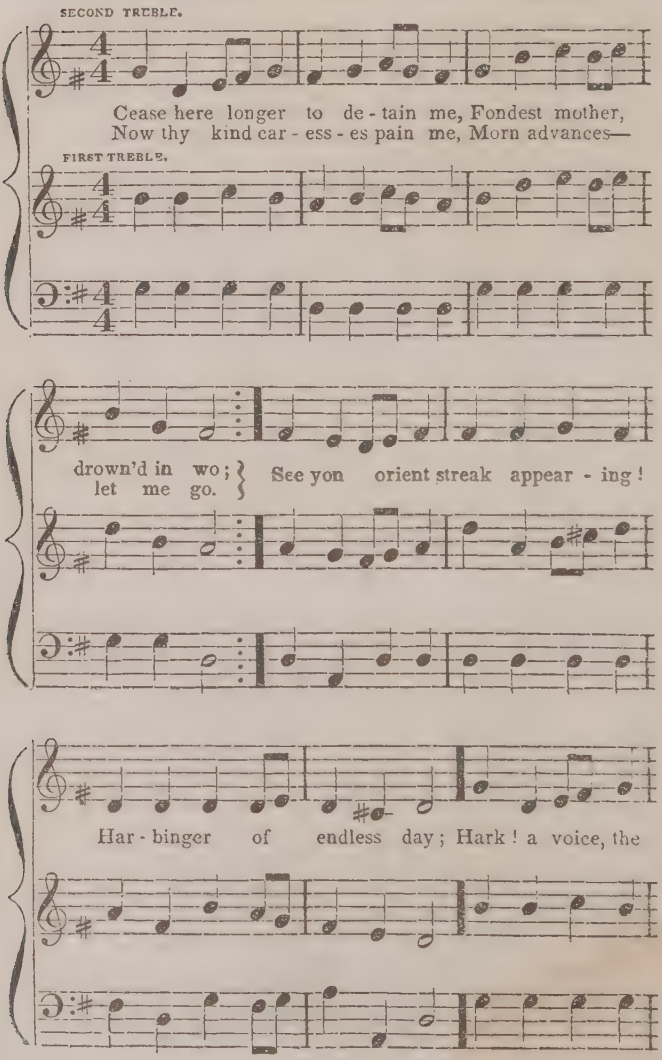
2 While pity prompts the rising sigh,
Oh, may this truth, impress'd
With awful power, "I, too, must die,"
Sink deep in every breast.

3 The voice of this alarming scene
May every heart obey;
Nor be the heavenly warning vain,
Which calls to watch and pray.

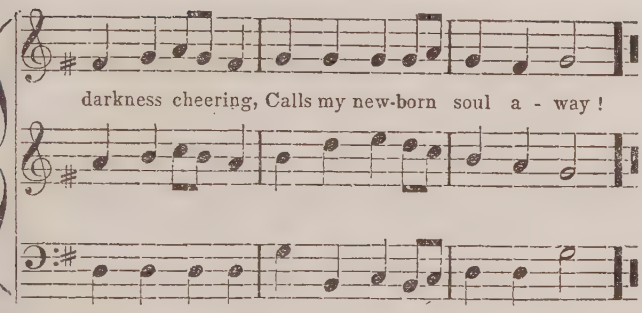
4 Oh, let us fly, to Jesus fly,
Whose powerful arm can save;
Then shall our hopes ascend on high,
And triumph o'er the grave. Steele.

"LET ME GO." S & T.

Composed by request for this work. H.


SECOND TREBLE.
Cease here longer to de - tain me, Fondest mother,
Now thy kind car - ess - es pain me, Morn advances—
FIRST TREBLE.
drown'd in wo;
let me go.
See yon orient streak appear - ing!
Har - binger of endless day; Hark! a voice, the

"LET ME GO."—CONTINUED.



301. *The Dying Infant.* 8, 7.

(See verses 1, 2, in the music.)

"Let me go, for the day breaketh."

3 Lately launch'd, a trembling stranger,
On the world's wild boisterous flood;
Pierc'd with sorrows, toss'd with danger,
Gladly I return to God.

4 Now my cries shall cease to grieve thee,
Now my trembling heart find rest:
Kinder arms than thine receive me,
Softer pillow than thy breast.

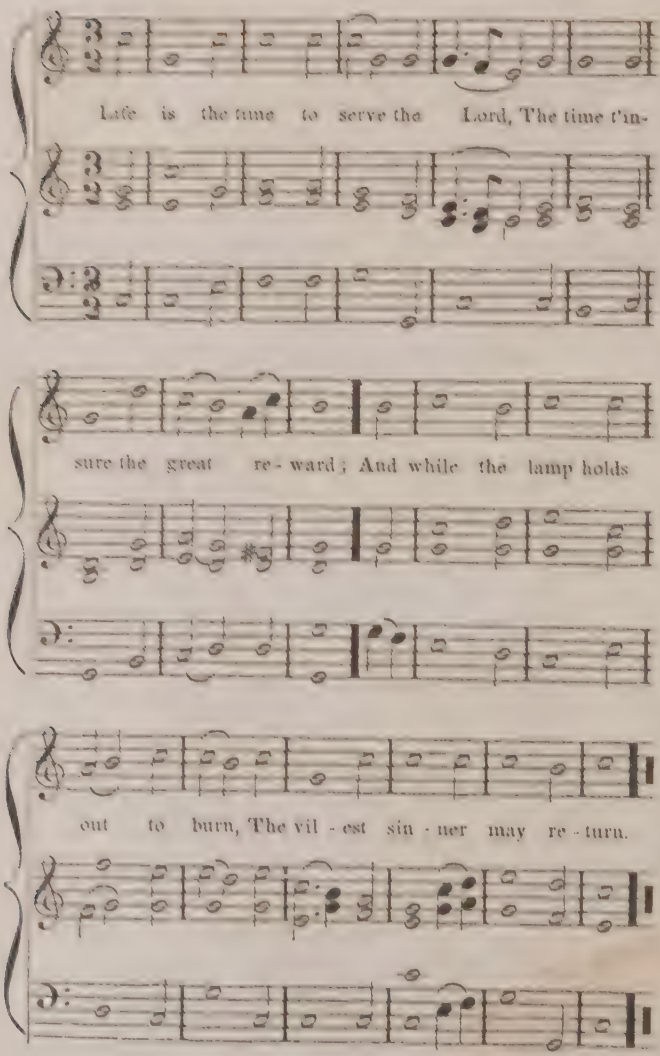
5 Weep not o'er these eyes that languish,
Upward turning tow'rd their home:
Raptured, they'll forget all anguish,
While they wait to see thee come.

6 There, my mother, pleasures centre—
Weeping, parting, care, or wo
Ne'er our Father's house shall enter—
Morn advances—let me go.

7 As through this calm, this holy dawning,
Silent glides my parting breath
To an everlasting morning—
Gently close my eyes in death.

8 Yet to leave thee sorrowing rends me,
Though again his voice I hear;
Rise, may every grace attend thee,
Rise! and seek to meet me there. Cecil.

WINCHESTER. L. M.


Late is the time to serve the Lord, The time t'in-
sure the great re - ward; And while the lamp holds
out to burn, The vil - est sin - ner may re - turn.

302. *Life, the Day of Grace.* L. M.

1 Life is the time to serve the Lord,
The time t'insure the great reward;
And while the lamp holds out to burn,
The vilest sinner may return.

2 Life is the hour that God has given
To escape from hell and fly to heaven;
The day of grace, and mortals may
Secure the blessings of the day.

3 The living know that they must die,
But all the dead forgotten lie;
Their memory and their sense is gone,
Alike unknowing and unknown.

4 Then what my thoughts design to do,
My hands with all your might pursue:
Since no device nor work is found,
Nor faith, nor hope, beneath the ground.

5 There are no acts of pardon pass'd
In the cold grave to which we haste;
But darkness, death, and long despair
Reign in eternal silence there. Watts.

303. *Christ's Presence in Death.* L. M.

1 Why should we start and fear to die?
What tim'rous worms we mortals are!
Death is the gate of endless joy,
And yet we dread to enter there.

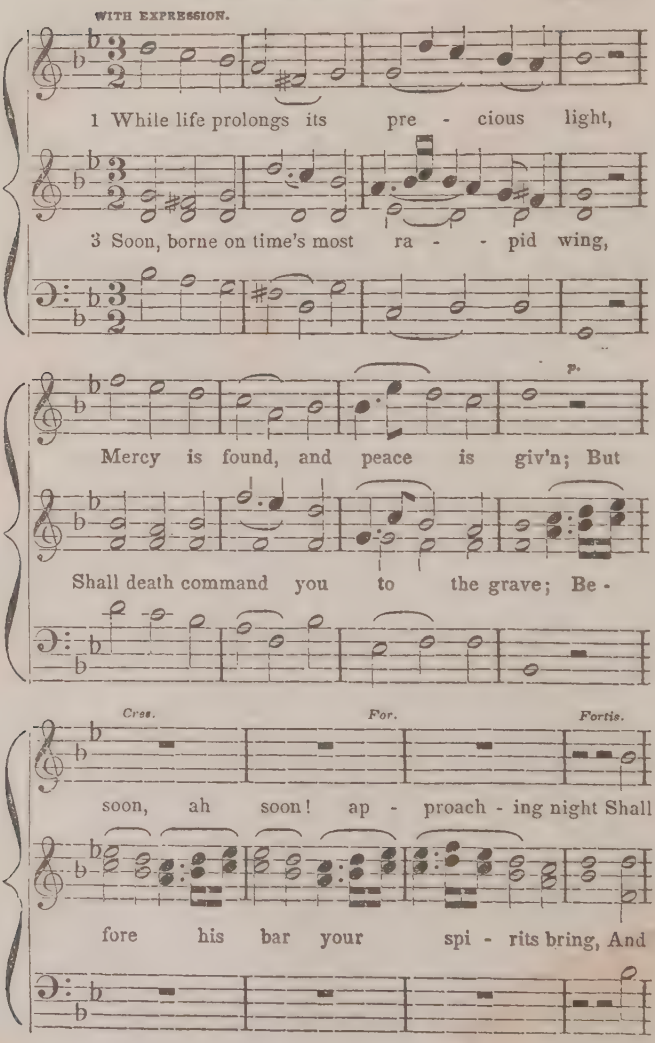
2 The pains, the groans, the dying strife,
Fright our approaching souls away;
Still we shrink back again to life,
Fond of our prison and our clay.

3 O! if my Lord would come and meet,
My soul should stretch her wings in haste,
Fly fearless through death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terrors as she pass'd.

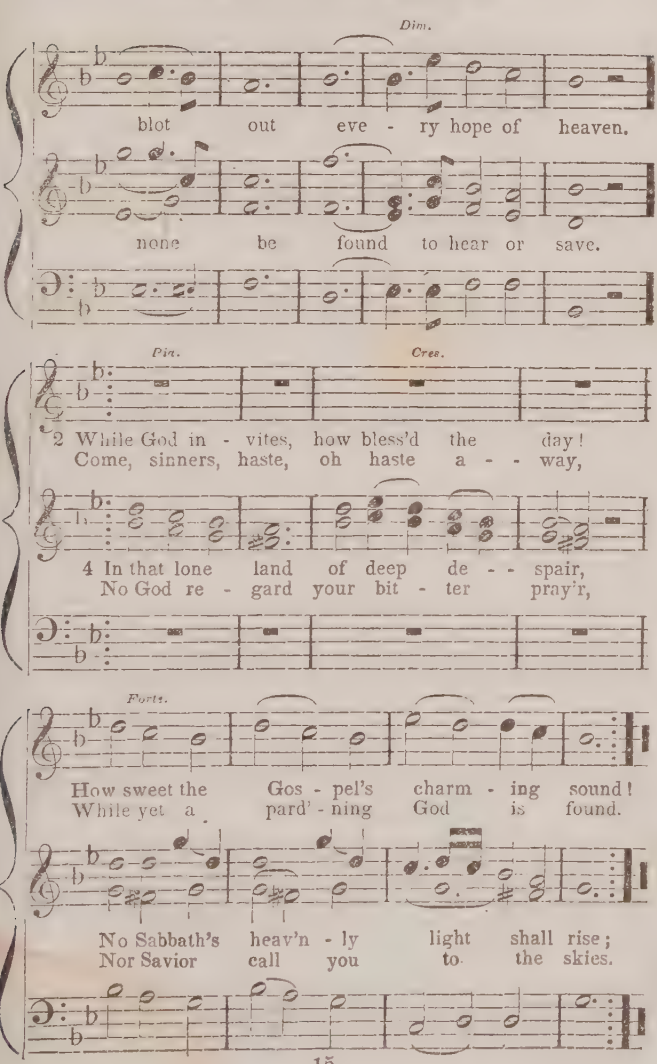
4 Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on his breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there. Watts.

"WHILE LIFE PROLONGS."

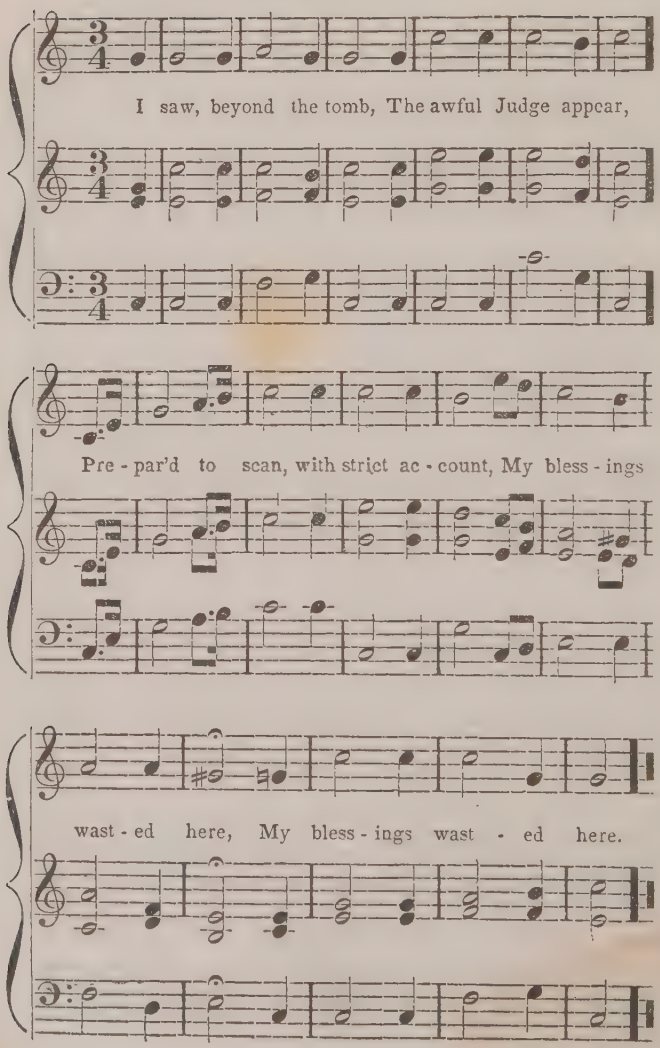
Dr. Stevens.
Arranged by H.


WITH EXPRESSION.
1 While life prolongs its pre - cious light,
3 Soon, borne on time's most ra - - pid wing,
p.
Mercy is found, and peace is giv'n; But
Shall death command you to the grave; Be -
Cres.
For.
Fortis.
soon, ah soon! ap - proach - ing night Shall
fore his bar your spi - rits bring, And

WHILE LIFE PROLONGS.—CONTINUED.


Dim.
blot out eve - ry hope of heaven.
none be found to hear or save.
Pia. Cres.
2 While God in - vites, how bless'd the day!
Come, sinners, haste, oh haste a - - way,
4 In that lone land of deep de - - spair,
No God re - gard your bit - ter pray'r,
Forte.
How sweet the Gos - pel's charm - ing sound!
While yet a pard' - ning God is found.
No Sabbath's heav'n - ly light shall rise;
Nor Savior call you to the skies.

DOOMSDAY. S. M. WOOD.


I saw, beyond the tomb, The awful Judge appear,
Pre - par'd to scan, with strict ac - count, My bless - ings
wast - ed here, My bless - ings wast - ed here.

305. *Harvest Past.* S. M.

1 I saw, beyond the tomb,
The awful Judge appear,
Prepar'd to scan, with strict account,
My blessings wasted here.

2 His wrath, like flaming fire,
Burn'd to the lowest hell;
And in that hopeless world of wo
He bade my spirit dwell.

3 Ye sinners, fear the Lord,
While yet 'tis call'd to-day;
Soon will the awful voice of death
Command your souls away:

4 Soon will the harvest close—
The summer soon be o'er;
And soon your injur'd, angry God
Will hear your prayers no more. Dwight

306. *The Approaching Judgment.* S. M.

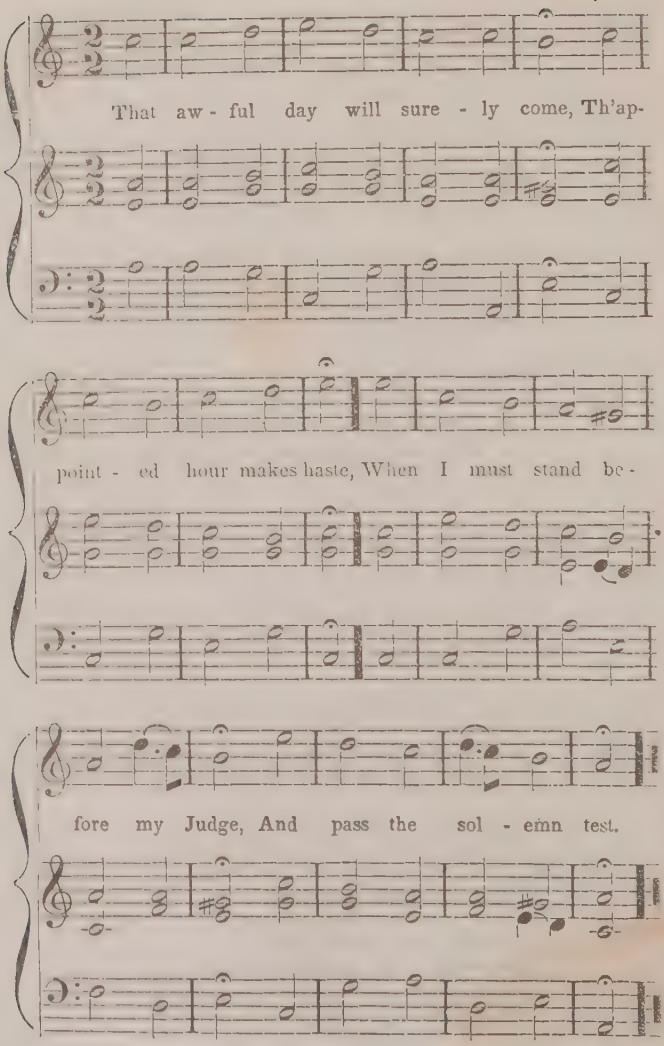
1 How will my heart endure
The terrors of that day;
When earth and heav'n, before the Judge,
Astonish'd shrink away!

2 But ere that trumpet shakes
The mansions of the dead;
Hark! from the Gospel's cheering sound,
What joyful tidings spread!

3 Ye sinners, seek his grace,
Whose wrath ye cannot bear;
Fly to the shelter of his cross,
And find salvation there.

4 So shall that curse remove,
By which the Savior bled;
And the last awful day shall pour
His blessings on your head. Doddridge.

WINDSOR. C. M.


That aw - ful day will sure - ly come, Th'ap-
point - ed hour makes haste, When I must stand be -
fore my Judge, And pass the sol - emn test.

307. *The Day of Judgment.* C. M

1 That awful day will surely come,
Th' appointed hour makes haste,
When I must stand before my Judge,
And pass the solemn test.

2 Thou lovely Chief of all my joys,
Thou Sov'reign of my heart,
How could I bear to hear thy voice
Pronounce the sound, "Depart!"

3 What, to be banish'd for my life,
And yet forbid to die!
To linger in eternal pain,
Yet death for ever fly!

4 Oh! wretched state of deep despair;
To see my God remove,
And fix my doleful station where
I must not taste his love!

5 Oh! tell me that my worthless name
Is graven on thy hands;
Show me some promise in thy book,
Where my salvation stands. Watts.

308. *Frailty of Life.* C. M.

1 Thee we adore, Eternal Name,
And humbly own to thee,
How feeble is our mortal frame,
What dying worms are we!

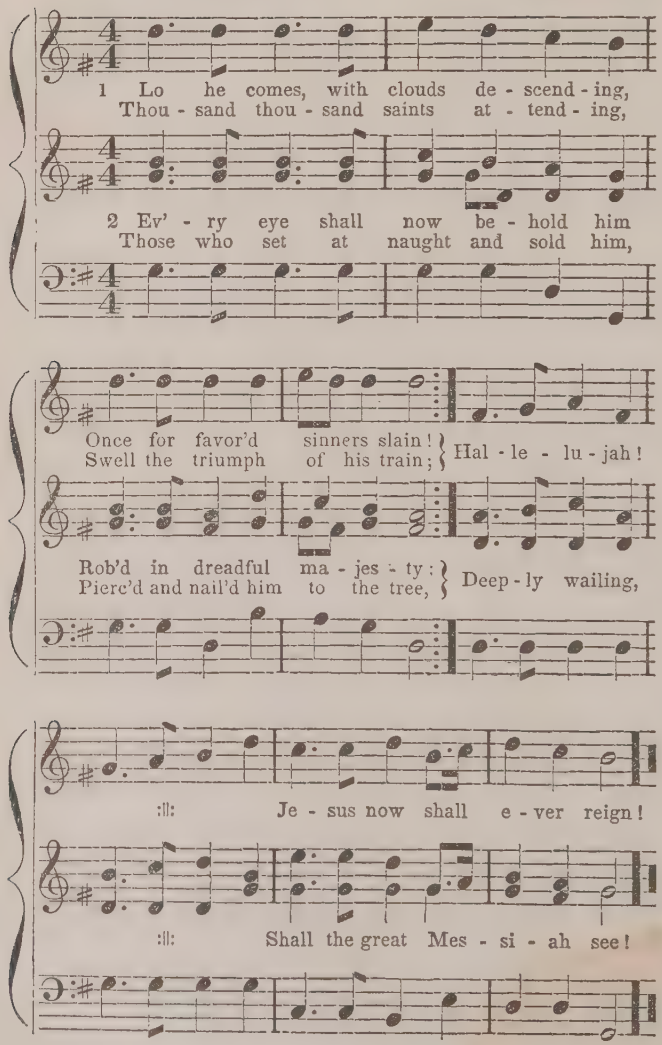
2 Our wasting lives grow shorter still,
As months and days increase;
And every beating pulse we tell,
Leaves but the number less.

3 The year rolls round, and steals away
The breath that first it gave;
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
We're travelling to the grave.

4 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense
To walk this dangerous road;
And if our souls are hurried hence,
May they be found with God. Watts.

"LO HE COMES!" S, 7, 4.

Arranged from SPIRITUAL SONGS.


1 Lo he comes, with clouds de - scend - ing,
Thou - sand thou - sand saints at - tend - ing,
2 Ev' - ry eye shall now be - hold him
Those who set at naught and sold him,
Once for favor'd sinners slain!
Swell the triumph of his train;
Hal - le - lu - jah!
Rob'd in dreadful ma - jes - ty;
Pierc'd and nail'd him to the tree,
Deep - ly wailing,
:||: Je - sus now shall e - ver reign!
:||: Shall the great Mes - si - ah see!

309. *Christ Coming to Judgment.* 8, 7, 4.

(See verses 1, 2, in the music.)

3 Every island, sea and mountain,
Heaven and earth shall flee away!
All who hate him must, confounded,
Hear the trump proclaim the day:
Come to judgment!
Come to judgment, come away!

4 Now redemption, long expected,
See in solemn pomp appear!
All his saints, by man rejected,
Now shall meet him in the air!
Hallelujah!
See the day of God appear! Oliver.

310. *The Sinner in Judgment.* 8, 7, 4.

1 See the Eternal Judge descending!
View him seated on his throne!
Now, poor sinner, now lamenting,
Stand and hear thy awful doom—
Trumpets call thee!
Stand and hear thy awful doom.

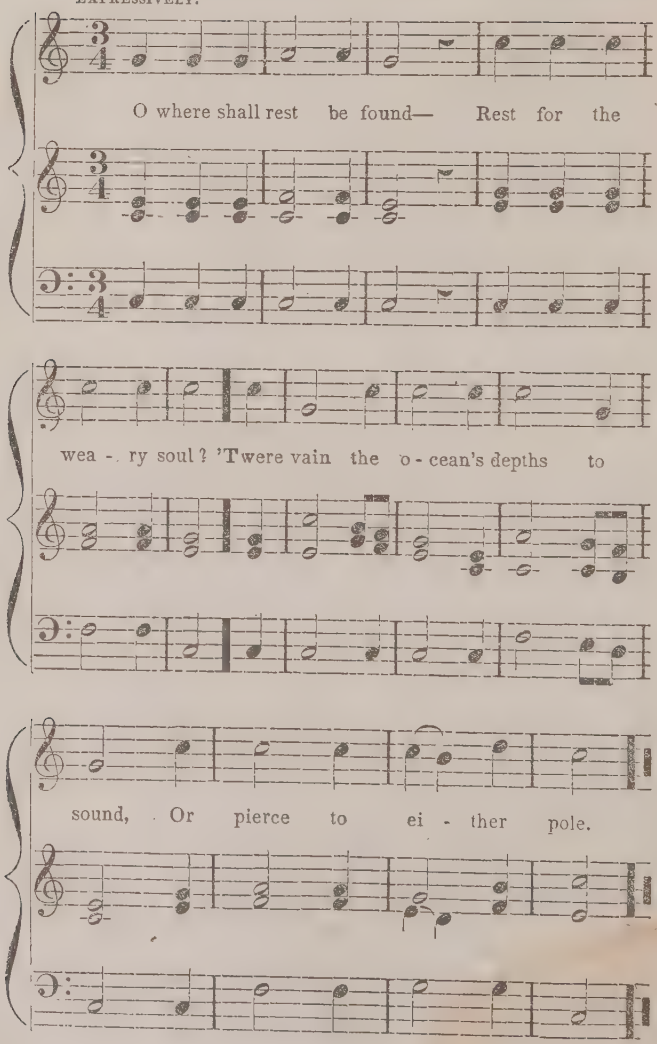
2 Hear the cries he now is venting,
Fill'd with dread of fiercer pain,
While in anguish thus lamenting
That he ne'er was born again:
Greatly mourning
That he ne'er was born again:

3 "Yonder sits my slighted Savior,
"With the marks of dying love;
"Oh, that I had sought his favor,
"When I felt his Spirit move—
"Golden moments,
"When I felt his Spirit move."

4 Now, despisers, look and wonder!
Hope and sinners here must part:
Louder than a peal of thunder,
Hear the dreadful sound, "Depart!"
Lost for ever!
Hear the dreadful sound, "Depart!"

SHEFFIELD. S. M. H.

EXPRESSIVELY.



311. *Life and Death Eternal.* S. M.

1 O where shall rest be found—
Rest for the weary soul?
'Twere vain the ocean's depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole:

2 The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh
'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.

3 Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above,
Unmeasur'd by the flight of years;
And all that life is love.

4 There is a death, whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath:
O what eternal horrors hang
Around "the second death!"

5 Lord God of truth and grace,
Teach us that death to shun,
Lest we be banish'd from thy face,
And evermore undone. Montgomery.

312. *Frailty of Life.* S. M.

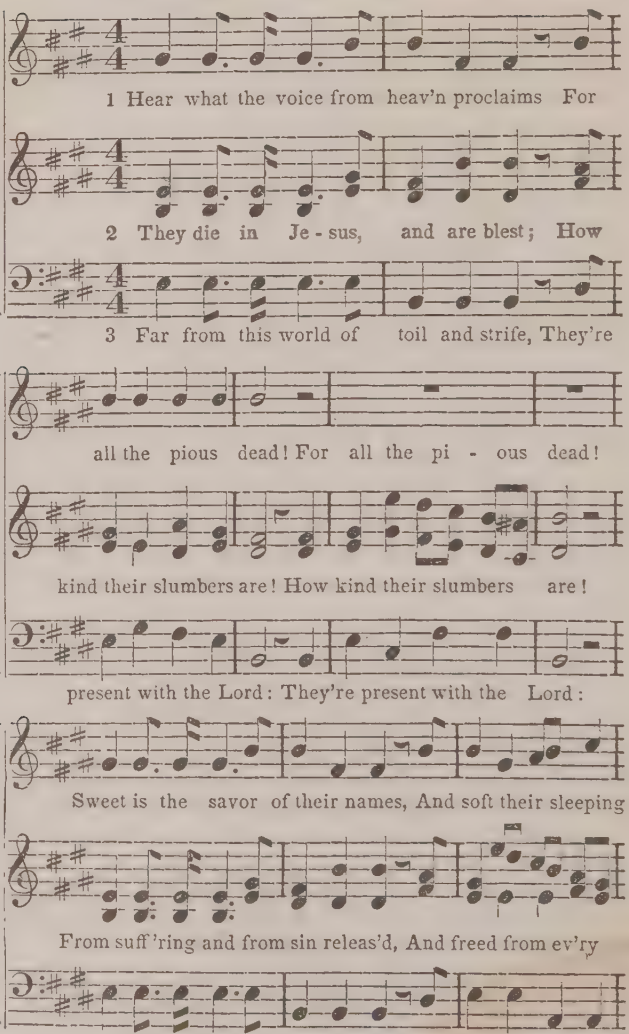
1 Lord, what a feeble piece
Is this our mortal frame!
Our life, how poor a trifle 'tis,
That scarce deserves the name!

2 Our moments fly apace,
Nor will our minutes stay;
Just like a flood our hasty days
Are sweeping us away.

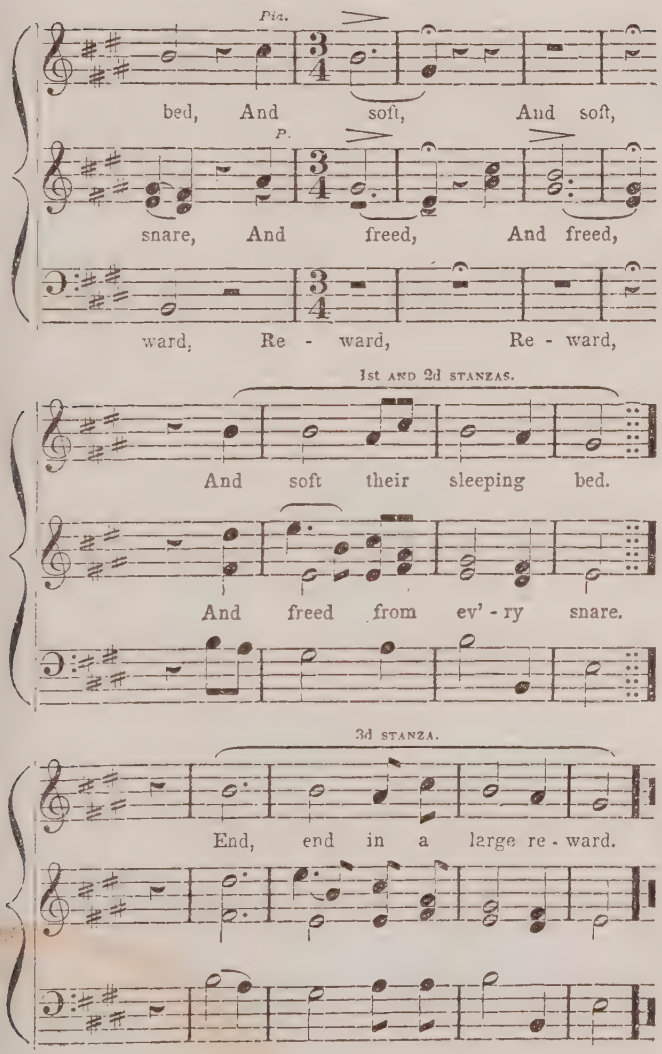
3 Well, if our days must fly,
We'll keep their end in sight;
We'll spend them all in wisdom's way,
And let them speed their flight.

4 They'll waft us sooner o'er
This life's tempestuous sea;
Soon we shall reach the peaceful shore
Of blest eternity. Watts.

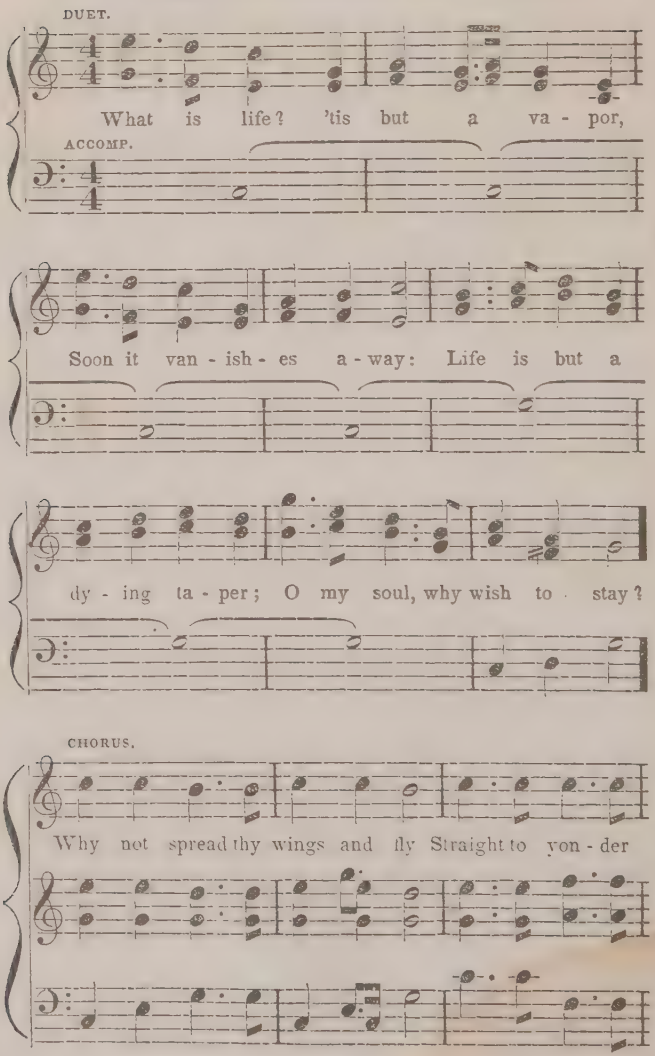
"HEAR WHAT THE VOICE." STANLEY.


1 Hear what the voice from heav'n proclaims For
2 They die in Je - sus, and are blest; How
3 Far from this world of toil and strife, They're
all the pious dead! For all the pi - ous dead!
kind their slumbers are! How kind their slumbers are!
present with the Lord: They're present with the Lord:
Sweet is the savor of their names, And soft their sleeping
From suff'ring and from sin releas'd, And freed from ev'ry
The labors of their mortal life End in a large re -

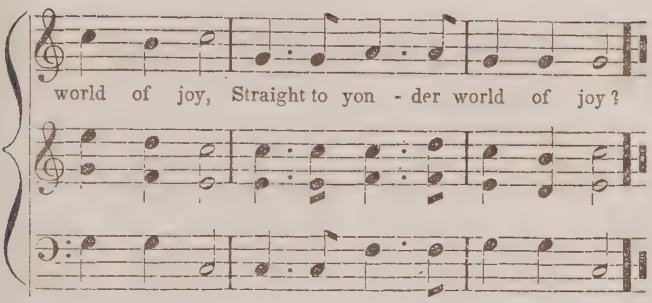
"HEAR WHAT THE VOICE."—CONTINUED.


Pia.
bed, And soft, And soft,
P.
snare, And freed, And freed,
ward, Re - ward, Re - ward,
1st AND 2d STANZAS.
And soft their sleeping bed.
And freed from ev' - ry snare.
3d STANZA.
End, end in a large re - ward.

"WHAT IS LIFE?" S & T. 6 lines. H.


DUET.
What is life? 'tis but a va - por,
ACCOMP.
Soon it van - ish - es a - way: Life is but a
dy - ing ta - per; O my soul, why wish to stay?
CHORUS.
Why not spread thy wings and fly Straight to yon - der

"WHAT IS LIFE?"—CONTINUED.



314. *Flight to Heaven.* 8, 7.

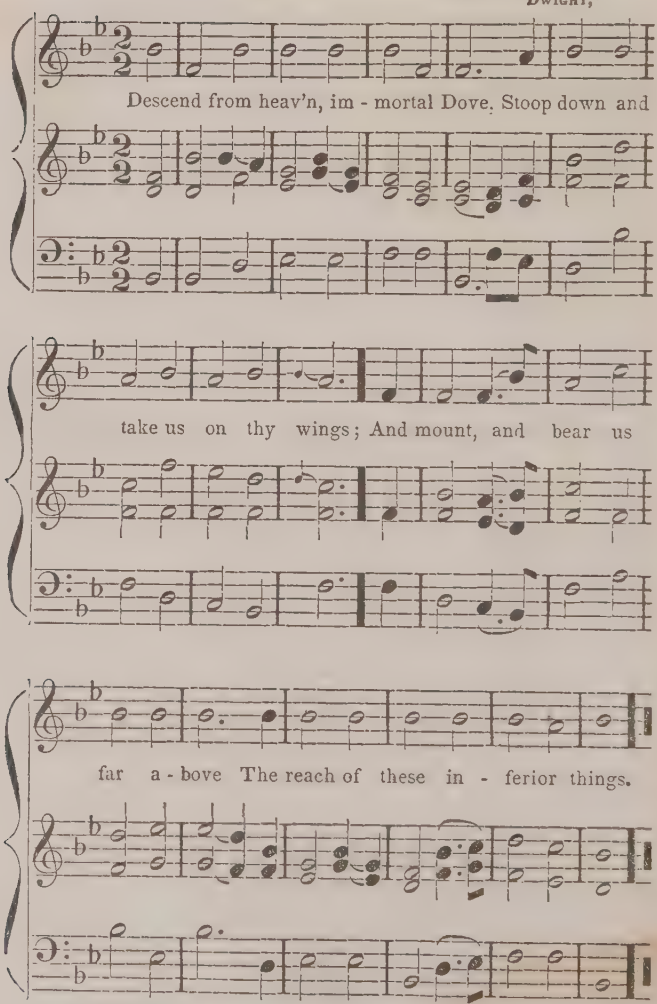
1 What is life? 'tis but a vapor;
Soon it vanishes away:
Life is but a dying taper;
O my soul, why wish to stay?
Why not spread thy wings and fly
Straight to yonder world of joy?

2 See that glory, how resplendent!
Brighter far than fancy paints;
There, in majesty transcendent,
Jesus reigns the King of saints:
Spread thy wings, my soul, and fly
Straight to yonder world of joy.

3 Joyful crowds his throne surrounding,
Sing with rapture of his love;
Through the heav'ns his praises sounding,
Filling all the courts above:
Spread thy wings, my soul, and fly
Straight to yonder world of joy.

4 Go and share his people's glory,
Mid the ransom'd crowd appear;
Thine's a joyful, wondrous story,
One that angels love to hear:
Spread thy wings, my soul, and fly
Straight to yonder world of joy. Kelly.

PERA. L. M. Air, by Rev. H. G. O. Dwight,*


Descend from heav'n, im - mortal Dove, Stoop down and
take us on thy wings; And mount, and bear us
far a - bove The reach of these in - ferior things.

* Missionary at Constantinople. Written while in quarantine, after the death of the first Mrs. D. and her infant, by the plague.—SACRED LYRE.

315. *Joys of Heaven.* L. M.

1 Descend from heaven, immortal Dove,
Stoop down, and take us on thy wings;
And mount, and bear us far above
The reach of these inferior things:

2 Beyond, beyond this lower sky,
Up where eternal ages roll;
Where solid pleasures never die,
And fruits immortal feast the soul.

3 O for a sight, a blissful sight
Of our almighty Father's throne!
There sits our Savior, crown'd with light,
Cloth'd in a body like our own.

4 Adoring saints around him stand,
And thrones and powers before him fall;
The God shines gracious through the man,
And sheds sweet glories on them all!

5 When shall the day, dear Lord, appear,
That I shall mount to dwell above;
And stand and bow among them there,
And view thy face, and sing, and love? Watts.

316. *Heaven.* L. M.

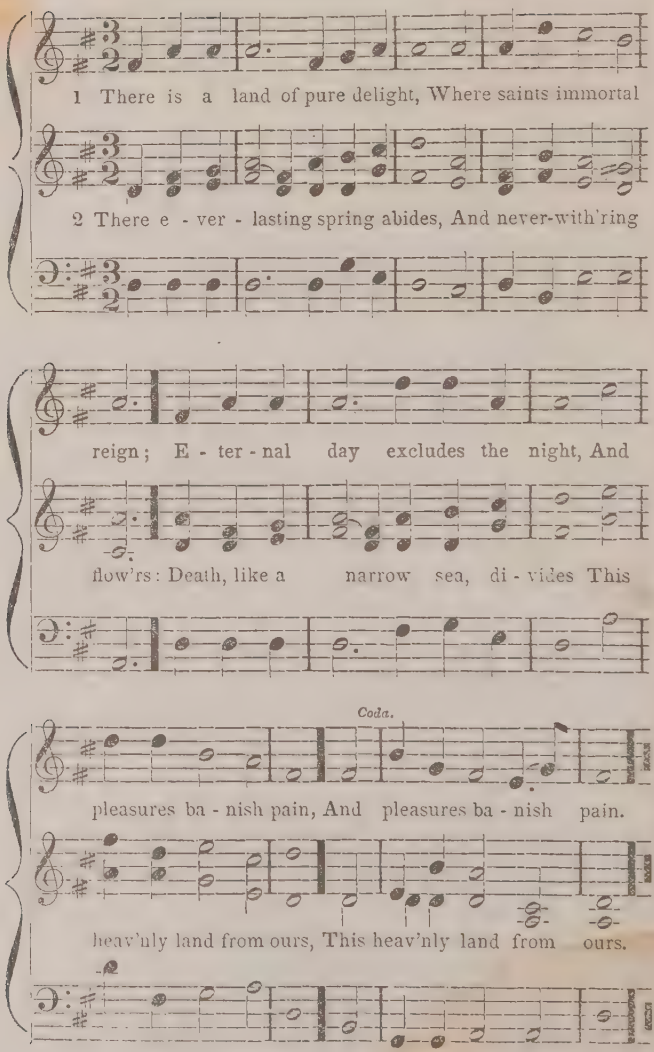
1 What sinners value, I resign;
Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine:
I shall behold thy blissful face,
And stand complete in righteousness.

2 This life's a dream, an empty show;
But the bright world to which I go
Hath joys substantial and sincere;
When shall I wake and find me there?

3 O glorious hour! O blest abode!
I shall be near, and like my God!
And flesh and sin no more control
The sacred pleasures of the soul.

4 My flesh shall slumber in the ground
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound;
Then burst the chains with sweet surprise,
And in my Savior's image rise. Watts

PILGRIMAGE. C. M. SAC. LYRE.


1 There is a land of pure delight, Where saints immortal
2 There e - ver - lasting spring abides, And never-with'ring
reign; E - ter - nal day excludes the night, And
flow'rs: Death, like a narrow sea, di - vides This
Coda.
pleasures ba - nish pain, And pleasures ba - nish pain.
heav'nly land from ours, This heav'nly land from ours.

317. *Death in Prospect of Heaven.* C. M.

(See verses 1, 2, in the music.)

3 Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dress'd in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan roll'd between.

4 But tim'rous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea;
And linger, shivering, on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

5 Oh! could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love,
With unbeclouded eyes!

6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream nor death's cold flood
Should fright us from the shore. Watts.

318. *The Heavenly Jerusalem.* C. M.

1 Jerusalem! my happy home!
Name ever dear to me!
When shall my labors have an end,
In joy, and peace, and thee?

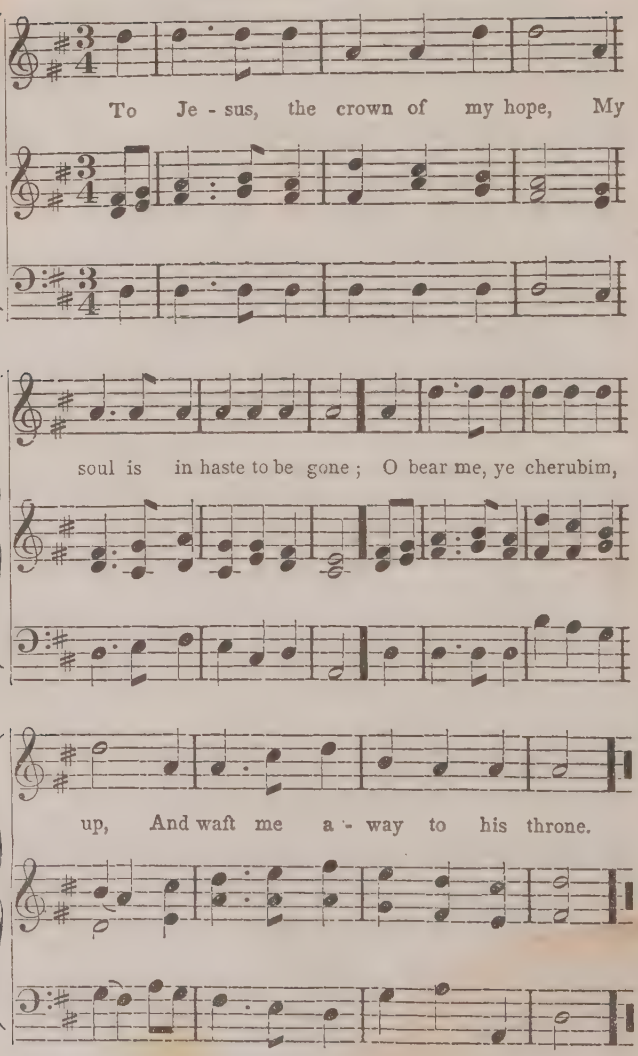
2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls
And pearly gates behold?
Thy bulwarks, with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?

3 O when, thou city of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths have no end?

4 There happier bowers than Eden bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know:
Bless'd seats! through rude and stormy scenes,
I onward press to you.

5 Jerusalem, my happy home!
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labors have an end,
When I thy joys shall see. C. Wesley.

LUDLOWVILLE. S's. Single.



319. *Longing to be with Christ.* S's.

1 To Jesus, the crown of my hope,
My soul is in haste to be gone;
O bear me, ye cherubim, up,
And waft me away to his throne.

2 My Savior, whom absent I love,
Whom, not having seen, I adore,
Whose name is exalted above
All glory, dominion, and power:

3 Dissolve thou the bands that detain
My soul from her portion in thee;
O strike off the adamant chain,
And make me eternally free.

4 Then that happy era begins,
When array'd in thy glory I shine,
And no longer pierce with my sins
The bosom on which I recline.

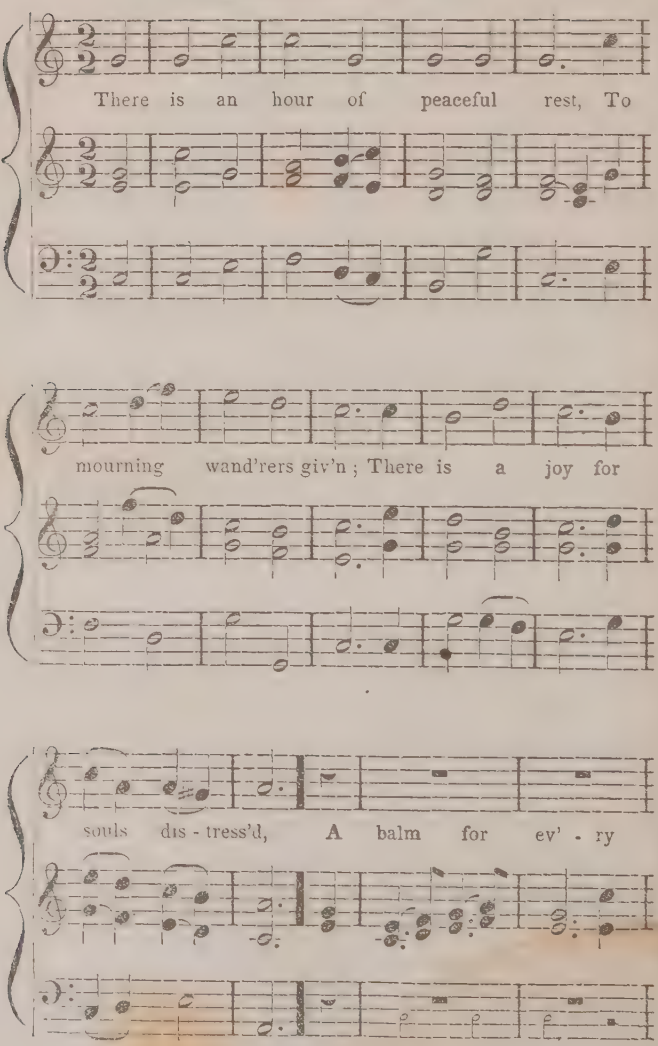
5 O then shall the veil be removed,
And round me thy brightness be poured;
I shall see him whom absent I loved,
Whom, not having seen, I adored. Cowper.

320. *On the Death of a Missionary.* 8's.

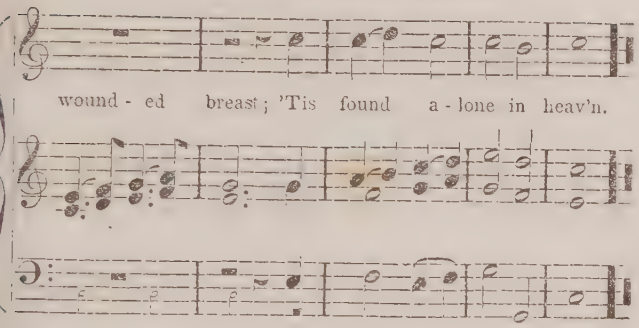
1 Weep not for the saint that ascends
To partake of the joys of the sky;
Weep not for the seraph that bends
With the worshipping chorus on high:
Weep not for the spirit now crown'd
With the garland to martyrdom giv'n;
O weep not for him, he has found
His reward and his refuge in heav'n.

2 But weep for their sorrows who stand
And lament o'er the dead by his grave;
Who sigh when they muse on the land
Of their home far away o'er the wave:
And weep for the nations that dwell
Where the light of the truth never shone;
Where anthems of peace never swell,
And the love of the Lord is unknown.

LANESBOROUGH. C. P. M. ENGLISH.



LANESBOROUGH.—CONTINUED.



321. *The Heavenly Rest.* C. P. M.

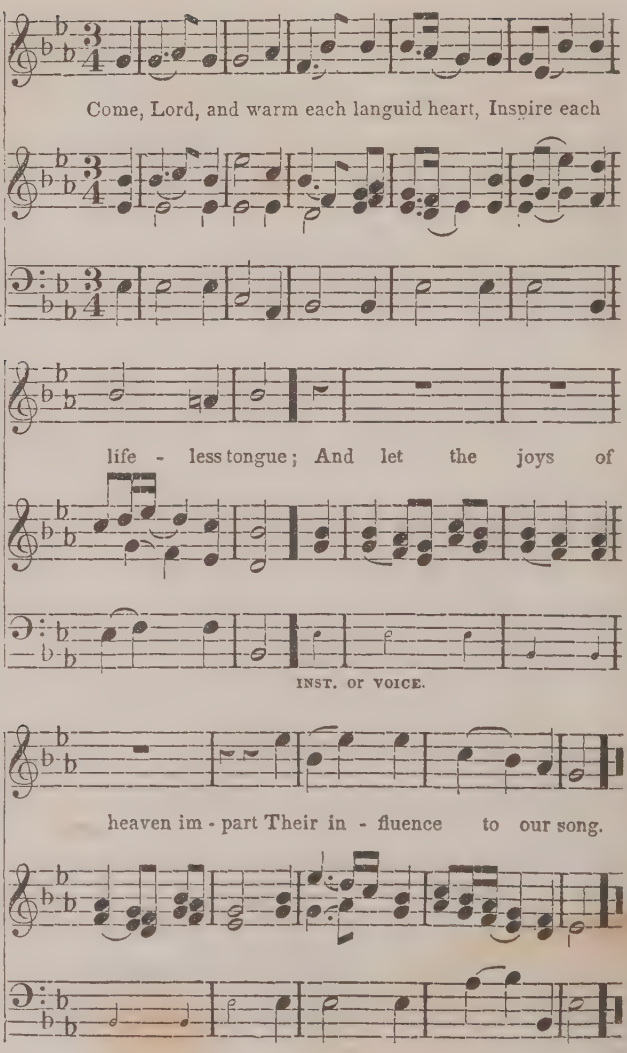
1 There is an hour of peaceful rest,
To mourning wanderers given;
There is a joy for souls distress'd,
A balm for every wounded breast—
'Tis found alone in heaven.

2 There is a home for weary souls,
By sin and sorrow driven;
When toss'd on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise and ocean rolls,
And all is drear but heaven.

3 There, faith lifts up her cheerful eye
To brighter prospects given,
And views the tempest passing by,
The evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene in heaven.

4 There, fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given:
There rays divine disperse the gloom;
Beyond the confines of the tomb
Appears the dawn of heaven. W. B. Tappan.

KENDALL. C. M. J. CLARK.


Come, Lord, and warm each languid heart, Inspire each
life - less tongue; And let the joys of
INST. OF VOICE.
heaven im - part Their in - fluence to our song.

322. *Joys of Heaven.* C. M.

1 Come, Lord, and warm each languid heart,
Inspire each lifeless tongue;
And let the joys of heaven impart
Their influence to our song.

2 Sorrow, and pain, and tears, and care,
And discord, there shall cease;
And perfect joy, and love sincere,
Adorn the realms of peace.

3 There, on a throne of radiant light,
The exalted Savior shines,
And beams ineffable delight
On all the heavenly minds.

4 There shall the followers of the Lamb
Join in immortal songs,
And endless honors to his name
Employ their tuneful tongues. Steele.

323. *Heaven.* C. M.

1 Nor eye hath seen, nor ear hath heard,
Nor sense nor reason known,
What joys the Father hath prepar'd
For those who love the Son.

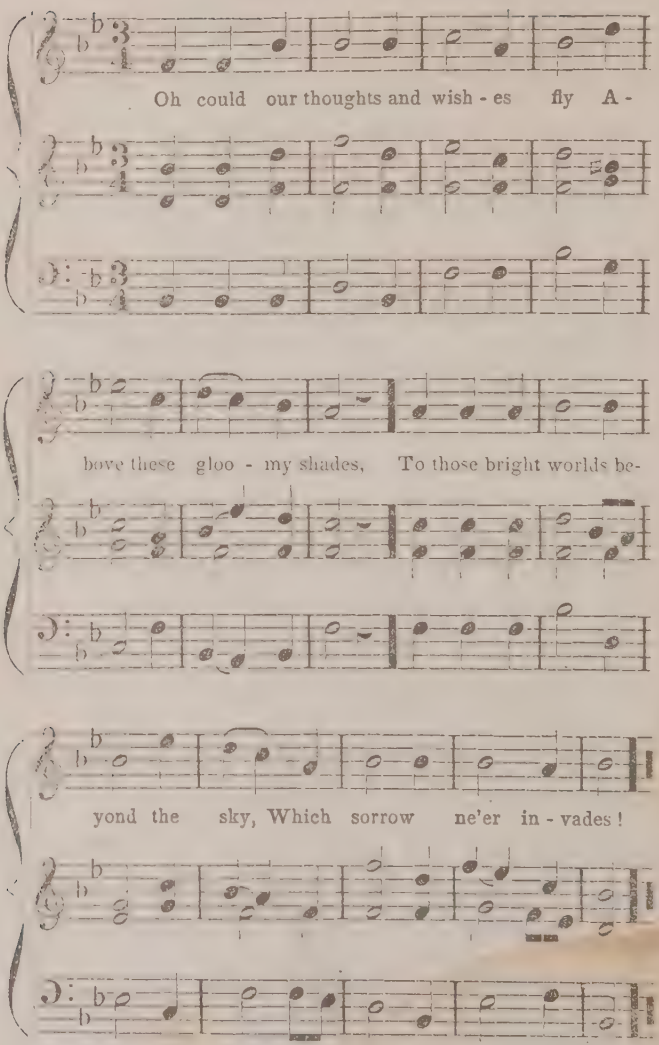
2 But the good Spirit of the Lord
Reveals a heav'n to come:
The beams of glory in his word
Allure and guide us home.

3 Pure are the joys above the sky,
And all the region peace;
No wanton lips nor envious eye
Can see or taste the bliss.

4 Those holy gates for ever bar
Pollution, sin, and shame;
None shall obtain admittance there,
But foll'wers of the Lamb.

5 He keeps the Father's book of life,
There all their names are found;
The hypocrite in vain shall strive
To tread the heav'nly ground. Watts.

CECIL. C. M. SAC. LYRE


Oh could our thoughts and wish - es fly A -
bove these gloo - my shades, To those bright worlds be-
yond the sky, Which sorrow ne'er in - vades!

324. *Pleasures Unseen.* C. M.

1 Oh could our thoughts and wishes fly
Above these gloomy shades,
To those bright worlds beyond the sky,
Which sorrow ne'er invades!

2 There joys, unseen by mortal eyes
Or reason's feeble ray,
In ever-blooming prospect rise,
Unconscious of decay.

3 Lord, send a beam of light divine
To guide our upward aim!
With one reviving touch of thine
Our languid hearts inflame.

4 Then shall, on faith's sublimest wing,
Our ardent wishes rise
To those bright scenes where pleasures spring
Immortal in the skies. Steele.

325. *The Promised Land.* C. M.

1 Far from these narrow scenes of night,
Unbounded glories rise,
And realms of infinite delight,
Unknown to mortal eyes.

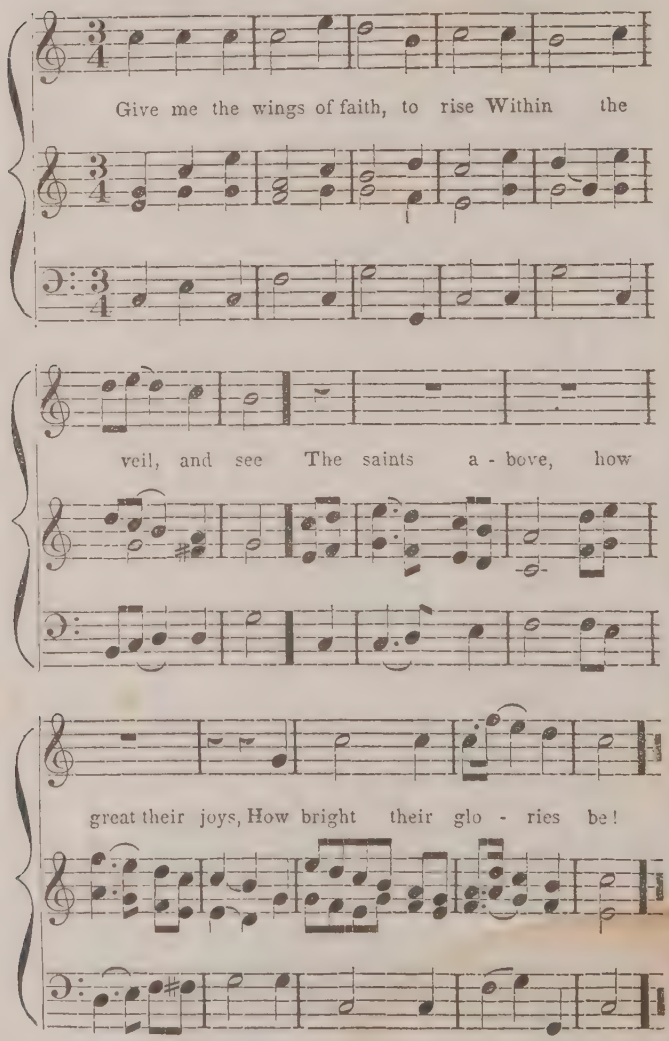
2 Fair distant land! could mortal eyes
But half its charms explore,
How would our spirits long to rise,
And dwell on earth no more!

3 There pain and sickness never come;
There grief no more complains;
Health triumphs in immortal bloom,
And purest pleasure reigns.

4 No cloud those blissful regions know,
For ever bright and fair;
For sin, the source of mortal wo,
Can never enter there.

5 There no alternate night is known,
Nor sun's faint sickening ray;
But glory, from the eternal throne,
Spreads everlasting day. Steele

DORCHESTER. C. M. BOST. ACAD. COLL.


Give me the wings of faith, to rise Within the
veil, and see The saints a - bove, how
great their joys, How bright their glo - ries be!

326. *Example of Christ and Saints.* C. M.

1 Give me the wings of faith, to rise
Within the veil, and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be!

2 Once they were mourning here below,
And wet their couch with tears;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.

3 I ask them whence their victory came?
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to his death.

4 They mark'd the footsteps that he trod,
His zeal inspir'd their breast,
And, following their incarnate God,
Possess'd the promis'd rest. Watts.

327. *The Everlasting Song.* C. M.

1 Earth has engross'd my love too long;
'Tis time I lift mine eyes
Upward, dear Father, to thy throne,
And to my native skies.

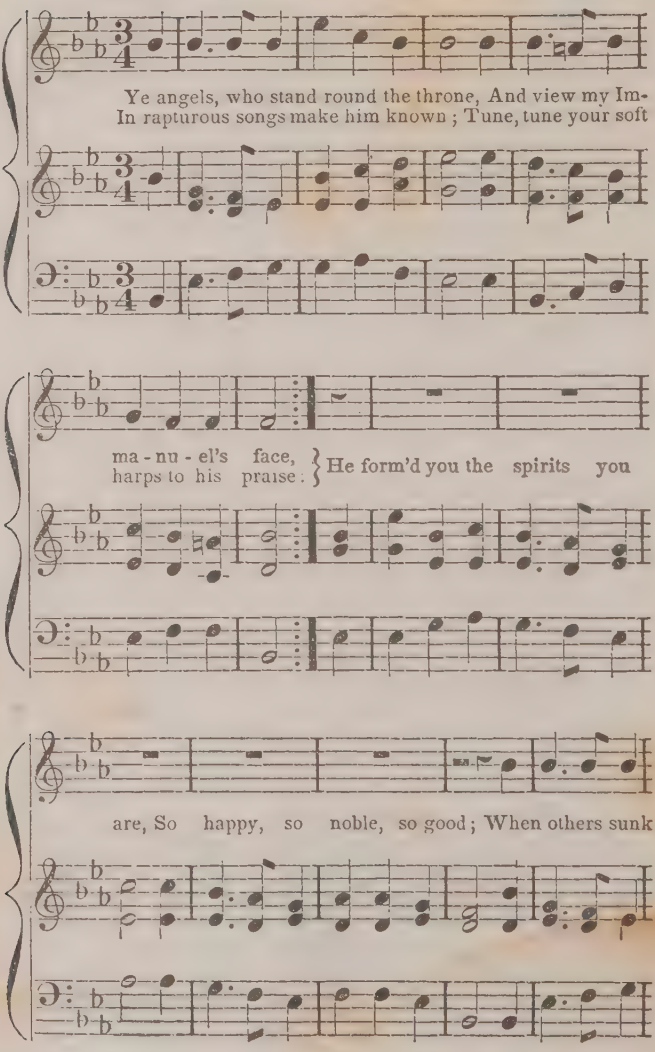
2 There the blest man, my Savior, sits:
The God! how bright he shines!
And scatters infinite delights
On all the happy minds.

3 Seraphs, with elevated strains,
Circle the throne around,
And move and charm the starry plains
With an immortal sound.

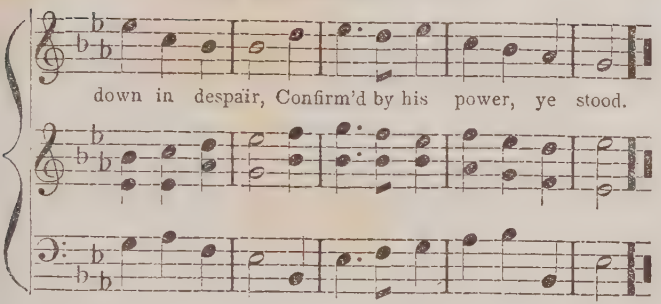
4 Jesus, the Lord, their harps employs;
Jesus, my love, they sing!
Jesus, the life of all our joys,
Sounds sweet from ev'ry string.

5 Now let me mount and join their song,
And be an angel too;
My heart, my hand, my ear, my tongue,
Here's joyful work for you. Watts.

BIRMINGHAM. S's. Double. ENGLISH.


Ye angels, who stand round the throne, And view my Im-
In rapturous songs make him known ; Tune, tune your soft
ma - nu - el's face, } He form'd you the spirits you
harps to his praise : }
are, So happy, so noble, so good ; When others sunk

BIRMINGHAM.—CONTINUED.



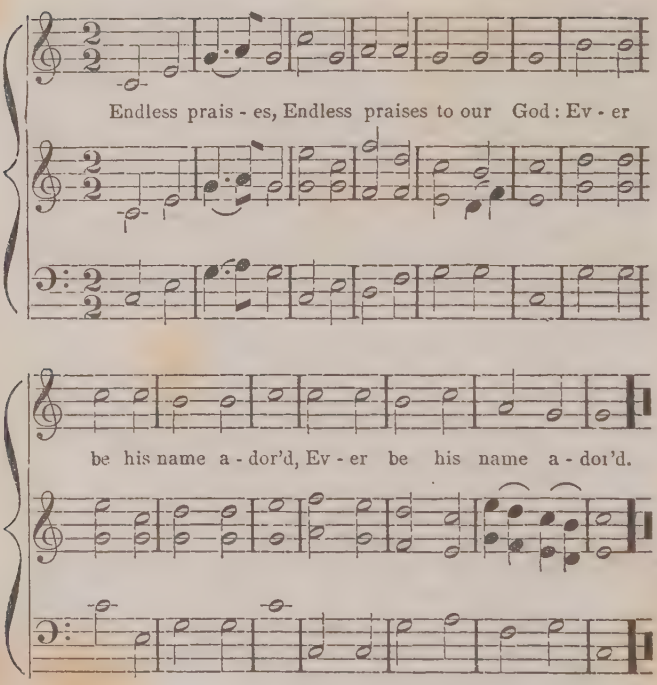
328. *Panting for Heaven.* 8 s.

(See verse 1, in the music.)

2 Ye saints, who stand nearer than they,
And cast your bright crowns at his feet,
His grace and his glory display,
And all his rich mercy repeat:
He snatch'd you from hell and the grave;
He ransom'd from death and despair;
For you he was mighty to save,
Almighty to bring you safe there.

3 Oh, when will the period appear
When I shall unite in your song?
I'm weary of lingering here,
And I to your Savior belong!
I'm fetter'd and chain'd up in clay;
I struggle and pant to be free;
I long to be soaring away,
My God and my Savior to see!

4 I want to put on my attire,
Wash'd white in the blood of the Lamb:
I want to be one of your choir
And tune my sweet harp to his name:
I want—Oh, I want to be there,
Where sorrow and sin bid adieu—
Your joy and your friendship to share—
To wonder, and worship with you! M. De Fleury.



329. *Doxology.*

1 Endless praises to our God:
Ever be his name adored.

2 Angels, crown him, crown the Lamb;
He is worthy, praise his name.

3 Saints, adore him for his grace
To our guilty, fallen race.

4 Saints and angels, join to sing,
Glory to our God and King.

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